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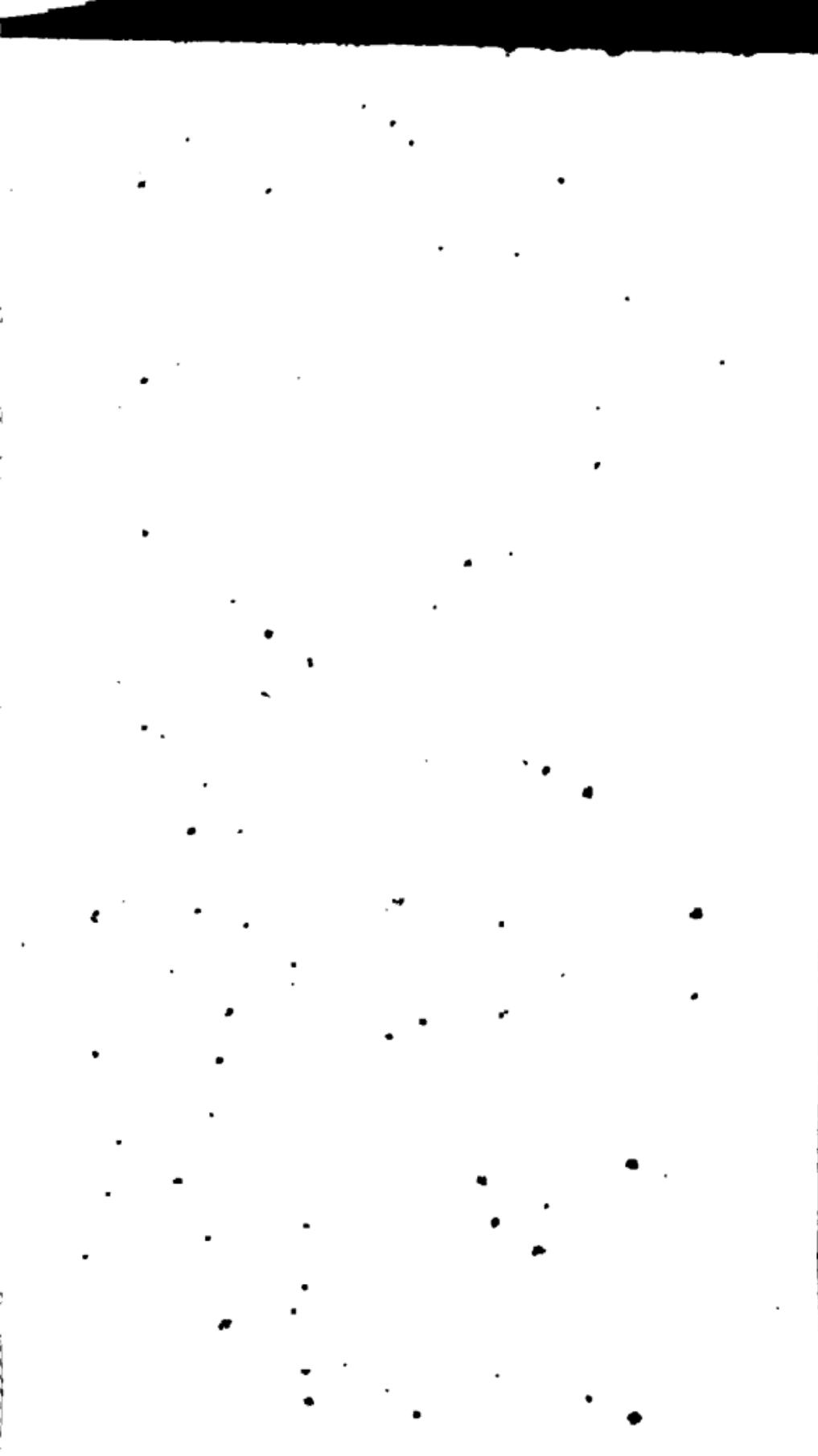
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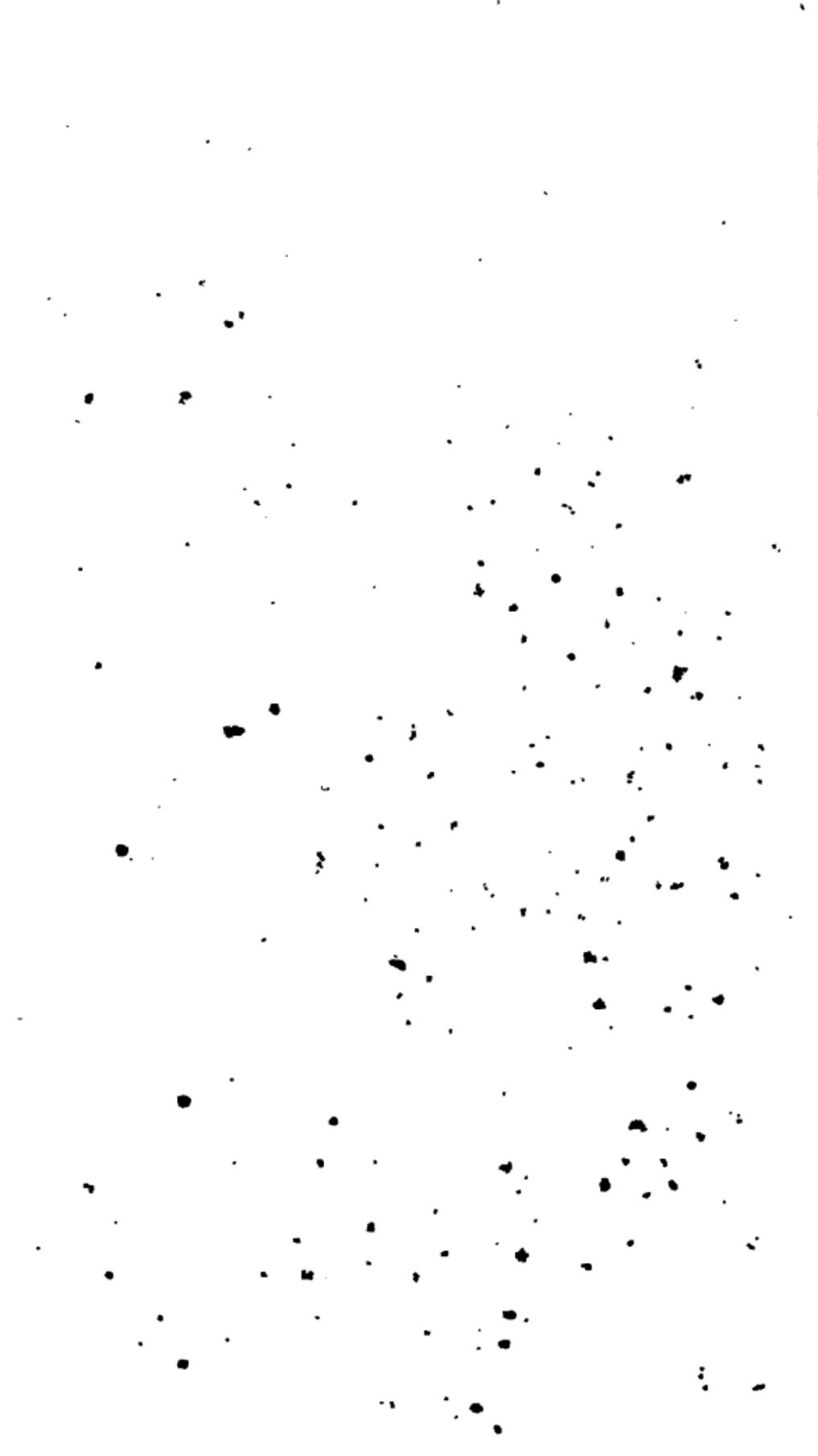
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HUDIBRAS;

OR

THREE PARTS:

WRITTEN IN THE TIME OF THE LATE WARS

BY SAMUEL BUTLER, ESQ.

WITH

A LIFE OF THE AUTHOR, ANNOTATIONS,
AND AN INDEX.

HARTFORD:

S. ANDRUS AND SON.

1846.

KC 13951



TO THE READER.

POETA nascitur non fit, is a sentence of as great truth as antiquity ; it being most certain, that all the acquired learning imaginable is insufficient to complete a poet, without a natural genius and propensity to so noble and sublime an art. And we may, without offence, observe, that many very learned men, who have been ambitious to be thought poets, have only rendered themselves obnoxious to that ~~satirical~~ inspiration our author wittily invokes :

Which made them, though it were in spite
Of nature and their stars, to write.

On the one side, some who have had very little human learning, but were endued with a large share of natural wit and parts, have become the most celebrated* poets of the age they lived in. But as these last are ' Rarus aevi in terris,' so, when the Muses have not disdained the assistances of other arts and sciences, we are then blessed with those lasting monuments of wit and learning, which may justly claim a kind of eternity upon earth : and our author, had his modesty permitted him, might with Horace have said,

Exegi monumentum aere perennius :

Or, with Ovid,

*Jamque optis exegi, quod nec Jovis ira, nec ignis,
Nec Poterit ferrum, nec ~~ad~~ax abolero vetustas.*

The author of this celebrated poem was of this last composition : for although he had not the happiness of an academical education, as some affirm, it may be perceived, throughout his whole poem, that he had read much, and was very well accomplished in the most useful parts of human learning.

Rapin, in his reflections, speaking of the necessary qualities belonging to a poet, tells us,

Shakspeare, Davenant, &c

TO THE READER.

'he must have a genius extraordinary ; great natural gifts ; a wit just, fruitful, piercing, solid, and universal ; an understanding clear and distinct ; an imagination neat and pleasant ; an elevation of soul that depends not only on art or study, but is purely the gift of heaven, which must be sustained by a lively sense and vivacity ; judgment to consider wisely of things, and vivacity for the beautiful expression of them,' &c.

Now, how justly this character is due to our author we leave to the impartial reader, and those of ~~nicer~~ judgment, who had the happiness to be more intimately acquainted with him.

The reputation of this incomparable poem is so thoroughly established in the world, that it would be superfluous, if not impertinent, to endeavour any panegyric upon it. King Charles II. whom the judicious part of mankind will readily acknowledge to be a sovereign judge of wit, was so great an admirer of it, that he would often pleasantly quote it in his conversation. However, since most men have a curiosity to have some account of such anonymous autho~~r~~s whose compositions have been eminent for wit or learning, we have, for their information, subjoined a short Life of the Author.

SAMUEL BUTLER

Was born in the parish of Strensham, in Worcestershire, in 1612, probably in February, as we find that he was christened on the 14th day of that month. Of his parents our information is very scanty. They gave him education, however, at the grammar school of Worcester, whence he was removed either to Cambridge or Oxford.

For some time he was clerk to Mr. Jefferys, of Earls-Croomb, in Worcestershire, an eminent justice of the peace; and, while in this gentleman's service, had leisure for study, and amused himself by practising music and painting. He was afterward admitted into the family of the Countess of Kent, where he enjoyed the use of a library, and the conversation of the celebrated Selden. From this house he removed into the family of Sir Samuel Luke, one of Cromwell's officers, and from what he saw here, is supposed to have conceived the design of ridiculing the practices of the republican party, and of forming his hero on some peculiarities in the character of Sir Samuel.

On the restoration, he was made secretary to the Earl of Carbury, president of the principality of Wales, who conferred on him the stewardship of Ludlow Castle, which Mr. Warton thinks was a very honourable and lucrative office. About this time he married Mrs. Herbert, a lady of some fortune, which, one of his biographers informs us, was lost by bad securities.

In 1663, the first three cantos of his *Hudibras* were published, and introduced to the attention of the court by the Earl of Dorset. In the following year, the second part made its appearance; and such was the general popularity of this poem, and the particular favour with which it was received by the king and courtiers, that every one expected some special reward would be bestowed on the ingenious author: but, except three hundred guineas which the king is

said, upon no very good authority, to have sent to him, we find no trace of any reward or promotion whatever. Discouraging as this treatment was, Butler published the third part in 1678, which still leaves the story imperfect.

He died in 1680, and was buried in the church-yard of Covent Garden. About sixty years afterward, Alderman Barber, the printer, erected a monument to his memory in Westminster Abbey.

After his death three small volumes of his posthumous pieces were published, but among them are many spurious. In 1759, Mr. Thayer, of Manchester, published two volumes, which are indubitably genuine, and consist of prose and verse; but from neither of these publications can we collect any information as to his private life and character. He is said to have made no figure in conversation proportionate to the wit displayed in his immortal poem; and King Charles, who had a curiosity to see him, could never be brought to believe that he wrote *Hudibras*.

Butler has usually been ranked among the unfortunate poets who have been neglected by their age; yet although we can find no proof of royal munificence having been extended to him, there appears no reason to think that he was poor in the most unfavourable sense.

Although the persons and events introduced in *Hudibras* are now forgotten, or known only to historic students, the exquisite humour of this piece is still as keenly relished as when first presented to the public; and much of it has long been introduced into conversation as axioms of wit and sense. It has, indeed, been justly observed by Dr. Nash, that, concerning *Hudibras*, there is but one sentiment: it is universally allowed to be the first and last poem of its kind; the learning, wit, and humour certainly stand unrivalled.

HUDIBRAS.

PART I.—CANTO I.

Sir Hudibras his passing worth,
The manner how he saily'd forth,
His arms and equipage are shown ;
His horse's virtues and his own.
Th' adventure of the Bear and Fidd ~~e~~
Is sung, but breaks off in the middle.

WHEN civil dudgeon first grew high,
And men fell out they knew not why ;
When hard words, jealousies, and fears,
Set folks together by the ears,
And made them fight, like mad or drunk, 5
For dame Religion as for punk ;
Whose honesty they all durst swear for,
Tho' not a man of them knew wherefore ;
When gospel-trumpeter, surrounded
With long-ear'd rout, to battle sounded, 10
And pulpit, drum ecclesiastick,
Was beat with fist instead of a stick ;
Then did Sir Knight abandon dwelling,
And out he rode a colonelling.
A wight he was whose very sight would 15
Entitle him Mirrour of Knighthood ;
That never bow'd his stubborn knee
To any thing but chivalry ;
Nor put up blow, but that which laid
Right worshipful on shoulder-blade : 20
Chief of domestic knights and errant,
Either for chastel or for warrant ;

1. Dudgeon. Who made the alterations in the last edition of this poem I know not, but they are certainly sometimes for the worse ; and I cannot believe the author would have changed a word so proper in that place as 'dudgeon' is, for that of 'fury,' as it is in the last edition. To take in dudgeon, is inwardly to resent some injury or affront ; a sort of grumbling in the gizzard, and what is previous to actual fury.

Great on the bench, great in the saddle,
That could as well bind o'er as swaddle : 25
Mighty he was at both of these,
And styl'd of war as well as peace.
(So some rats, of amphibious nature,
Are either for the land or water.)

But here our author makes a doubt,
Whether he were more wise or stout. 30
Some hold the one, and some the other ;
But howso 'er they make a pother,
The diff'rence was so small, his brain
Outweigh'd his rage but half a grain ;
Which made some take him for a tool,
That knaves do work with, call'd a fool.
For 't has been held by many, that
As Montaigne, playing with his cat,
Complains she thought him but an ass,
Much more she would Sir Hudibras 40
(For that's the name our valiant Knight
To all his challenges did write.)

But they're mistaken very much ;
'Tis plain enough he was no such.
We grant, altho' he had much wit,
H' was very shy of using it ;
As being loth to wear it out,
And therefore bore it not about ;
Unless on holy-days, or so,
As men their best apparel do. 50
Beside, 'tis known he could speak Greek
As naturally as pigs squeak :
That Latin was no more difficile,
Than to a blackbird 'tis to whistle.
Being rich in both, he never scanted. 55
His bounty unto such as wanted : -
But much of either would afford
To many that had not one word.
For Hebrew roots, altho' they're found
To flourish most in barren ground;

24. Bind over to the sessions, as being a justice of the peace in his county, as well as a colonel of a regiment of foot in the Parliament's army, and a committee-man.

38. Montaigne, in his Essays, supposes his cat thought him a fool for losing his time in playing with her.

He had such plenty as suffic'd
 To make some think him circumcis'd ;
 And truly, so he was perhaps,
 Not as a proselyte, but for claps.

He was in logic a great critick, 65
 Profoundly skill'd in analytick ;
 He could distinguish and divide
 A hair 'twixt south and south-west side ;
 On either which he would dispute,
 Confute, change hands, and still confute. 70
 He'd undertake to prove, by force
 Of argument, a man's no horse.
 He'd prove a buzzard is no fowl,
 And that a lord may be an owl,
 A calf an alderman, a goose a justice, 75
 And rooks committee-men and trustees.
 He'd run in debt by disputation,
 And pay with ratiocination.
 All this by syllogism, true
 In mood and figure he would do. 80
 For Rhetoric, he could not ope
 His mouth, but out there flew a trope :

82. Here again is an alteration without any amendment.
 For the following lines,

And truly, so he was, perhaps,
 Not as a proselyte, but for claps,

Are thus changed :

And truly so, perhaps, he was ;
 'Tis many a pious Christian's case.

The Heathens had an old opinion, and have a strange
 reason why Moses imposed the law of circumcision on the
 Jews ; which, how untrue soever, I will give the learned
 reader an account of without translation ; as I find it in the
 annotations upon Horace, wrote by my worthy and learned
 friend Mr. William Baxter, the great restorer of the ancient,
 and promoter of modern learning.

Hor. Sat. 9. Sermon. lib. i.—Curtis ; quia pellicula immi-
 nuti sunt ; quia Moses Rex Judaeorum, cuius Legibus regun-
 tur, negligentia — medicinaliter exscctus est, et ne
 solus esset notabilis, omnes circumcidit voluit. Vet. Schol.
 Vocem — quae inscrita Librarii exciderat reposui-
 mus ex conjectura, uti et medicinaliter exscctus pro medi-
 calis effectus quae nihil erant. Quis miretur ejusmodi con-
 vicia homini Epicureo atque Pagano excidisse ? Jure igitur
 Henrico Glareano Diaboli Organum videtur. Etiam Satyra
 Quinta haec habet : Constat omnia miracula certa ratione
 fieri, de quibus Epicurei prudentissime disputant.'

83. Analytic is a part of logic that teaches to decline and
 construe reason, as grammar does words

And when he happen'd to break off
I' th' middle of his speech, or cough,
H' had hard words ready to shew why, 85
And tell what rules he did it by :
Else, when with greatest art he spoke,
You'd think he talk'd like other folk :
For all a rhetorician's rules
Teach nothing but to name his tools. 90
But, when he pleas'd to shew't, his speech,
In loftiness of sound, was rich ;
A Babylonish dialect,
Which learned pedants much affect.
It was a party-colour'd dress 95
Of patch'd and pye-ball'd languages :
'Twas English cut on Greek and Latin,
Like fustian heretofore on satin.
It had an odd promiscuous tone,
As if h' had talk'd three parts in one ; 100
Which made some think, when he did gabble,
Th' had heard three labourers of Babel ;
Or Cerberus himself pronounce
A leash of languages at once.
This he as volubly would vent 105
As if his stock would ne'er be spent ;
And truly to support that charge,
He had supplies as vast and large :
For he could coin or counterfeit
New words with little or no wit : 110
Words, so debas'd and hard, no stone
Was hard enough to touch them on :
'And when with hasty noise he spoke 'em,
The ignorant for current took 'em ;

93. A confusion of languages, such as some of our modern virtuosi used to express themselves in.

103. Cerberus; a name which our poets give a dog with three heads, which they feigned door-keeper of hell, that caressed the unfortunate souls sent thither, and devoured them that would get out again : yet Hercules tied him up, and made him follow. This dog with three heads, denotes the past, the present, and the time to come, which receive, and, as it were, devour all things. Hercules got the better of him, which shews that heroic actions are always victorious over time, because they are present in the memory of posterity

That had the orator, who once 115
 Did fill his mouth with pebble stones
 When he harangu'd, but known his phrase,
 He would have us'd no other ways.
 In Mathematicks he was greater
 Than Tycho Brahe or Erra Pater: 120
 For he, by geometrick scale,
 Could take the size of pots of ale;
 Resolve, by signs and tangents, straight,
 If bread or butter wanted weight;
 And wisely tell what hour o' th' day 125
 The clock does strike, by algebra.
 Beside, he was a shrewd philosopher,
 And had read ev'ry text and gloss over.
 Whate'er the crabbed'st author hath,
 He understood b' implicit faith: 130
 Whatever sceptic could inquire for,
 For ev'ry why he had a wherefore;
 Knew more than forty of them do,
 As far as words and terms could go:
 All which he understood by rote, 135
 And, as occasion serv'd, would quote:

115. Demosthenes, who is said to have had a defect in his pronunciation, which he cured by using to speak with little stones in his mouth.

120. Tycho Brahe was an eminent Danish mathematician. Quer. in Collier's Dictionary, or elsewhere.

131. Sceptic. Pyrrho was the chief of the sceptic philosophers, and was at first, as Apollodorus saith, a painter, then became the hearer of Driso, and at last the disciple of Anaxagoras, whom he followed into India, to see the Gymnosopists. He pretended that men did nothing but by custom; that there was neither honesty nor dishonesty, justice nor injustice, good nor evil. He was very solitary, lived to be ninety years old, was highly esteemed in his country, and created chief priest. He lived in the time of Epicurus and Theophrastus, about the 120th Olympiad. His followers were called Pyrrhonians; besides which, they were named the Ephetics and Aphoretics, but more generally Sceptics. This sect made their chiefest good to consist in a sedateness of mind, exempt from all passions; in regulating their opinions, and moderating their passions, which they call Ataxia and Metriopathia; and in suspending their judgment in regard of good and evil, truth or falsehood, which they call Epechi. Sextus Empiricus, who lived in the second century, under the Emperor Antonius Pius, writ ten books against the mathematicians or astrologers, and three of the Pyrrhonian opinion. The word is derived from the Greek —————— quod est, "considerare, speculari."

No matter whether right or wrong,
 They might be either said or sung.
 His notions fitted things so well,
 That which was which he could not tell ; 140
 But oftentimes mistook the one
 For th' other, as great clerks have done.
 He could reduce all things to acts,
 And knew their natures by abstracts ;
 Where entity and quiddity, 145
 The ghosts of defunct bodies, fly ;
 Where truth in person does appear,
 Like words congeal'd in northern air.
 He knew what's what, and that's as high
 As metaphysic wit can fly. 150
 In school-divinity as able
 As he that hight Irrefragable ;
 A second Thomas, or, at once
 To name them all, another Dunce :

143. The old philosophers thought to extract notions out of natural things, as chymists do spirits and essences ; and, when they had refined them into the nicest subtilties, gave them as insignificant names as those operators do their extractions : But, (as Seneca says) the subtler things are rendered, they are but the nearer to nothing. So are all their definition of things by acts the nearer to nonsense.

147. Some authors have mistaken truth for a real thing, when it is nothing but a right method of putting those notions or images of things (in the understanding of man) into the same state and order that their originals hold in nature ; and therefore Aristotle says, 'Unumquodque sicut se habet secundum esse, ita se habet secundum veritatem.' Met. l. ii.

148. Some report, that in Nova Zembia and Greenland, men's words are wont to be frozen in the air, and at the thaw may be heard.

151. Here again is another alteration of three or four lines, as I think, for the worse.

Some specific epithets were added to the title of some famous doctors, as Angelicus, Irrefragabilis, Subtilis, &c. Vide Vossi Etymolog. Balliet Jugemens de Scavans, and Possevin's Apparatus.

153. Thomas Aquinas, a Dominican friar, was born in 1225, and studied at Cologne and Paris. He new-modelled the school divinity, and was therefore called the Angelic Doctor, and Eagle of Divines. The most illustrious persons of his time were ambitious of his friendship, and put a high value on his merits, so that they offered him bishoprics, which he refused with as much ardour as others seek after them. He died in the fiftieth year of his age, and was canonized by Pope John XII. We have his works in eighteen volumes, several times printed.

Johannas Dunscoetas was a very learned man, who lived

Profound in all the nominal
And real ways beyond them all ; 155
For he a rope of sand could twist
As tough as learned Sorbonist ;
And weave fine cobwebs, fit for skull
That's empty when the moon is full ; 160
Such as take lodgings in a head
That's to be let unfurnished.
He could raise scruples dark and nice,
And after solve 'em in a trice ;
As if Divinity had catch'd 165
The itch on purpose to be scratch'd ;
Or, like a mountebank, did wound
And stab herself with doubts profound,
Only to shew with how small pain
The sores of faith are cur'd again ; 170

about the end of the thirteenth and beginning of the fourteenth century. The English and Scotch strive which of them shall have the honour of his birth. The English say he was born in Northumberland ; the Scots allege he was born at Dune, in the Mers, the neighbouring county to Northumberland, and hence was called Dunscoetus. Moreri, Buchanan, and other Scotch historians, are of this opinion, and for proof cite his epitaph :

*Scotia me genuit, Anglia suscepit,
Gallia edocuit, Germania tenet.*

He died at Cologne, November 8, 1308. In the supplement to Dr. Cave's *Historia Literaria*, he is said to be extraordinary learned in physics, metaphysics, mathematics, and astronomy ; that his fame was so great when at Oxford, that 30,000 scholars came thither to hear his lectures ; that when at Paris, his arguments and authority carried it for the immaculate conception of the Blessed Virgin ; so that they appointed a festival on that account, and would admit no scholars to degrees but such as were of this mind. He was a great opposer of Thomas Aquinas's doctrine ; and, for being a very acute logician, was called Doctor Subtilis ; which was the reason also that an old punster always called him the Lathy Doctor.

159. Sorbon was the first and most considerable college of the university of Paris, founded in the reign of St. Lewis, by Robert Sorbon, which name is sometimes given to the whole university of Paris, which was founded about the year 741, by Charlemagne, at the persuasion of the learned Alcuinus, who was one of the first professors there ; since which time it has been very famous. This college has been rebuilt with an extraordinary magnificence, at the charge of Cardinal Richelieu, and contains lodgings for thirty-six doctors, who are called the Society of Sorbon. Those which are received among them before they have received their doctor's degree, are only said to be of the hospitality of Sorbon. *Claud. Hennemus de Acad. Paris. Spondan. in Annal.*

Altho' by woful proof we find
They always leave a scar behind.
He knew the seat of Paradise,
Could tell in what degree it lies ;
And, as he was dispos'd, could prove it 175
Below the moon, or else above it :
What Adam dreamt of, when his bride
Came from her closet in his side :
Whether the devil tempted her
By a High-Dutch interpreter : 180
If either of them had a navel :
Who first made music malleable :
Whether the serpent, at the fall,
Had cloven feet or none at all.
All this without a gloss or comment, 185
He could unriddle in a moment,
In proper terms, such as men smatier,
When they throw out, and miss the matter.
For his religion, it was fit
To match his learping and his wit : 190
'Twas Presbyterian true blue ;
For he was of that stubborn crew
Of errant saints whom all men grant
To be the true church militant ;
Such as do build their faith upon 195
The holy text of pike and gun ;
Decide all controversies by
Infallible artillery ;
And prove their doctrine orthodox
By apostolic blows and knockes : 200
Call fire, and sword, and desolation,
A godly thorough reformation,

173. There is nothing more ridiculous than the various opinions of authors about the seat of Paradise. Sir Walter Raleigh has taken a great deal of pains to collect them, in the beginning of his *History of the World*, where those who are unsatisfied may be fully informed.

180. Goropius Becanus endeavours to prove, that High Dutch was the language that Adam and Eve spoke in Paradise.

181. Adam and Eve being made, and not conceived and formed in the womb, had no navels, as some learned men have supposed, because they had no need of them.

182. Music is said to be invented by Pythagoras, who first found out the proportion of notes from the sounds of hammers upon an anvil.

Which always must be carry'd on,
And still be doing, never done :
As if religion were intended
For nothing else but to be mended. 205

A sect whose chief devotion lies
In odd perverse antipathies ;
In falling out with that or this,
And finding somewhat still amiss : 210

More peevish, cross, and splenetick,
Than dog distract, or monkey sick ;
That with more care keep holy-day
The wrong, than othets the right way :
Compound for sins they are inclin'd to, 215

By damning those they have no mind to :
Still so perverse and opposite,
As if they worshipp'd God for spite.
The self-same thing they will abhor
One way, and long another for. 220

Free-will they one way disavow ;
Another, nothing else allow.
All piety consists therein
In them, in other men all sin.
Rather than fail, they will decry 225

That which they love most tenderly ;
Quarrel with m^{is}c'd pies, and disparage
Their best and dearest friend, plum-porridge .
Fat pig and goose itself oppose,
And blasphem'e custard thro' the nose. 230

Th' apostles of this fierce religion,
Like Mahomet's, were ass and widgeon ;
To whom our Knight, by fast instinct
Of wit and temp^{er}ance, was so linkt,
As if hypocrisy and nonsense 235

Had got th' advowson of his conscience.
Thus was he gifted and a^{cc}outer'd,
We mean on th' inside not the outward ;
That next of all we shall discuss :
Then listen, Sirs, it follows thus : 240

238. Mahomet had a tame dove that used to pick seeds out of his ear, that it might be thought to whisper and inspire him. His as^a was so intimate with him, that the Mahometans believed it carried him to heaven, and stays there with him to bring him back again.

His tawny beard was th' equal grace
Both of his wisdom and his face;
In cut and dye so like a tile,
A sudden view it would beguile:
The upper part thereof was whey; 245
The nether, orange mix'd with gray.
This hairy meteor did denounce
The fall of sceptres and of crowns;
With grisly type did represent
Declining age of government; 250
And tell with hieroglyphick spade,
Its own grave and the state's were made.
Like Samson's heart-breakers, it grew
In time to make a nation rue;
Tho' it contributed its own fall, 255
To wait upon the publick downfall:
It was monastick, and did grow
In holy orders by strict vow;
Of rule as sullen and severe
As that of rigid Cordelier. 260
'Twas bound to suffer persecution
And martyrdom with resolution;
'T oppose itself against the hate
And vengeance of th' increased state;
In whose defiance it was worn, 265
Still ready to be pull'd and torn;
With red-hot irons to be tortur'd;
Revil'd, and spit upon, and martyr'd.
Maugre all which, 'twas to stand fast,
As long as monarchy shou'd last; 270
But when the state should hap to reel,
'Twas to submit to fatal steel,
And fall, as it was consecrate,
A sacrifice to fall of state;
Whose thread of life the fatal sisters 275
Did twist together with its whiskers,
And twine so close, that Time should never,
In life or death, their fortunes sever:
But with his rusty sickle mow
Both down together at a blow. 280

257. He made a vow never to ~~clip~~ his beard until the Parliament had subdued the king: of which order of fanatic ~~veneraries~~ there were many in those times.

So learn'd Taliacotius from
 The brawny part of porter's bum
 Cut supplemental noses, which
 Would last as long as parent breech;
 But when the date of nock was out,
 Off dropp'd the sympathetic snout.

His back, or rather burthen, shew'd
 As if it stoop'd with its own load :
 For as *Aeneas* bore his sire
 Upon his shoulders thro' the fire,
 Our Knight did bear no less a pack
 Of his own buttocks on his back ;
 Which now had almost got the upper-
 Hand of his head, for want of crupper.
 To poise this equally, he bore
 A paunch of the same bulk before ;
 Which still he had a special care
 To keep well cramm'd with thrifty fare ;
 As white-pot, butter-milk, and curds,
 Such as a country-houſe affords ;
 With other vittle, which anon
 We farther shall dilate upon,

281. Taliacotius was an Italian surgeon, that found out a way to repair lost and decayed noses.

This Taliacotius was chief surgeon to the great duke of Tuscany, and wrote a treatise, *De Curtis Membris*, which he dedicates to his great master ; wherein he not only declares the models of his wonderful operations in restoring of lost members, but gives you cuts of the very instruments and ligatures he made use of therein ; from hence our author (*cum poeta licentia*) has taken his simile.

289. *Aeneas* was the son of Anchises and Venus ; a Trojan, who after long travels, came to Italy, and after the death of his father-in-law, Latinus, was made king of Latiūm, and reigned three years. His story is too long to insert here, and therefore I refer you to Virgil's *Aeneids*. Troy being laid in ashes, he took his aged father Anchises upon his back, and rescued him from his enemies. But being too solicitous for his son and household gods, he lost his wife Creusa ; which Mr. Dryden, in his excellent translation, thus expresseth :

Haste, my dear father ('tis no time to wait,)
 And load my shoulders with a willing freight.
 Whate'er befalls, your life shall be my care ;
 One death, or one deliv'rance, we will share.
 My hand shall lead our little son ; and you,
 My faithful consort, shall our steps pursue.

When of his hose we come to treat,
The cupboard where he kept his meat.
His doublet was of sturdy buff, 305
And though not sword, yet cudgel proof;
Whereby 'twas fitter for his use,
Who fear'd no blows, but such as braise.

His breeches were of rugged woollen,
And had been at the siege of Bullen; 316
To old king Harry so well known,
Some writers held they were his own.
Thro' they were lin'd with many a piece
Of ammunition bread and cheese,
And fat black-puddings, proper food 315
For warriors that delight in blood.
Fer, as we said, he always chose
To carry vittle in his hose,
That often tempted rats and mice
The ammunition to surprise : 320
And when he put a hand but in
The one or t' other magazine,
They stoutly in defence on't stood,
And from the wounded foe drew blood;
And till th' were storm'd and beaten out, 325
Ne'er left the fortify'd redoubt.
And tho' knights-errant, as some think,
Of old did neither eat nor drink,
Because, when thorough deserts vast,
And regions desolate, they past, 330
Where belly-timber above ground,
Or under, was not to be found,
Unless they graz'd, there's not one word
Of their provision on record;
Which made some confidently write, 335
They had no stomachs, but to fight.
'Tis false; for Arthur wore in hall
Round table like a farthingal,
On which, with shirt pull'd out behind,
And eke before, his good knights din'd. 340

337. Who this Arthur was, and whether any ever reigned in Britain, has been doubted heretofore, and is by some to this very day. However, the history of him, which makes him one of the nine worthies of the world, is a subject sufficient for the poet to be pleasant upon.

Though 'twas no table, some suppose,
But a huge pair of round trunk hose;
In which he carry'd as much meat
As he and all the knights could eat, 344
When, laying by their swords and truncheons,
They took their breakfasts, or their nuncheons.
But let that pass at present, lest
We should forget where we digrest,
As learned authors use, to whom
We leave it, and to th' purpose come. 350

His puissant sword unto his side,
Near his undaunted heart, was ty'd;
With basket-hilt, that would hold broth,
And serve for fight and dinner both.
In it he melted lead for bullets, 355
To shoot at foes, and sometimes pullets,
To whom he bore so fell a grutch,
He ne'er gave quarter t' any such.
The trenchant blade, Toledo trusty,
For want of fighting, was grown rusty, 360
And ate into itself, for lack
Of somebody to hew and hack.
The peaceful scabbard where it dwelt
The rancour of its edge had felt;
For of the lower end two handful 365
It had devoured, 'twas so manful;
And so much scorn'd to lurk in case,
As if it durst not shew its face.
In many desperate attempts,
Of warrants, exigents, contempts, 370
It had appear'd with courage bolder
Than Serjeant Bum invading shoulder.
Oft had it ta'en possession,
And pris'ners too, or made them run.
This sword a dagger had t' his page, 375
That was but little for his age;
And therefore waited on him so,
As dwarfs upon knights-errant do.

359. The capital city of New Castile, in Spain, with an archbishopric and primacy. It was very famous, amongst other things, for tempering the best metal for swords, as Damascus was, and perhaps may be still.

It was a serviceable dudgeon,
Either for fighting or for drudging. 380
When it had stabb'd, or broke a head,
It would scrape trenchers, or chip bread ;
Toast cheese or bacon ; tho' it were
To bait a mouse-trap, 'twould not care.
'Twould make clean shoes ; and in the earth 385
Set leeks and onions, and so forth.
It had been 'prentice to a brewer,
Where this and more it did endure ;
But left the trade, as many more,
Have lately done on the same score. 390

In th' holsters, at his saddle-bow,
Two aged pistols he did stow,
Among the surplus of such meat
As in his hose he could not get.
These would inveigle rats with th' scent, 395
To forage when the cocks were bent :
And sometimes catch 'em with a snap
As cleverly as th' ablest trap.
They were upon hard duty still,
And ev'ry night stood sentinel, 400
To guard the magazine i' the hose
From two-legg'd and from four-legg'd foes.

Thus clad and fortify'd, Sir Knight
From peaceful home set forth to fight.
But first with nimble, active force 405
He got on th' outside of his horse ;
For having but one stirrup ty'd
To his saddle, on the farther side,
It was so short h' had much ado
To reach it with his desp'rate toe : 410
But after many strains and heaves,
He got up to the saddle-eaves,
From whence he vaulted into th' seat,
With so much vigour, strength, and heat,
That he had almost tumbled over 415
With his own weight, but did recover,
By laying hold on tail and mane,
Which oft he us'd instead of rein.

389. Oliver Cromwell and Colonel Pride had been both brewers.

But now we talk of mountain steed,
Before we farther do proceed,
It doth behove us to say something
Of that which bore our valiant bumpkin.
The beast was sturdy, large, and tall,
With mouth of meal, and eyes of wall.
I would say eye ; for h' had but one,
As most agree ; tho' some say none.
He was well stay'd ; and in his gait
Preserv'd a grave majestic state.
At spur or switch no more he skept,
Or mended pace than Spaniard whipt ;
And yet so fiery he would bound
As if he griev'd to touch the ground :
That Cæsar's horse, who as fame goes
Had corns upon his feet and toes,
Was not by half so tender hooft,
Nor trod upon the ground so soft.
And as that beast would kneel and stoop
(Some write) to take his rider up,
So Hudibras his ('tis well known)
Would often do to set him down.
We shall not need to say what lack
Of leather was upon his back ;
For that was hidden under pad,
And breech of Knight, gall'd full as bad.
His strutting ribs on both sides shew'd
Like furroughs he himself had plow'd ;
For underneath the skirt of pannel,
"Twixt ev'ry two there was a channel.
His draggling tail hung in the dirt,
Which on his rider he would flirt,
Still as his tender side he prick'd,
With arm'd heol, or with unarm'd, kick'd ;
For Hudibras wore but one spur ;
As wisely knowing, could he stir
To active trot one side of 's horse,
The other would not hang an arse.

A squire he had, whose name was Ralph,
That in th' adventure went his half :

433. Julius Cæsar had a horse with feet like a man's.
'Utebatur equo insigni ; pedibus prope humanis, et in
modum digitorum ungulis fissis. Suet, in Jul., cap. 61.

Though writers, for more stately tune,
Do call him Ralpho ; 'tis all one ; 460
And when we can with metre safe,
We'll call him so ; if not, plain Ralph.
For rhyme the rudder is of verses,
With which like ships they steer their courses.
An equal stock of wit and valour 465
He had laid in ; by birth a tailor.
The mighty Tyrian queen that gain'd
With subtle shreds a tract of land,
Did leave it with a castle fair
To his great ancestor, her heir. 470
From him descended cross-legg'd knights,
Fam'd for their faith, and warlike fights
Against the bloody cannibal,
Whom they destroy'd both great and small.
This sturdy Squire he had, as well 475
As the bold Trojan knight, seen Hell ;
Not with a counterfeited pass
Of golden bough, but true gold-lace.
His knowledge was not far behind
The Knights, but of another kind, 480
And he another way came by't :
Some call it Gifts, and some New-Light ;
A liberal art that costs no pains
Of study, industry, or brains.
His wit was sent him for a token, 485
But in the carriage crack'd and broken.
Like commendation nine-pence crook'd,
With—To and from my love—It look'd.
He ne'er consider'd it, as loth
To look a gift-horse in the mouth ; 490
And very wisely would lay forth
No more upon it than 'twas worth.
But as he got it freely, so
He spent it frank and freely too.

467. Dido, queen of Carthage, who bought as much land as she could compass with an ox's hide, which she cut into small thongs, and cheated the owner of so much ground as served her to build Carthage upon.

476. Eneas, whom Virgil reports to use a gold-n bough for a pass to hell ; and tailors call that place hell where they put all they steal.

PART I.—CANTO I. 23

For saints themselves will sometimes be, 495
 Of gifts that cost them nothing, free.
 By means of this, with hem and cough,
 Prolongers to enlighten'd stuff.
 He could deep mysteries unriddle
 As easily as thread a needle. 500
 For as of vagabonds we say,
 That they are ne'er beside the way;
 Whate'er men speak by this New Light,
 Still they are sure to be i' th' right.
 'Tis a dark-lantern of the spirit, 505
 Which none see by but those that bear it:
 A light that falls down from on high,
 For spiritual trades to cozen by:
 An ignis fatuus, that bewitches
 And leads men into pools and ditches, 510
 To make them dip themselves, and sound
 For Christendom in dirty pond;
 To dive like wild-fowl for salvation,
 And fish to catch regeneration.
 This light inspires and plays upon 515
 The nose of saint like bag-pipe drone,
 And speaks through hollow empty soul,
 As through a trunk or whisp'ring hole,
 Such language as no mortal ear
 But spirit' al eaves-droppers can hear: 520
 So Phœbus, or some friendly muse,
 Into small poets' song infuse,
 Which they at second-hand rehearse,
 Thro' reed or bag-pipe, verse for verse.
 Thus Ralph became infallible 525
 As three or four-legg'd oracle,
 The ancient cup, or modern chair;
 Spoke truth point-blank, tho' unaware.
 For mystic learning, wondrous able
 In magic Talisman and Cabal, 530

526. Read the great Geographical Dictionary under that word.

530. Talisman is a device to destroy any sort of vermin, by casting their images in metal, in a precise minute, when the stars are perfectly inclined to do them all the mischief they can. This has been experienced by some modern virtuosi upon rats, mice, and fleas, and found (as they affirm) to produce the effect with admirable success.

Raymond Lully interprets cabal, out of the Arabic,

Whose primitive tradition reaches
As far as Adam's first green breeches :
Deep sighted in intelligences,
Deas, atoms, influences ;
And much of terra incognita, 535
Th' intelligible world, could say :
A deep occult Philosopher,
As learn'd as the wild Irish are,
Or Sir Agrippa; for profound
And solid lying much renown'd.
He Anthroposophus and Floud,
And Jacob Behmen understood :
Knew many an amulet and charm,
That would do neither good nor harm :
In Rosy-crucian lore as learned, 545
As he that Vere adeptus earned.
He understood the speech of birds
As well as they themselves do words ;
Could tell what subtlest parrots mean,
That speak and think contrary clean : 550
signify Scientia superabundans ; which his commentator, Cornelius Agrippa, by over magnifying, has rendered a very superfluous foppery.

532. The author of *Magia Ademica* endeavours to prove the learning of the ancient Magi to be derived from that knowledge which God himself taught Adam in Paradise before the fall.

535. The intelligible world is a kind of *Terra del Fuego*, or *Psittacorum Regio*, &c. discovered only by the philosophers, of which they talk like parrots, what they do not understand.

538. No nation in the world is more addicted to this occult philosophy than the wild Irish are, as appears by the whole practice of their lives ; of which see Camden in his description of Ireland.

539. They who would know more of Sir Cornelius Agrippa, here meant, may consult the Great Dictionary.

541. Anthroposophus is only a compound Greek word, which signifies a man that is wise in the knowledge of men, as is used by some anonymous author to conceal his true name.

Dr. Floud was a sort of an English Rosy-crucian, whose works are extant, and as intelligible as those of Jacob Behmen.

545. The fraternity of the Rosy-crucians is very like the sect of the ancient Gnostici, who called themselves from the excellent learning they pretended to, although they were the most ridiculous sets of mankind.

Vere adeptus is one that has commenced in their fanatic extravagances.

What member 'tis of whom they talk,
When they cry Rope, and Walk, knave, walk.
He'd extract numbers out of matter,
And keep them in a glass, like water ;
Of sov'reign pow'r to make men wise ; 555
For dropp'd in blear thick-sighted eyes,
They'd make them see in darkest night,
Like owls, tho' purblind in the light.
By help of these (as he profess'd)
He had First Matter seen undress'd : 561
He took her naked all alone,
Before one rag of form was on.
The Chaos too he had descry'd,
And seen quite thro', or else he ly'd :
Not that of pasteboard which men shew 565
For groats, at fair of Barthol'mew ;
But its great grandsire, first o' th' name,
Whence that and Reformation came ;
Both cousin-germans, and right able
T' inveigle and draw in the rabble. 570
But Reformation was, some say,
O' th' younger house to Puppet-play.
He could foretel what's ever was
By consequence to come to pass ;
As death of great men, alterations, 575
Diseases, battles, inundations,
All this, without th' eclipse o' th' sun,
Or dreadful comet, he hath done,
By inward light ; a way as good,
And easy to be understood ; 580
But with more lucky hit than those
That use to make the stars depose,
Like knights o' th' post, and falsely charge
Upon themselves what others forge :
As if they were consenting to 585
All mischief in the world men do :
Or like the devil did tempt and sway 'em
To rogueries, and then betray 'em.
They'll search a planet's house to know
Who broke and robb'd a house below : 590
Examine Venus, and the Moon,
Who stole a thimble or a spoon ;

And tho' they nothing will confess,
Yet by their very looks can guess,
And tell what guilty aspect bodes,
Who stole, and who receiv'd the goods. 595

They'll question Mars, and by his look,
Detect who 'twas that nimm'd a cloke;
Make Mercury confess, and 'peach
Those thieves which he himself did teach. 600

They'll find i' th' physiognomies
O' th' planets, all men's destinies;
Like him that took the doctor's bill,
And swallow'd it instead o' th' pill:
Cast the nativity o' th' question, 605

And from positiens to be guess'd on,
As sure as if they knew the moment
Of native's birth tell what will come on't.
They'll feel the pulses of the stars,
To find out agues, coughs, catarrhs; 610

And tell what crisis does divine
The rot in sheep, or mange in swine:
In men, what gives or cures the itch;
What makes them cuckolds, poor or rich;
What gains or loses, hangs or saves; 615

What makes men great, what feels or knaves,
But not what wise; for only of those
The stars (they say) cannot dispose,
No more than can the astrologians;
There they say right, and like true Trojans. 620

This Ralphy knew, and therefore took
The other course, of which we spoke.

Thus was th' accomplish'd Squire endu'd
With gifts and knowledge per'lous shrewd.
Never did trusty Squire with Knight, 625

Or Knight with Squire, e'er jump more right.
Their arms and equipage did fit,
As well as virtues, parts, and wit.
Their valours too were of a rate;
And out they sally'd at the gate. 630

Few miles on horseback had they jogged,
But Fortune unto them turn'd dogged;
For they a sad adventure met,
Of which anon we mean to treat;

PART I.—CANTO I.

28

But ere we venture to unfold Achievements so resolv'd and bold, We should, as learned poets use, Invoke the assistance of some muse : However, critics count it sillier Than jugglers talking to familiar.	635
We think 'tis no great matter which ; They're all alike ; yet we shall pitch On one that fits our purpose most, Whom therefore thus do we accost :	640
Thou that with ale, or viler liquors, · Didst inspire Withers, Pryn, and Vickars, And force them, tho' it was in spite Of nature and their stars, to write ; Who, as we find in sullen wrats,	645
And cross-grain'd works of modern wits,	650
With vanity, opinion, want, The wonder of the ignorant, The praises of the author, penn'd B' himself, or wit-ensuring friend ; The itch of picture in the front,	655
With bays and wicked rhyme upon't ; All that is left o' th' forked hill, To make men scribble without skill ; Canst make a poet spite of fate, And teach all people to translate,	660
Tho' out of languages in which They understand no part of speech ; Assist me but this once, I 'mplore, And I shall trouble thee no more.	665
In western clime there is a town, To those that dwell therein well known ; Therefore there needs no more be said here ; We unto them refer our reader ; For brevity is very good,	670
When w' are, or are not, understood. To this town people did repair, On days of market, or of fair,	675

And to crack'd fiddle, and horse tabor,
In merriment did drudge and labour. 675

But now a sport more formidable
Had rak'd together village rabble ;
'Twas an old way of recreating,
Which learned butchers call bear-baiting :
A bold advent'rous exerciso,
With ancient heroes in high prize : 680

For authors do affirm it came
From Isthmean or Nemean game :
Others derive it from the bear
That's fix'd in northern hemisphere,
And round about the pole does make 685

A circle like a bear at stake,
That at the chain's end wheels about,
And overturns the rabble-rout.
For after solemn proclamation,
In the bear's name (as is the fashion, 690

According to the law of arms,
To keep men from inglorious harms,)
That none presume to come so near
As forty foot of stake of bear,
If any yet be so fool-hardy, 695

T' expose themselves to vain jeopardy
If they come wounded off, and lame,
No honour's got by such a maim ;
Altho' the bear gain much, b'ing bound
In honour to make good his ground, 700

When he's engag'd, and takes no notice,
If any press upon him, who 'tis ;
But lets them know, at their own cost,
That he intends to keep his post.
This to prevent, and other harms, 705

Which always wait on feats of arms
(For in the hurry of a fray
'Tis hard to keep out of harms way,)
Thither the Knight his course did steer,
To keep the peace 'twixt dog and bear; 710

As he believ'd he was bound to do
In conscience, and commission too ;

And therefore thus bespoke the Squire :

We that are wisely mounted higher
 Than constables in curule wit, 715
 When on tribunal bench we sit,
 Like speculators should foresee,
 From Pharos of authority,
 Portended mischiefs farther than
 Low Proletarian tything-men : 720
 And therefore being inform'd by bruit,
 That dog and bear are to dispute ;
 For so of late men fighting name,
 Because they often prove the same
 (For where the first does hap to be, 725
 The last does coincidere ;)
 Quantum in nobis, have thought good,
 To save th' expense of Christian blood,
 And try if we by mediation
 Of treaty and accommodation, 730
 Can end the quarrel, and compose
 The bloody duel without blows.
 Are not our liberties, our lives,
 The laws, religion, and our wives,
 Enough at once to lie at stake 735
 For Cov'nant and the Cause's sake ?
 But in that quarrel dogs and bears,
 As well as we, must venture theirs ?
 This feud, by Jesuits invented,
 By evil counsel is fomented ; 740
 Their is a Machiavelian plot
 (Tho' every nare olfact it not,)
 A deep design in't, to divide
 The well-affected that confide,
 By setting brother against brother, 745
 To claw and curry one another.
 Have we not enemies, plus satis,
 That, cane et angue pejus, hate us ?

740. This speech is set down as it was delivered by the Knight, in his own words ; but since it is below the gravity of heroical poetry to admit of humour, but all men are obliged to speak wisely alike, and too much of so extravagant a folly would become tedious and impertinent, the rest of his harangues have only his sense expressed in other words, unless in some few places, where his own words could not be so well avoided.

And shall we turn our fangs and claws
Upon our own selves, without cause? 750
 That some occult design doth lie
 In bloody cynarctomachy,
 Is plain enough to him that knows
 How saints lead brothers by the nose.
 I wish myself a pseudo-prophet, 755
 But sure some mischief will come of it;
 Unless by providential wit,
 Or force, we averruncate it.
 For what design, what interest,
 Can beast have to encounter beast? 760
 They fight for no espoused cause,
 Frail privilege, fundamental laws,
 Nor for a thorough reformation,
 For covenant, nor protestation,
 Nor liberty of consciences, 765
 Nor Lords and Commons' ordinances;
 Nor for the church, nor for church-lands,
 To get them in their own no-hands;
 Nor evil counsellors to bring
 To justice that seduce the king; 770
 Nor for the worship of us men,
 Though we have done as much for them.
 Th' Egyptians worshipp'd dogs, and for
 Their faith made internecine war.
 Others ador'd a rat, and some 775
 For that church suffer'd martyrdom.
 The Indians fought for the truth
 Of th' elephant and monkey's tooth,

752. Cynarctomachy signifies nothing in the world but a fight between dogs and bears; though both the learned and ignorant agree that in such words very great knowledge is contained: and our Knight, as one, or both of those, was of the same opinion.

758. Another of the same kind, which, though it appear ever so learned and profound, means nothing else but the weeding of corn.

778. The History of the White Elephant and the Monkey's Tooth, which the Indians adored, is written by Mons. le Blanc. This monkey's tooth was taken by the Portuguese from those that worshipped it; and though they offered a vast ransom for it, yet the Christians were persuaded by their priests rather to burn it. But as soon as the fire was kindled, all the people present were not able to endure the horrible stink that came from it as if the fire had been made of the same ingredients

And many, to defend that faith,
Fought it out, mordicus, to death. 780
But no beast ever was so slight,
For man, as for his God, to fight.
They have more wit, alas! and know
Themselves and us better than so.
But we, who only do infuse 785
The rage in them like Boute-feus;
'Tis our example that instils
In them th' infection of our ills.
For, as some late philosophers
Have well observ'd, beasts that converse 790
With man take after him, as hogs
Get pigs all th' year, and bitches dogs.
Just so, by our example cattle
Learn to give one another battle.
We read in Nero's time the heathen, 795
When they destroy'd the Christian brethren,
Did sew them in the skins of bears,
And then set dogs about their ears:
From thence, no doubt, th' invention came
Of this lewd antichristian game. 800

To this, quoth Ralph, Verily
The point seems very plain to me.
It is an antichristian game,
Unlawful both in thing and name.
First, for the name: the word bear-baiting 805
Is carnal, and of man's creating:
For certainly there's no such word
In all the Scripture on record;
Therefore unlawful, and a sin:
And so is (secondly) the thing. 810

A vile assembly 'tis, that can
No more be prov'd by Scripture than
Provincial, classic, national;
Mere human creature-cobwebs all.
Thirdly, it is idolatrous; 815
For when men run a whoring thus

with which seamen use to compose that kind of grenades which they call stinkards.

786. Boute-feus is a French word, and therefore it were uncivil to suppose any English person (especially of quality) ignorant of it, or so ill-bred as to need an exposition.

With their inventions, whatsoe'er
 The thing be, whether dog or bear,
 It is idolatrous and pagan,
 No less than worshipping of Dagon. 830

Quoth Hudibras, I smell a rat :
 Ralpho, thou dost prevaricate ;
 For though the thesis which thou lay'st
 Be true ad amussim, as thou say'st
 (For that bear-baiting should appear 835
 Jure divino lawfuller
 Than synods are, thou dost deny,
 Totidem verbis ; so do I ;)
 Yet there's a fallacy in this ;
 For if by sly homœosis, 830
 Tussis pro crepitu, an art
 Under a cough to slur a f—t,
 Thou wouldest sophistically imply
 Both are unlawful, I deny.

And I (quoth Ralpho) do not doubt
 But bear-baiting may be made out,
 In gospel-times, as lawful as is
 Provincial or parochial classis ;
 And that both are so near of kin,
 And like in all, as well as sin, 840
 That put them in a bag and shake 'em,
 Yourself o' th' sudden would mistake 'em,
 And not know which is which, unless
 You measure by their wickedness :
 For 'tis not hard t' imagine whether 845
 O' th' two is worst ; tho' I name neither.

Quoth Hudibras, Thou offer'st much,
 But art not able to keep touch,
 Mira de lente, as 'tis i' th' adage,
 Id est to make a leek a cabbage ;
 Thou wilt at best but suck a bull,
 Or shear swine, all cry and no wool ; 850
 For what can synods have at all
 With bear that's analogical ?
 Or what relation has debating
 Of church-affairs with bear-baiting ?
 A just comparison still is
 Of things ejusdem generis ; 855

PART I.—CANTO I.

23

And then what genius rightly doth
Include and comprehend them both? 860

If animal, both of us may
As justly pass for bears as they;
For we are animals no less,
Altho' of different species.

But, Ralpho, this is no fit place 865
Nor time to argue out the case:
For now the field is ~~not~~ far off,
Where we must give the world a proof
Of deeds, not words, and such as suit

Another manner of dispute; 870
A controversy that affords
Actions for arguments, not words;
Which we must manage at a rate
Of prowess and conduct adequate
To what our place and fame doth promise, 875

And all the godly expect from us.
Nor shall they be deceiv'd, unless
We're slurr'd and outed by success;
Success, the mark no mortal wit,
Or surest hand, can always hit: 880

For whatsoe'er we perpetrate,
We do but row, we're steer'd by Fate,
Which in success oft disinherits,
For spurious causes, noblest merits.

Great actions are not always true sons 885
Of great and mighty resolutions;
Nor do the bold'st attempts bring forth
Events still equal to their worth;
But sometimes fail, and in their stead

Fortune and cowardice succeed. 890

Yet we have no great cause to doubt;
Our actions still have borne us out;
Which, tho' they're known to be so ample,
We need not copy from example.

We're not the only persons durst 895
Attempt this province, nor the first.
In northern clime a valorous knight
Did whilom kill his bear in fight,
And wound a fiddler; we have both

Of these the objects of our wroth, 900

And equal fame and glory from
Th' attempt or victory to come.
'Tis sung, there is a valiant Mamaluke
In foreign land, yelep'd——
To whom we have been oft compar'd 905
For person, parts, address, and beard;
Beth equally reputed stout,
And in the same cause both have fought;
He oft in such attempts as these
Came off with glory and success; 910
Nor will we fail in th' execution,
For want of equal resolution.
Honour is like a widow, won
With brisk attempt and putting on;
With ent'ring manfully, and urging; 915
Not slow approaches, like a virgin.
'Tis said, as erst the Phrygian knight,
So ours with rusty steel did smite

903. Mamaluke is the name of the militia of the sultans of Egypt. It signified a servant or soldier. They were commonly captives taken from among the Christians, and instructed in military discipline, and did not marry. Their power was great; for besides that the sultans was chosen out of their body, they disposed of the most important offices of the kingdom. They were formidable about two hundred years; till at last Selim, sultan of the Turks, routed them, and killed their sultan near Aleppo, 1516, and so put an end to the empire of Mamalukes, which had lasted 267 years.

No question but the rhyme to Mamaluke was meant Sir Samuel Luke, of whom in the preface.

913. Our English proverbs are not impertinent to this purpose:
He that wees a maid must seldom come in her sight:
But he that woos a widow, must woo her day and night.
He that woos a maid, must feign, lie, and flatter;
But he that woos a widow, must down with his breeches
and at her.

This proverb being somewhat immodest, Mr. Ray says he would not have it inserted in his collection, but that he met with it in a little book, entitled the Quakers' Spiritual Court proclaimed; written by Nathaniel Smith, student in Physic; wherein the author mentions it as counsel given him by Hilkiah Bedford, an eminent Quaker in London, who would have had him to have married a rich widow, in whose house he lodged. In case he could get her, this Nathaniel Smith had promised Hilkiah a chamber gratis. The whole narrative is worth the reading.

PART I.—CANTO II.

35

His Trojan horse, and just as much
He mended pace upon the touch ;
But from his empty stomach groan'd
Just as that hollow beast did sound,
And angry answer'd from behind,
With brandish'd tail and blast of wind.
So have I seen with armed heel,
A wight bestride a common-weal ;
While still the more he kick'd and spurr'd
The less the sullen jade had stirr'd.

920

925

CANTO II.

The catalogue and character
Of th' enemies' beat men of war ;
Whom, in a bold harangue, the Knight
Defies, and challenges to fight.
H' encounters Talgol, routs the Bear,
And takes the Fiddler prisoner,
Conveys him to enchanted castle ;
There shuts him fast in wooden bastile.

THERE was an ancient sage philosopher,
That had read Alexander Ross over,
And swore the world, as he could prove,
Was made of fighting and of love :

Just so Romances are, for what else

5

Is in them all, but love and battles ?

O' th' first of these we've no great matter
To treat of, but a world o' th' latter ;
In which to do the injur'd right

We mean, in what concerns just fight.

10

Certes our authors are to blame,

For to make some well-sounding name

A pattern fit for modern knights

To copy out in frays and fights ;

Like those that a whole street do raze

15

To build a palace in the place.

They never care how many others

They kill, without regard of mothers,

Or wives, or children, so they can

Make up some fierce, dead-doing man,

20

Compos'd of many ingredient valours,

Just like the manhood of nine tailors.

So a wild Tartar, when he spies
 A man that's handsome, valiant, wise,
 If he can kill him, thinks t' inherit
 His wit, his beauty, and his spirit ; 25
 As if just so much he enjoy'd
 As in another is destroy'd.
 For when a giant's slain in fight,
 And mow'd o'erthwart, or cleft downright, 30
 It is a heavy case no doubt,
 A man should have his brains beat out
 Because he's tall, and has large bones ;
 As men kill beavers for their stones.
 But as for our part, we shall tell 35
 The naked truth of what befel ;
 And as an equal friend to both
 The Knight and Bear, but more to troth,
 With neither faction shall take part,
 But give to each his due desert ; 40
 And never coin a formal lie on't,
 To make the Knight o'ercome the giant.
 This b'ing profest, we've hopes enough,
 And now go on where we left off.
 They rode ; but authors having not 45
 Determin'd whether pace or trot
 (That is to say, whether tullutation,
 As they do term 't, or succussion,) 50
 We leave it, and go on, as now
 Suppose they did, no matter how ;
 Yet some from subtle hints have got
 Mysterious light, it was a trot :
 But let that pass : they now begun 55
 To spur their living engines on.
 For as whipp'd tops, and bandy'd balls,
 The learned hold, are animals ;
 So horses they affirm to be
 Mere engines made by geometry ;
 And were invented first from engines, 60
 As Indian Britons were from Penguins.

47. Tullutation and succussion are only Latin words for ambling and trotting, though I believe both were natural amongst the old Romans ; since I never read they made use of the trammel or any other art, to pace their horses.

60. The American Indians call a great bird they have

So let them be : and, as I was saying,
 They their live engines ply'd, not staying
 Until they reach'd the fatal champaign,
 Which th' enemy did then encamp on ;
 The dire Pharsalian plain, where battle 65
 Was to be wag'd 'twixt puissant cattle
 And fierce auxiliary men,
 That came to aid their brethren,
 Who now began to take the field,
 As Knight from ridge of steed beheld. 70

For as our modern wits behold,
 Mounted a pick-back on the old,
 Much farther off, much farther he,
 Rais'd on his aged beast could see ;
 Yet not sufficient to descry 75
 All postures of the enemy ;
 Wherefore he bids the Squire ride farther,
 To observe their numbers, and their order ;
 That when their motions he had known,
 He might know how to fit his own. 80

Meanwhile he stopp'd his willing steed,
 To fit himself for martial deed.
 Both kinds of metal he prepar'd,
 Either to give blows or to ward :
 Courage and steel, both of great force, 85
 Prepar'd for better or for worse.
 His death-charg'd pistols he did fit well,
 Drawn out from life-preserving vittle.
 These being prim'd, with force he labour'd
 To free 's sword from retentive scabbard ; 90

And, after many a painful pluck,
 From rusty durance he bail'd tuck.
 Then shook himself, to see that prowess
 In scabbard of his arms sat loose :
 And, rais'd upon his desp'rate foot, 95
 On stirrup-side, he gaz'd about,

with a white head, a penguin ; which signifies the same thing in the British tongue : from whence (with other words of the same kind) some authors have endeavoured to prove, that the Americans are originally derived from the Britons.

65. Pharsalia is a city of Thessaly, famous for the battle won by Julius Cesar against Pompey the Great, in the neighbouring plains, in the 607th year of Rome, of which read Lucan's Pharsalia.

Pertending blood, like blazing star,
The beacon of approaching war.
Ralph rode on with no less speed
Than Hugo in the forest did ; 100
But far more in returning made ;
For now the foe he had survey'd,
Rang'd as to him they did appear,
With van, main battle, wings, and rear.
I' th' head of all this warlike rabble
Crowdero march'd, expert and able. 105
Instead of trumpet and of drum,
That makes the warrior's stomach come,
Whose noise whets valour sharp, like beer
By thunder turn'd to vinegar, 110
(For if a trumpet sound, or drum beat,
Who has not a month's mind to combat?)
A squeaking engine he apply'd
Unto his neck, on north-east side,
Just where the hangman does dispose, 115
To special friends, the knot of noose :
For 'tis great grace, when statesmen straight
Dispatch a friend, let others wait.
His warped ear hung o'er the strings,
Which was but souse to chitterlings : 120
For guts, some write, ere they are sodden,
Are fit for music, or for pudden ;
From whence men borrow ev'ry kind
Of minstrelsy by string or wind.
His grisly beard was long and thick, 125
With which he strung his fiddle-stick ;
For he to horse-tail scorn'd to owe
For what on his own chin did grow.
Chiron, the four-legg'd bard, had both
A beard and tail of his own growth ; 130
And yet by authors 'tis averr'd,
He made use only of his beard.

199. Chiron, a Centaur, son to Saturn and Phillyria, living in the mountains, where, being much given to hunting, he became very knowing in the virtues of plants, and one of the most famous physicians of his time. He imparted his skill to Æsculapius, and was afterward Apollo's governor, until being wounded by Her cules, and desiring to die, Jupiter placed him in heaven where he forms the sign of Sagittarius or the Archer.

PART I.—CANTO II.

33

in Staffordshire, where virtuous worth
Does raise the minstrelsy, not birth ;
Where bulls do choose the boldest king, 133
And ruler, o'er the men of string,
(As once in Persia, 'tis said,
Kings were proclaim'd by a horse that neigh'd;) He bravely venturing at a crown,
By chance of war was beaten down, 140
And wounded sore. His leg then broke,
Had got a deputy of oak :
For when a shin in fight is cropp'd,
The knee with one of timber's prop'd,
Esteem'd more honourable than the othen, 145
And takes place, though the younger brother.

Next march'd brave Orsin famous for
Wise conduct, and success in war :
A skilful leader, stout, severe,
Now marshal to the champion bear. 150
With truncheon, tipp'd with iron head,
The warrior to the lists he led ;
With solemn march and stately pace,
But far more grave and solemn face ;
Grave as the Emperor of Pegu, 155
Or Spanish Potentate, Don Diego.
This leader was of knowledge great,
Either for charge or for retreat.
He knew when to fall on pell-mell ;
To fall back and retreat as well. 160
So lawyers, lest the bear defendant,
And plaintiff dog, should make an end on't,
Do stave and tail with writs of error,
Reverse of judgment, and demurrer,
To let them breathe a while, and then 165
Cry whoop, and set them on agen.
As Romulus a wolf did rear,
So he was dry-nurs'd by a bear,
That fed him with the purchas'd prey
Of many a fierce and bloody fray ; 170

133. The whole history of this ancient ceremony you may read at large in Dr. Plot's History of Staffordshire, under the town Tutbury.

155. For the history of Pegu, read Mandelso and Olearius's Travels.

Bred up where discipline most rare is,
In military Garden Paris. 175

For soldiers heretofore did grow
In gardens just as weeds do now,
Until some splay-foot politicians
T' Apollo offer'd up petitions
For licensing a new invention
They'd found out of an antique engine,
To root out all the weeds that grow
In public gardens at a blow, 180
And leave th' herbs standing. Quoth Sir Sun,
My friends, that is not to be done.
Not done ! quoth statesmen ; yes, an't please ye,
When it's once known, you'll say 'tis easy.
Why then let 's know it, quoth Apollo : 185
We'll beat a drum, and they'll all follow.
A drum ! (quoth Phœbus;) troth, that's true ;
A pretty invention, quaint and new.
But though of voice and instrument
We are the undoubted president, 190
We such loud music don't profess ;
The devil's master of that office,
Where it must pass ; if 't be a drum,
He'll sign it with Cler. Parl. Dom. Com.
To him apply yourselves, and he
Will soon dispatch you for his fee.
They did so ; but it prov'd so ill,
Th' had better let 'em grow there still.
But to resume what we discoursing
Were on before, that is, stout Orsin : 195
That which so oft, by sundry writers,
Has been applied t' almost all fighters,
More justly may b' ascrib'd to this
Than any other warrior, (viz.)
None ever acted both parts bolder, 205
Both of a chieftain and a soldier.
He was of great descent, and high
For splendour and antiquity ;
And from celestial origine
Deriv'd himself in a right line : 210

172. Paris Garden, in Southwark, took its name from the possessor.

Not as the ancient heroes did,
 Who, that their base births might be hid
 (Knowing they were of doubtful gender,
 And that they came in at a windore,) 215
 Made Jupiter himself, and others
 O' th' gods, gallants to their own mothers,
 To get on them a race of champions
 (Of which old Homer first made lampoons.)
 Arctophylax, in northern sphere,
 Was his undoubted ancestor : 220
 From him his great forefathers came,
 And in all ages bore his name.
 Learned he was in med'e'nal lore ;
 For by his side a pouch he wore,
 Replete with strange hermetic powder, 225
 That wounds nine miles point-blank would sol-
 By skilful chemist, with great cost, [der,
 Extracted from a rotten post ;
 But of a heav'nlier influence
 Than that which mountebanks dispense : 230
 Though by Promethean fire made,
 As they do quack that drive that trade.
 For as when slovens do amiss
 At others' doors, by stool or piss,
 The learned write, a red-hot spit 235
 B'ing prudently apply'd to it,

231. Promethean fire. Prometheus was the son of Iapetus, and brother of Atlas, concerning whom the poets have feigned, that having first formed men of the earth and water, he stole fire from heaven to put life into them ; and that having thereby displeased Jupiter, he commanded Vulcan to tie him to Mount Caucasus with iron chains, and that a vulture should prey upon his liver continually : but the truth of the story is, that Prometheus was an astrologer, and constant in observing the stars upon that mountain ; and that, among other things, he found the art of making fire, either by the means of a flint, or by contracting the sun-beams in a glass. Bochart will have Magog, in the Scripture, to be the Prometheus of the Pagans.

He here and before sarcastically derides those who were great admirers of the sympathetic powder and weapon salve, which were in great repute in those days, and much pronounced by the great Sir Kenelm Digby, who wrote a treatise ex professo on that subject, and, I believe, thought what he wrote to be true, which since has been almost exploded out of the world.

Will convey mischief from the dung
Unto the part that did the wrong,
So this did healing ; and as sure
As that did mischief, this could cure.

240

Thus virtuous Orsin was endu'd
With learning, conduct, fortitude,
Incomparable : and as the prince
Of poets, Homer, sung long since,
A skilful leech is better far

245

Than half an hundred men of war,
So he appear'd ; and by his skill,
No less than dint of sword, could kill.

The gallant Bruin march'd next him,
With visage formidably grim,

250

And rugged as a Saracen,
Or Turk of Mahomet's own kin ;

Clad in a mantle della guerre
Of rough impenetrable fur ;

And in his nose, like Indian king,

255

He wore, for ornament, a ring ;

About his neck a threefold gorget,

As rough as trebled leathern target ;

Armed, as heralds, cant, and langued ;

Or, as the vulgar say, sharp-fanged.

260

For as the teeth in beasts of prey

Are swords, with which they fight in fray ;

So swords, in men of war, are teeth,

Which they do eat their vittle with.

He was by birth, some authors write,

265

A Russian ; some, a Muscovite ;

And 'mong the Cossacks had been bred,

Of whom we in diurnals read,

That serve to fill up pages here,

As with their bodies ditches there.

270

Scrimansky was his cousin-german,

With whom he serv'd, and fed on vermin ;

And when these fail'd, he'd suck his claws,

And quarter himself upon his paws ;

267. Cossacks are a people that live near Poland. This name was given them for their extraordinary sinewiness ; for cosa, or kosa, in the Polish tongue, signifies a goat. He that would know more of them, may read *Le Laboreur* and *Thu'denus*.

PART I.—CANTO II.

42

And though his countrymen, the Huns, 275
 Did stew their meat between their bums
 And th' horses' backs o'er which they straddle,
 And ev'ry man ate up his saddle ;
 He was not half so nice as they,
 But ate it raw when 't came in's way. 280
 He had trac'd countries far and near,
 More than Le Blanc the traveller ;
 Who writes, he spous'd in India,
 Of noble house, a lady gay,
 And got on her a race of worthies, 285
 As stout as any upon earth is.
 Full many a fight for him between
 Talgol and Orsin oft had been ;
 Each striving to deserve the crown
 Of a sav'd citizen ; the one 290
 To guard his bear ; the other fought
 To aid his dog ; both made more stout
 By sev'ral spurs of neighbourhood,
 Church-fellow-membership, and blood ;
 But Talgol, mortal foe to cows, 295
 Never got ought of him but blows ;
 Blows hard and heavy, such as he
 Had lent, repaid with usury.

Yet Talgol was of courage stout,
 And vanquish'd oft'ner than he fought : 300
 Inur'd to labour sweat, and toil,
 And like a champion shone with oil.
 Right many a widow his keen blade,
 And many fatherless had made.
 He many a boar and huge dun-cow 305
 Did, like another Guy, o'erthrow ;
 But Guy with him in fight compar'd,
 Had like the boar or dun-cow far'd.

275. This custom of the Huns is described by Ammianus Marcellinus, 'Hunni semicruda cuiusvis Peccoris carne vescuntur, quam inter femora sua et equorum terga subsertam, calefacient brevi.' P. 686.

283. The story of Le Blanc, of a bear that married a king's daughter, is no more strange than many others, in most travellers, that passe with allowance ; for if they should write nothing but what is possible, or probable, they might appear to have lost their labour, and observed nothing but what they might have done as well at home.

With greater troops of sheep h' had fought
Than Ajax or bold Don Quixote: 310
And many a serpent of fell kind,
With wings before and stings behind,
Subdu'd, as poets say, long agone,
Bold Sir George, St. George, did the dragon.
Nor engine, nor device polemic, 315
Disease, nor doctor epidemic,
Tho' stor'd with deletery med'cines
(Which whosoever took is dead since,)
E'er sent so vast a colony
To both the under worlds as he: 320
For he was of that noble trade
That demi-gods and heroes made,
Slaughter and knocking on the head,
The trade to which they all were bred;
And is, like others, glorious when 325
'Tis great and large, but base if mean:
The former rides in triumph for it,
The latter in a two-wheel'd chariot,
For daring to profane a thing
So sacred with vile bungling. 330

Next these the brave Magnano came;
Magnano, great in martial fame.
Yet when with Orsin he wag'd fight,
'Tis sung, he got but little by 't.
Yet he was fierce as forest boar, 335
Whose spoils upon his back he wore,
As thick as Ajax' seven-fold shield,
Which o'er his brazen arms he held:
But brass was feeble to resist
The fury of his armed fist; 340
Nor could the hard'st ir'n hold out
Against his blows, but they would through't.

In magic he was deeply read
As he that made the brazen head
Profoundly skill'd in the black art, 345
As English Merlin for his heart;
But far more skilful in the spheres
Than he was at the sieve and shears.

343. Roger Bacon and Merlin. See Collier's Dictionary

He could transform himself in colour
 As like the devil as a collier ; 350
 As like as hypocrites in show
 Are to true saints, or crow to crow.
 Of warlike engines he was author,
 Devis'd for quick dispatch of slaughter :
 The cannon, blunderbuss, and saker, 355
 He was th' inventor of, and maker :
 The trumpet, and the kettle-drum,
 Did both from his invention come.
 He was the first that e'er did teach
 To make, and how to stop, a breach. 360
 A lance he bore with iron pike ;
 Th' one half would thrust, the other strike ;
 And when their forces he had join'd,
 He scorn'd to turn his parts behind.

He Trulla lov'd; Trulla, more bright 365
 Than burnish'd armour of her knight :
 A bold virago, stout and tall
 As Joan of France, or English Mall,
 Thro' perils both of wind and limb,
 Thro' thick and thin, she follow'd him, 370
 In ev'ry adventure h' undertook,
 And never him or it forsook :
 At breach of wall, or hedge surprise,
 She shar'd i' th' hazard and the prize :
 At beating quarters up, or forage, 375
 Behav'd herself with matchless courage ;
 And laid about in fight more busily
 Than th' Amazonian dame Penthesile.

And though some critics here cry shame,
 And say our authors are to blame, 380
 That (spite of all philosophers,
 Who hold no females stout but bears,
 And heretofore did so abhor
 That women should pretend to war,

368. Two notorious women; the last was known here by the name of Mall Cutpurse.

378. Penthesile, queen of the Amazons, succeeded Orythia. She carried succours to the Trojans, and after having given noble proofs of her bravery, was killed by Achilles. Pliny saith, it was she that invented the battle-axe. If any one desire to know more of the Amazons, let him read Mr. Sanson.

They would not suffer the stout'st dame 385
 To swear by Hercules's name)
 Make feeble ladies in their works,
 To fight like termagants and Turks ;
 To lay their native arms aside,
 Their modesty, and ride astride ; 390
 To run a-tilt at men, and wield
 Their naked tools in open field ;
 As stout Armida, bold Thalestris,
 And she that would have been the mistress
 Of Gondibert ; but he had grace, 395
 And rather took a country lass ;
 They say, 'tis false, without all sense,
 But of pernicious consequence
 To government which they suppose
 Can never be upheld in prose ; 400
 Strip Nature naked to the skin,
 You'll find about her no such thing.
 It may be so ; yet what we tell
 Of Trulla that's improbable,

385. The old Romans had particular oaths for men and women to swear by ; and therefore Macrobius says, ' *Viri per Castorem non jurabant antiquitus, nec Mulieres per Herculem ; Aedepol autem juramentum erat cum mulieribus quam viris communum*,' &c.

393. Two formidable women at arms, in romances, that were cudgelled into love by their gallants.

395. Gondibert is a feigned name, made use of by Sir William d'Avenant in his famous epic poem, so called ; wherein you may find also that of his mistress. This poem was designed by the author to be an imitation of the English drama : it being divided into five books, as the other is into five acts ; the cantos to be parallel of the scenes, with this difference, that this is delivered narratively, the other dialoguewise. It was ushered into the world by a large preface written by Mr. Hobbes, and by the pens of two of our best poets, viz. Mr. Waller and Mr. Cowley, which one would have thought might have proved a sufficient defence and protection against smarting critics. Notwithstanding which, four eminent wits of that age (two of which were Sir John Denham and Mr. Donne) published several copies of verses to Sir William's discredit, under this title, *Certain Verses written by several of the Author's Friends, to be reprinted with the second edition of Gondibert* In 8vo. Lond. 1653. These verses were as witty answered by the author, under this title, *The incomparable poem of Gondibert vindicated from the Wit Combat of four Esquires, Clunias, Dametas, Sancho, and Jack-Pudding* ; printed in 8vo. Lond. 1655. Vide Lawbain's Account of Dramatic Poets.

PART I.—CANTO II.

47

Shall be dispos'd by those who've seen't 485
 Ur, what's as good, produc'd in print :
 And if they will not take our word,
 We'll prove it true upon record.

The upright Cerdon next advanc't,
 Of all his race the valiant'st : 410

Cerdon the Great, renown'd in song,
 Like Herc'les, for repair of wrong :
 He rais'd the low and fortify'd
 The weak against the strongest side :

Ill has he read, that never hit 415
 On him in Muses' deathless writ.

He had a weapon keen and fierce,
 That through a bull-hide shield would pierce,
 And cut it in a thousand pieces,
 Tho' tougher than the Knight of Greece, his
 With whom his black-thumb'd ancestor 421

Was comrade in the ten years' war :
 For when the restless Greeks sat down
 So many years before Troy town,
 And were renown'd, as Homer writes,
 For well sol'd boots no less than fights, 425

They ow'd that glory only to
 His ancestor that made them so.
 Fast friend he was to Reformation,
 Until 'twas worn quite out of fashion. 430

Next rectifier of wry law,
 And would make three to cure one flaw.
 Learned he was, and could take note,
 Transcribe, collect, translate, and quote.

But preaching was his chiefest talent,
 Or argument, in which b'ing valiant,
 He us'd to lay about and stickle,
 Like ram or bull, at conventicle :
 For disputants, like rams and bulls,
 Do fight with arms that spring from skulls. 440

Last Colon came, bold man of war,
 Destin'd to blows by fatal star ;
 Right expert in command of horse,
 But cruel, and without remorse.
 That which of Centaur long ago 445

Was said, and has been wrested to

Some other knights, was true of this ;
He and his horse were of a piece.
One spirit did inform them both ;
The self-safhe vigour, fury, wroth ; 450
Yet he was much the rougher part,
And always had a harder heart :
Although his herse had been of those
That fed on man's flesh, as fame goes.
Strange food for herse ! and yet, alas ! 455
It may be true, for flesh is grase.
Sturdy he was, and no less able
Than Hercules to clean a stable ;
As great a drover, and as great
A critic too, in hog or neat. 460

He ripp'd the womb up of his mother,
Dame Tellus, 'cause she wanted fother
And provender wherewith to feed
Himself, and his less cruel steed.
It was a question, whether he 465
Or 's horse were of a family
More worshipful : 'till antiquaries
(After th' had almost por'd out their eyes)
Did very learnedly decide
The business on the horse's side ; 470
And prov'd not only horse, but cows,
Nay, pigs, were of the elder house :
For beasts, when man was but a piece
Of earth himself, did th' earth possess.

These worthies were the chief that led 475
The combatants, each in the head
Of his command, with arms and rage,
Ready and longing to engage.
The numerous rabble was drawn out
Of sev'ral counties round about, 480
From villages remote, and shires,
Of east and western hemispheres :
From foreign parishes and regions,
Of different manners, speech, religions,
Came men and mastiffs ; some to fight 485
For fame and honour, some for sight.
And now the field of death, the lists,
Were enter'd by antagonists.

PART I.—CANTO II.

49

And blood was ready to be broach'd,
When Hudibras in haste approach'd, 490
With Squire and weapons, to attack 'em ;
But first thus from his horse bespake 'em :
What rage, O citizens ! what fury
Doth you to these dire actions hurry ?
What œstrum, what phrenetic mood, 495
Makes you thus lavish of your blood,
While the proud Vies your trophies boast,
And unreveng'd walks — ghost ?
What towns, what garrisons might you
With hazard of this blood subdue, 500
Which now y' are bent to throw away
In vain, untriumphable fray !
Shall saints in civil bloodshed wallow
Of saints, and let the Cause lie fallow ?
The Cause for which we fought and swore 505
So boldly, shall we now give o'er ?
Then, because quarrels still are seen
With oaths and swearings to begin,
The solemn League and Covenant
Will seem a mere God-dam-me rant ; 510
And we, that took it, and have fought,
As lewd as drunkards that fall out.
For as we make war for the king
Against himself, the self-same thing,
Some will not stick to swear, we do 515
For God and for religion too :
For if bear-baiting we allow,
What good can Reformation do ?
The blood and treasure that's laid out
Is thrown away, and goes for nought. 520
Are these the fruits o' th' Protestantation,
The prototype of Reformation,
Which all the saints, and some, since martyrs,
Wore in their hats like wedding garters,

495. *Œstrum* is not only a Greek word for madness but signifies also a gad-bee or horse-fly, that torments cattle in the summer, and makes them run about as if they were mad.

524. Some few days after the king had accused the five members of treason in the House of Commons, great crowds of the rabble came down to Westminster-hall with printed copies of the Protestantation tied in their hats like favours

D

When 'twas resolv'd by either House 526
 Six Members quarrel to espouse?
 Did they for this draw down the rabble,
 With zeal and noises formidable,
 And make all cries about the town
 Join throats to cry the bishops down? 530
 Who having round begirt the palace
 (As once a month they do the gallows,)
 As members gave the sign about,
 Set up their throats with hideous shout.
 When tinkers bawl'd aloud to settle
 Church discipline, for patching kettle: 535
 No sow-gelder did blow his horn
 To geld a cat, but cry'd Reform.
 The oyster-women lock'd their fish up,
 And trudg'd away, to cry, No bishop. 540
 The mousetrap-men laid save-alls by,
 And 'gainst ev'l counsellors did cry.
 Bothers left old clothes in the lurch,
 And fell to turn and patch the church.
 Some cry'd the Covenant instead 545
 Of pudden-pies and ginger-bread;
 And some for brooms, old boots and shoes,
 Bawl'd out to purge the Commons' House.
 Instead of kitchen-stuff, some cry,
 A gospel-preaching ministry; 550
 And some, for old suits, coats, or cloak,
 No surplices nor Service-book.
 A strange harmonious inclination
 Of all degrees to Reformation.
 And is this all? Is this the end 555
 To which these carr'ings on did tend?
 Hath public faith, like a young heir,
 For this ta'en up all sorts of ware,

525. The six members were the Lord Kimbolton, Mr. Pym, Mr. Hollis, Mr. Hampden, Sir Arthur Hasterig, and Mr. Stroud, whom the king ordered to be apprehended, and their papers seized; charging them of plotting with the Scots, and favouring the late tumults; but the House voted against the arrest of their persons or papers; whereupon the king having preferred articles against those members, he went with his guard to the House to demand them: but they, having notice, withdrew

And run int' every tradesman's book,
 Till both turn'd bankrupts, and are broke? 560
 Did saints for this bring in their plate,
 And crowd as if they came too late?
 For when they thought the Cause had need on't,
 Happy was he that could be rid on't.
 Did they coin piss-pots, bowls, and flagons, 565
 Int' officers of horse and dragoons;
 And into pikes and musqueteers
 Stamp beakers, cups, and porringers?
 A thimble, bodkin, and a spoon,
 Did start up living men as soon 570
 As in the furnace they were thrown,
 Just like the dragon's teeth b'ing sown.
 Then was the Cause of gold and plate,
 The brethren's off'rings, consecrate,
 Like th' Hebrew calf, and down before it 575
 The saints fell prostrate to adore it:
 So say the wicked—and will you
 Make that sarcasmus scandal true,
 By running after dogs and bears,
 Beasts more unclean than calves or steers? 580
 Have pow'rful preachers ply'd their tongues,
 And laid themselves out and their lungs;
 Us'd all means, both direct and sinister,
 I' th' power of gospel-preaching minister?
 Have they invented tones to win 585
 The women, and make them draw in
 The men, as Indians with a female
 Tame elephant inveigle the male?
 Have they told Prov'dence what it must do,
 Whom to avoid, and whom to trust to? 590
 Discover'd th' enemy's design,
 And which way best to countermine?
 Prescrib'd what ways it hath to work,
 Or it will ne'er advance the kirk?
 Told it the news o' th' last express, 595
 And after good or bad success
 Made prayers, not so like petitions
 As overtures and propositions

578. Abusive or insulting had been better; but our Knight believed the learned languages more convenient to understand in than his own mother-tonguo.

(Such as the army did present
 To their creator, th' Parliament,) 600
 In which they freely will confess
 They will not, cannot, acquiesce,
 Unless the work be carry'd on
 In the same way they have begun,
 By setting church and common-weal 605
 All on a flame, bright as their zeal,
 On which the saints were all agog,
 And all this for a bear and dog?
 The Parliament drew up petitions
 To 'tself, and sent them, like commissions, 610
 To well-affected persons down,
 In ev'ry city and great town,
 With pow'r to levy horse and men,
 Only to bring them back agen;
 For this did many, many a mile, 615
 Ride manfully in rank and file,
 With papers in their hats, that shew'd
 As if they to the pillory rode.
 Have all these courses, these efforts,
 Been try'd by people of all sorts, 620
 Velis et remnis, omnibus nervis,
 And all t' advance the Cause's service?
 And shall all now be thrown away
 In petulant intestine fray?
 Shall we that in the Cov'nant swore, 625
 Each man of us to run before
 Another, still in Reformation,
 Give dogs and bears a dispensation?
 How will dissenting brethren relish it?
 What will malignants say? videlicet, 630
 That each man swore to do his best,
 To damn and perjure all the rest!
 And bid the devil take the hin'most,
 Which at this race is like to win most.
 They 'll say our bus'ness, to reform 635
 The church and state, is but a worm;
 For to subscribe, unsight, unseen,
 To an unknown church-discipline,
 What is it else, but before-hand
 T' engage, and after understand? 640

For when we swore to carry on
 The present Reformation,
 According to the purest mode
 Of churches best reform'd abroad,
 What did we else but make a vow
 To do we know not what, nor how? 645
 For no three of us will agree
 Where or what churches these should be;
 And is indeed the self-same case
 With theirs that swore *et cæteras*: 650
 Or the French league, in which men vow'd
 To fight to the last drop of blood.
 These slanders will be thrown upon
 The cause and work we carry on,
 If we permit men to run headlong
 T' exorbitances fit for bedlam,
 Rather than gospel-walking times,
 When slightest sins are greatest crimes.
 But we the matter so shall handle,
 As to remove that odious scandal, 660
 In name of King and Parliament,
 I charge ye all no more foment
 This feud, but keep the peace between
 Your brethren and your countrymen;
 And to those places straight repair
 Where your respective dwellings are. 665
 But to that purpose first surrender
 The Fiddler, as the prime offender,
 The incendiary vile, that is chief
 Author and engineer of mischief; 670

649. The Convocation, in one of the short Parliaments, that ushered in the long one (as dwarfs are wont to do knights-errant,) made an oath to be taken by the clergy for observing canonical obedience; in which they enjoined their brethren, out of the abundance of their consciences, to swear articles with, &c.

651. The holy league in France, designed and made for the extirpation of the Protestant religion, was the original, out of which the solemn league and covenant here was (with the difference only of circumstances) most faithfully transcribed. Nor did the success of both differ more than the intent and purpose; for after the destruction of vast numbers of people of all sorts, both ended with the murder of two kings, whom they had both sworn to defend: and as our covenanters swore every man to run one before another, in the way of reformation, so did the French in the holy league, to fight to the last drop of blood.

That makes division between friends,
For profane and malignant ends.
He, and that engine of vile noise,
On which illegally he plays,
Shall (dictum factum) both be brought 675
To condign punishment, as they ought.
This must be done; and I would fain see
Mortal so sturdy as to gainsay:
For then I'll take another course,
And soon reduce you all by force. 680
This said, he clapp'd his hand on sword,
To shew he meant to keep his word.
But Talgol, who had long suppress'd
Inflamed wrath in glowing breast,
Which now began to rage and burn as 685
Implacably as flame in furnace,
Thus answer'd him:—Thou vermin wretched
As e'er in measled pork was hatched;
Thou tail of worship, that dost grow
On rump of justice as of cow; 690
How dar'st thou, with that sullen luggage
O' th'self, old ir'n, and other baggage,
With which thy steed of bones and leather
Has broke his wind in halting hither;
How durst th', I say, adventure thus 695
T' oppose thy lumber against us?
Could thine impertinence find out
No work t' employ itself about,
Where thou, secure from wooden blow,
Thy busy vanity might'st shew? 700
Was no dispute a-foot between
The caterwauling brethren?
No subtle question rais'd among
Those out-o'-their wits, and those i' th' wrong?
No prize between those combatants 705
O' th' times, the land and water saints;
Where thou might'st strickle without hazard
Of outrage to thy hide and mazzard;
And not for want of bus'ness come
To us to be so troublesome, 710
To interrupt our better sort
Of disputants, and spoil our sport?

PART I.—CANTO II.

55

Was there no felony, no bawd,
Cut-purse, no burglary abroad? 715

No stolen pig, nor plunder'd goose,
To tie thee up from breaking loose?

No ale unlicens'd, broken hedge,
For which thou statute might'st allege,
To keep thee busy from foul evil,
And shame due to thee from the devil? 720

Did no committee sit, where he
Might cut out journey-work for thee?

And set th' a task with subornation,
To stitch up sale and sequestration;
To cheat, with holiness and zeal,
All parties, and the common weal? 725

Much better had it been for thee,
H' had kept thee where th' art us'd to be;
Or sent th' on bus'ness any whither,
So he had never brought thee hither. 730

But if th' hast brain enough in skull
To keep itself in lodging whole,
And not provoke the rage of stones
And cudgels to thy hide and bones,
Tremble, and vanish, while thou may'st, 735

Which I'll not promise if thou stay'st.

At this the Knight grew high in wroth,
And lifting hands and eyes up both,
Three times he smote on stomach stoot,
From whence at length these words broke out:

Was I for this entitled Sir, 740

And girt with trusty sword and spur,
For fame and honour to wage battle,
Thus to be brav'd by foe to cattle?

Not all that pride that makes thee swell 745

As big thou dost blown-up veal;

Nor all thy tricks and sleights to cheat,
And sell thy carrion for good meat;

Not all thy magic to repair
Decay'd old age in tough lean ware; 750

Make nat'ral death appear thy work,
And stop the gangrene in stale pork;

Not all that force that makes thee proud,
Because by bullock ne'er withstood;

Though arm'd with all thy cleavers, knives, 755
 And axes made to hew down lives,
 Shall save or help thee to evade
 The hand of Justice, or his blade,
 Which I, her sword-bearer do carry,
 For civil deed and military. 760

Nor shall those words of venom base,
 Which thou hast from their native place,
 Thy stomach pump'd to fling on me,
 Go unreeng'd, though I am free:
 Thou down the same throat shalt devour 'em,
 Like tainted beef, and pay dear for 'em. 765

Nor shall it e'er be said, that wight
 With gantlet blue, and bases white,
 And round blunt truncheon by his side,
 So great a man at arms defy'd 770
 With words far bitter than wormwood,
 That would in Job or Grizel stir mood.
 Dogs with their tongues their wounds do heal;
 But men with hands as thou shalt feel.

This said, with hasty rage he snatch'd 775
 His gun-shot, that in holsters watch'd ;
 And bending cock, he levell'd full
 Against th' outside of Talgol's skull :
 Vowing that he should ne'er stir further,
 Nor henceforth cow nor bullock murther. 780

But Pallas came in shape of rust,
 And 'twixt the spring and hammer thrust
 Her Gorgon shield, which made the cock
 Stand stiff, as 'twere transform'd to stock.
 Meanwhile fierce Talgol, gath'ring might, 785

With rugged truncheon charg'd the Knight;
 But he with petronel upheav'd,
 Instead of shield, the blow receiv'd.
 The gun recoil'd, as well it might,
 Not us'd to such a kind of fight, 790

And shrunk from its great master's gripe,
 Knock'd down and stunn'd by mortal stripe.
 Then Hudibras, with furious haste,
 Drew out his sword ; yet not so fast,
 But Talgol first, with hardy thwack, 795

Twice bruis'd his head, and twice his back.

But when his nut-brown sword was out.
With stomach huge he laid about,
Imprinting many a wound upon
His mortal foe, the truncheon. 800

The trusty cudgel did oppose
Itself against dead-doing blows,
To guard its leader from fell bane,
And then reveng'd itself again.

And though the sword (some understood) 805
In force had much the odds of wood,
'Twas nothing so; both sides were balanc'd
So equal, none knew which was valiant'st:
For wood with honour b'ing engag'd,
Is so implacably enrag'd, 810
Though iron hew and mangle sore,
Wood wounds and bruises honour more.
And now both knights were out of breath,
Tir'd in the hot pursuit of death;
While all the rest amaz'd stood still, 815
Expecting which should take or kill.
This Hudibras observ'd; and fretting
Conquest should be so long a getting,
He drew up all his force into
One body, and that into one blow. 820

But Talgol wisely avoided it
By cunning sleight; for had it hit,
The upper part of him the blow
Had slit as sure as that below.

Meanwhile th' incomparable Colon, 825
To aid his friend, began to fall on.
Him Ralph encounter'd, and straight grew
A dismal combat 'twixt them two:
Th' one arm'd with metal, th' other with wood;
This fit for bruise, and that for blood. 830

With many a stiff thwack, many a bang,
Hard crab-tree and old iron rang;
While none that saw them could divine
To which side conquest would incline,
Until Magnano, who did envy 835
That two should with so many men vie,
By subtle stratagem of brain,
Perform'd what force could ne'er attain;

For he, by foul hap, having found
Where thistles grew on barren ground, 846
In haste he drew his weapon out,
And having cropp'd them from the root,
He clapp'd them underneath the tail
Of steed, with pricks as sharp as nail.
The angry beast did straight resent 845
The wrong done to his fundament ;
Began to kick, and fling, and wince,
As if h' had been beside his sense,
Striving to disengage from thistle,
That gall'd him sorely under his tail : 850
Instead of which, he threw the pack
Of Squire and baggage from his back ;
And blund'ring still with smarting rump,
He gave the Knight's steed such a thump
As made him reel. The Knight did stoop, 855
And sat on further side aslope.
This Talgol viewing, who had now
By sleight escap'd the fatal blow,
He rally'd, and again fell to'f ;
For catching foe by nearer foot, 860
He lifted with such might and strength,
As would have hurl'd him thrice his length,
And dash'd his brains (if any) out :
But Mars, that still protects the stout,
In pudding-time came to his aid, 865
And under him the bear convey'd ;
The bear, upon whose soft fur-gown
The Knight with all his weight fell down.
The friendly rug preserv'd the ground,
And headlong Knight, from bruise or wound : 870
Like feather-bed betwixt a wall
And heavy brunt of cannon-ball.
As Sancho on a blanket fell,
And had no hurt, ours far'd as well
In body ; though his mighty spirit, 875
B'ing heavy, did not so well bear it.
The bear was in a greater fright,
Beat down and worsted by the Knight.
He roar'd, and rag'd, and flung about,
To shake off bondage from his snout. 880

His wrath inflam'd boil'd o'er, and from
 His jaws of death he threw the foam :
 Fury in stranger postures threw him,
 And more than herald ever drew him.
 He tore the earth which he had sav'd 885
 From squelch of Knight, and storm'd and rav'd,
 And vex'd the more because the harms
 He felt were 'gainst the law of arms :
 For men he always took to be
 His friends, and dogs the enemy ; 890
 Who never so much hurt had done him,
 As his own side did falling on him.
 It griev'd him to the guts that they
 For whom h' had fought so many a fray,
 And serv'd with loss of blood so long, 895
 Should offer such inhuman wrong ;
 Wrong of unsoldier-like condition :
 For which he flung down his commission ;
 And laid about him, till his nose
 From thrall of ring and cord broke loose. 900
 Soon as he felt himself enlarg'd,
 Through thickest of his foes he charg'd,
 And made way through th' amazed crew ;
 Some he o'erran, and some o'erthrew,
 But took none ; for by hasty flight 905
 He strove t' escape pursuit of Knight ;
 From whom he fled with as much haste
 And dread as he the rabble chas'd.
 In haste he fled, and so did they ;
 Each and his fear a several way. 910

Crowdero only kept the field ;
 Not stirring from the place he held,
 Though beaten down and wounded sore,
 I' th' fiddle, and a leg that bore
 One side of him ; not that of bone, 915
 But much its better, th' wooden one.
 He spying Hudibras lie strow'd
 Upon the ground, like log of wood,
 With fright of fall, supposed wound,
 And loss of urine, in a swound, 920
 In haste he snatch'd the wooden limb,
 That hurt i' th' ankle lay by him,

And fitting it for sudden fight,
 Straight drew it up t' attack the Knight; 925
 For getting up on stump and huckle,
 He with the foe began to buckle;
 Vowing to be reveng'd for breach
 Of crowd and skin upon the wretch,
 Sole author of all detriment
 He and his fiddle underwent. 930

But Ralph (who had now begun
 T' adventure resurrection
 From heavy squelch, and had got up
 Upon his legs, with sprained crup)
 Looking about, beheld pernicious 935
 Approaching Knight from fell musician.
 He snatch'd his whinyard up, that fled
 When he was falling off his steed
 (As rats do from a falling house,)
 To hide itself from rage of blows; 940
 And, wing'd with speed and fury, flew
 To rescue Knight from black and blue;
 Which ere he could achieve, his sconce
 The leg encounter'd twice and once;
 And now 'twas rais'd to smite agen, 945
 When Ralph thrust himself between.
 He took the blow upon his arm,
 To shield the Knight from further harm;
 And, joining ~~worth~~ with force, bestow'd
 On th' wooden member such a load, 950
 That down it fell, and with it bore
 Crowdero, whom it propp'd before.
 To him the Squire right nimbly run,
 And setting conquering foot upon
 His trunk, thus spoke: What desp'rate frenzy 956
 Made thee (thou whelp of sin !) to fancy
 Thyself, and all that coward rabble,
 T' encounter us in battle able?
 How durst th', I say, oppose thy curship
 'Gainst arms, authority and worship? 960
 And Hudibras or me provoke,
 Though all thy limbs were heart of oak,
 And th' other half of thee as good
 To bear out blows, as that of wood?

Could not the whipping-post prevail, 965
 With all its rhet'ric, nor the jail,
 To keep from flaying scourge thy skin,
 And ankle free from iron gin?
 Which now thou shalt—But first our care
 Must see how Hudibras doth fare. 970
 This said, he gently rais'd the Knight,
 And set him on his burn upright.
 To rouse him from lethargic dump,
 He tweak'd his nose; with gentle thump
 Knock'd on his breast, as if't had been 975 •
 To raise the spirits lodg'd within.
 They, waken'd with the noise, did fly
 From inward room to window eye;
 And gently opening lid, the casement,
 Look'd out, but yet with some amazement. 980
 This gladded Ralph much to see,
 Who thus bespoke the Knight: quoth he,
 Tweaking his nose, You are, great Sir,
 A self-denying conqueror;
 As high, victorious, and great, 985
 As e'er fought for the churches yet.
 If you will give yourself but leave
 To make out what y' already have;
 That's victory. The foe, for dread
 Of your nine-worthiness, is fled; 990
 All, save Crowdero, for whose sake
 You did th' espous'd cause undertake;
 And he lies pris'ner at your feet,
 To be dispos'd as you think meet;
 Either for life, or death, or sale, 995
 The gallows, or perpetual jail;
 For one *wink* of your pow'ful eye
 Must sentence him to live or die.
 His fiddle is your proper purchase,
 Won in the service of the churches: 1000
 And by your doom must be allow'd
 To be, or be no more, a crowd.
 For though success did not confer
 Just title on the conqueror;
 Though dispensations were not strong 1005.
 Conclusions whether right or wrong;

Although out-going did confirm,
And owning were but a mere term;
Yet as the wicked have no right
To th' creature, though usurp'd by might, 1010
The property is in the saint,
From whom th' injuriously detain 't;
Of him they hold their luxuries,
Their dogs, their horses, whores, and dice,
Their riots, revels, masks, delights, 1015
Pimps, buffoons, fiddlers, parasites;
All which the saints have title to,
And ought t' enjoy, if th' had their due.
What we take from them is no more
Than what was ours by right before; 1020
For we are their true landlords still,
And they our tenants but at will.
At this the Knight began to rouse,
And by degrees grow valorous,
He star'd about, and seeing none 1025
Of all his foes remain but one,
He snatch'd his weapon, that lay near him,
And from the ground began to rear him;
Vowing to make Crowdero pay
For all the rest that ran away. 1030
But Ralpho now, in colder blood,
His fury mildly thus withstood:
Great Sir, quoth he, your mighty spirit
Is rais'd too high: this slave does merit
To be the hangman's business, sooner 1035
Than from your hand to have the honour
Of his destruction. I, that am
A nothingness in deed and name,
Did scorn to hurt his forfeit carcass,
Or ill intreat his fiddle or case: 1040
Will you, great Sir, that glory blot
In cold blood, which you gain'd in hot?
Will you employ your conq'ring sword
To break a fiddle and your word?
For though I fought, and overcame, 1045
And quarter gave, 'twas in your name,
For great commanders only own
What's prosperous by the soldier done.

To save, where you have pow'r to kill,
 Argues your pow'r above your will; 1050
 And that your will and pow'r have less
 Than both might have of selfishness.
 This pow'r which, now alive, with dread
 He trembles at, if he were dead
 Wou'd no more keep the slave in awe, 1055
 Than if you were a knight of straw:
 For death wou'd then be his conqueror,
 Not you, and free him from that terror.
 If danger from his life accrue,
 Or honour from his death, to you, 1060
 'Twere policy and honour too,
 To do as you resolv'd to do;
 But, Sir, 'twould wrong your valour much,
 To say it needs or fears a crutch.
 Great conquerors greater glory gain 1065
 By foes in triumph led, than ~~wins~~
 The laurels that adorn their brows
 Are pull'd from living, not dead boughs,
 And living foes: the greatest fame
 Of cripple slain can be but lame. 1070
 One half him's already slain,
 The other is not worth your pain;
 Th' honour can but on one side light,
 As worship did, when y' were dubb'd knight.
 Wherefore I think it better far 1075
 To keep him prisoner of war,
 And let him fast in bonds abide,
 At court of justice to be try'd;
 Where, if he appear so bold and crafty,
 There may be danger in his safety. 1080
 If any member there dislike
 His face, or to his beard have pique;
 Or if his death will save or yield
 Revenge or fright, it is reveal'd,
 Though he has quarter, ne'er the less 1085
 Y' have power to hang him when you please.
 This has been often done by some
 Of our great conq'rors, you know whom;
 And has by most of us been held
 Wise justice, and to some reveal'd: 1090

For words and promises, that yoke
 The conqueror, are quickly broke;
 Like Samson's cuffs, though by his own
 Direction and advice put on.

For if we should fight for the Cause 1095

By rules of military laws,
 And only do what they call just,
 The Cause would quickly fall to dust.
 This we among ourselves may speak;
 But to the wicked, or the weak, 1100
 We must be cautious to declare
 Perfection-truths, such as these are.

This said, the high, outrageous mettle
 Of Knight began to cool and settle.

He lik'd the Squire's advice, and soon 1105
 Resolv'd to see the business done;

And therefore charg'd him first to bind
 Crowdero's hands on rump behind,
 And to its former place and use
 The wooden member to reduce; 1110
 But force it take an oath before,
 Ne'er to bear arms against him more.

Ralpho dispatched with speedy haste,
 And having ty'd Crowdero fast,
 He gave Sir Knight the end of cord, 1115
 To lead the captive of his sword
 In triumph, whilst the steeds he caught,
 And them to further service brought.

The Squire in state rode on before,
 And on his nut-brown whinyard bore 1120
 The trophy-fiddle and the case,

Leaning on shoulder like a mace.
 The Knight himself did after ride,
 Leading Crowdero by his side; 1125
 And tow'd him if he lagg'd behind,
 Like boat against the tide and wind.

Thus grave and solemn they march'd on
 Until quite thro' the town th' had gone;
 At further end of which there stands

An ancient castle, that commands 1130
 Th' adjacent parts: in all the fabric
 You shall not see one stone nor a brick:

PART I.—CANTO II.

63

But all of wood; by pow'ful spell
Of magic made impregnable.

There's neither iron-bar nor gate, 1138

Portcullis, chain, nor bolt, nor grate,

And yet men durance there abide,

In dungeon scarce three inches wide;

With roof so lew, that under it

They never stand, but lie or sit; 1140

And yet so foul, that whoso 's in,

Is to the middle-leg in prison;

In circle magical confin'd,

With walls of subtle air and wind,

Which none are able to break through, 1145

Until they're freed by head of borough.

Thither arriv'd, th' advent'rous Knight

And bold Squire from their steeds alight

At th' outward wall, near which there stands

A bastile, built to imprison hands; 1150

By strange enchantment made to fetter

The lesser parts, and free the greater;

For though the body may creep through,

The hands in grate are fast enough:

And when a circle 'bout the wrist

1155

Is made by beadle exorcist,

The body feels the spur and switch,

As if 'twere ridden post by witch

At twenty miles an hour pace,

And yet ne'er stirs out of the place. 1160

On top of this there is a spire,

On which Sir Knight first bids the Squire

The fiddle and its spoils, the case,

In manner of a trophy place.

That done, they ope the trap-door gate, 1165

And let Crowdero down thereat;

Crowdero making doleful face,

Like hermit poor in pensive place.

To dungeon they the wretch commit,

And the survivor of his feet:

But th' other, that had broke the peace

And head of knighthood they release;

Though a delinquent false and forged,

Yet, being a stranger he's enlarged,

1170

While his comrade, that did no hurt,
Is clapp'd up fast in prison for't.
So Justice, while she winks at crimes,
Stumbles on innocence sometimes.

1173

CANTO III.

The scatter'd rout return and rally,
Surround the place ; the Knight doth saffy,
And is made pris'ner : then they seize
Th' enchanted fort by storm, release
Crowdero, and put th' Squire in's place,
I should have first said Hudibras.

Ah me ! what perils do environ
The man that meddles with cold iron ;
What plaguy mischiefs and mishaps
Do dog him still with after-claps !
For though dame Fortune seem to smile 5
And leer upon him for awhile,
She'll after show him, in the nick
Of all his glories, a dog-trick.
This any man may sing or say,
I th' ditty call'd, What if a Day ? 10
For Hudibras, who thought h' had won
The field, as certain as a gun ;
And, having routed the whole troop,
With victory was cock-a-hoop ;
Thinking h' had done enough to purchase 15
Thanksgiving-day among the churches,
Wherein his mettle, and brave worth,
Might be explain'd by Holder-forth,
And register'd, by fame eternal,
In deathless pages of diurnal ; 20
Found in few minutes, to his cost,
He did but count without his host ;
And that a turnstile is more certain
Than, in events of war, dame Fortune.
For now the late faint hearted rout, 25
O'erthrown, and scatter'd round about,
Chas'd by the horror of their fear,
From bloody fray of Knight and Bear

PART I.—CANTO III.

67

(All but the dogs, who, in pursuit Of the Knight's victory, stood to't, And most ignobly fought to get The honour of his blood and sweat,) 30	30
Seing the coast was free and clear O' th' conquer'd and the conqueror, Took heart again, and fac'd about, As if they meant to stand it out : 35	35
For by this time the routed Bear, Attack'd by th' enemy i' th' rear, Finding their number grew too great For him to make a safe retreat, 40	40
Like a bold chieftain, fac'd about ; But wisely doubting to hold out, Gave way to fortune, and with haste Fac'd the proud foe, and fled, and fac'd ; 45	45
Retiring still, until he found H' had got the advantage of the ground ; And then as valiantly made head To check the foe, and forthwith fled ;	
Leaving no art untry'd, nor trick Of warrior stout and politic, 50	50
Until, in spite of hot pursuit, He gain'd a pass, to hold dispute On better terms, and stop the course Of the proud foe. With all his force	
He bravely charg'd, and for a while Forc'd their whole body to recoil ; 55	55
But still their numbers so increas'd, He found himself at length oppress'd ;	
And all evasions so uncertain, To save himself for better fortune, 60	60
That he resolv'd, rather than yield, To die with honour in the field,	
And sell his hide and carcase at A price as high and desperate	
As e'er he could. This resolution He forthwith put in execution, 65	65
And bravely threw himself among The enemy, i' th' greatest throng ;	
But what could single valour do Against so numerous a foe 70	70

Yet much he did, indeed too much
To be believ'd, where th' odds were such.
But one against a multitude
Is more than mortal can make good : 75
For while one party he oppos'd,
His rear was suddenly inclosed ;
And no room left him for retreat,
Or fight against a foe so great.
For now the mastiffs, charging home,
To blows and handy gripes were come : 80
While manfully himself he bore,
And setting his right foot before,
He rais'd himself, to show how tall
His person was above them all.
This equal shame and envy stirr'd 85
In th' enemy, that one should beard
So many warriors, and so stout,
As he had done, and stav'd it out,
Disdaining to lay down his arms,
And yield on honourable terms. 90
Enraged thus, some in the rear
Attack'd him, and some ev'ry where,
Till down he fell ; yet falling fought,
And, being down, still laid about ;
As Widdrington, in doleful dumps, 95
Is said to fight upon his stumps.
But all, alas ! had been in vain,
And he inevitably slain,
If Trulla and Cerdon, in the nick,
To rescue him had not been quick ; 100
For Trulla, who was light of foot
As shafts which long-field Parthians shoot,
(But not so light as to be borne
Upon the ears of standing corn,
Or trip it o'er the water quicker 105
Than witches, when their staves they liquor,
As some report,) was got among
The foremost of the martial throng :
There pitying the vanquish'd bear,
She call'd to Cerdon, who stood near, 110
Viewing the bloody fight ; to whom,
Shall we (quoth she) stand still hum-drum,

And see stout Bruin all alone,
By numbers basely overthrown ?
Such feats already h' had achiev'd,
In story not to be believed ;
And 'twould to us be shame enough,
Not to attempt to fetch him off.
I would (quoth he) venture a limb
To second thee, and rescue him ;
But then we must about it straight,
Or else our aid will come too late.
Quarter he scorns, he is so stout,
And therefore cannot long hold out.
This said, they wav'd their weapons round 125
About their heads, to clear the ground ;
And joining forces, laid about
So fiercely, that th' amazed rout
Turn'd tail again, and straight begun,
As if the devil drove, to run. 130
Meanwhile th' approach'd the place where Bruin :
Was now engag'd to mortal ruin.
The conq'ring foe they soon assail'd ;
First Trulla stav'd, and Cerdon tail'd,
Until their mastiffs loos'd their hold : 135
And yet, alas ! do what they could,
The worsted bear came off with store
Of bloody wounds, but all before :
For as Achilles, dipt in pond,
Was anabaptiz'd free from wound, 140
Made proof against dead-doing steel
All over, but the Pagan heel ;
So did our champion's arms defend
All of him, but the other end,
His head and ears, which, in the martial 145
Encounter, lost a leathern parcel :
For as an Austrian archduke once
Had one ear (which in ducatoons
Is half the coin) in battle par'd
Close to his head, so Bruin far'd ; 150

134. *Stav'ning* and *trailing* are terms of art used in the Bear-Garden, and signify there only the parting of dogs and bears: though they are used metaphorically in several other professions for moderating; as law, divinity hectoring, &c.

But tugg'd and pull'd on th' other side,
Like scriv'ner newly crucifi'd;
Or like the late corrected leathern
Ears of the circumcised brethren. 155

But gentle Trulla into th' ring
He wore in's nose, convey'd a string,
With which she march'd before, and led
The warrior to a grassy bed, 160

As authors write, in a cool shade,
Which eglantine and roses made;
Close by a softly murmur'ring stream,
Where lovers us'd to loll and dream. 165

There leaving him to his repose,
Secured from pursuit of foes,
And wanting nothing but a song,
And a well-tun'd theorbo hung 170

Upon a bough, to ease the pain
His tugg'd ears suffer'd, with a strain,
They both drew up, to march in quest
Of his great leader and the rest.

For Orsin (who was more renown'd
For stout maintaining of his ground
In standing fight, than for pursuit,
As being not so quick of foot) 175

Was not long able to keep pace
With others that pursu'd the chase;
But found himself left far behind,
Both out of heart and out of wind: 180

Griev'd to behold his bear pursu'd
So basely by a multitude;
And like to fall, not by the prowess,
But numbers of his coward foes.

He rag'd and kept as heavy a coil as
Stout Hercules for loss of Hylas;
Forcing the valleys to repeat 185

The accents of his sad regret.
He beat his breast, and tore his hair,
For loss of his dear crony bear;

153. Pryn, Bastwick, and Burton, who laid down their ears as proxies for their profession of the godly party, not long after maintained their right and title to the pillory to be as good and lawful as theirs who first of all took possession of it in their names.

That Echo, from the hollow ground,
His doleful wailings did resound 193
More wistfully, by many times,
Than in small poets splay-foot rhymes,
That make her, in their rueful stories,
To answer to int'rogatories,
And most uncensionably depose 195
To things of which she nothing knows;
And when she has said all she can say,
'Tis wretched to the lover's fancy.
Quoth he, O whither, wicked Bruin,
Art thou fled? to my—Echo, Ruin. 200
I thought th' hadst scorn'd to budge a step
For fear. Quoth Echo, Marry guep.
Am not I here to take thy part?
Then what has quail'd thy stubborn heart?
Have these bones rattled, and this head 205
So often in thy quarrel bled?
Nor did I ever winch or grudge it,
For thy dear sake. Quoth she, Mum budget.
Think'st thou 'twill not be laid i' th' dish
Thou turn'dst thy back? Quoth Echo, Pish. 210
To run from those th' hadst overcome
Thus cowardly? Quoth Echo, Mum.
But what a vengeance snakes thee fly
From me, too, as thine enemy?
Or if thou hast no thought of me, 215
Nor what I have endur'd for thee,
Yet shame and honour might prevail
To keep thee thus from turning tail:
For who would grudge to spend his blood in
His honour's cause? Quoth she, A puddin. 220
This said, his grief to anger turn'd,
Which in his manly stomach burn'd;
Thirst of revenge, and wrath, in place
Of sorrow, now began to blaze.
He vow'd the authors of his wo 225
Should equal vengeance undergo;
And with their bones and flesh pay dear
For what he suffer'd, and his bear.
This b'ing resolv'd, with equal speed
And rage he hasted to proceed 230

To action straight; and giving o
To search for Bruin any more,
He went in quest of Hubibras,
To find him out, where'er he was:
And, if he were above ground vow'd
He'd ferret him, lurk where he would.

235

But scarce had he a furlong on
This resolute adventure gone,
When he encounter'd with that crew
Whom Hudibras did late subdue.
Honour, revenge, contempt, and shame,
Did equally their breasts inflame.

240

'Mong these the fierce Magnano was,
And Talgol, foe to Hudibras;
Cerdon and Colon, warriors stout,
And resolute, as ever fought:
Whom furious Orsin thus bespoke:
Shall we (quoth he) thus basely brooks
The vile affront that paltry ass,
And feeble scoundrel Hudibras,
With that more paltry ragamuffin,
Ralpho, with vapouring and huffing,
Have put upon us like tame cattle,
As if th' had routed us in battle!

245

For my part, it shall ne'er be said,
I for the washing gave my head:
Nor did I turn my back for fear
O' th' rascals, but less of my bear,
Which now I'm like to undergo;

250

For whether those fell wounds, or no,
He has receiv'd in fight, are mortal,
Is more than all my skill can foretel;
Nor do I know what is become
Of him, more than the pope of Roma.
But if I can but find them out

260

That caus'd it (as I shall, no doubt,
Where'er th' in hugger-mugger lurk)
I'll make them rue their handy-work,
And wish that they had rather dar'd
To pull the devil by the beard.

265

Quoth Cerdon, Noble Orsin, th' bast
Great reason to do as thou say'st,

270

And so has ev'ry body here,
As well as thou hast or thy bear.
Others may do as they see good ; 275
But if this twig be made of wood
That will hold tack, I'll make the fur
Fly 'bout the ears of that old cur ;
And th' other mongrel vermin, Ralph,
That brav'd us all in his behalf. 280

Thy bear is safe, and out of peril,
Though lugg'd indeed, and wounded very ill ;
Myself and Trulla made a shift
To help him out at a dead lift ;
And having brought him bravely off, 285
Have left him where he's safe enough :
There let him rest ; for if we stay,
The slaves may hap to get away.

This said, they all engag'd to join
Their forces in the same design ; 290
And forthwith put themselves in search
Of Hudibras upon their march.

Where leave we them awhile, to tell
What the victorious Knight befel :
For such, Crowdero being fast
In dungeon shut, we left him last.
Triumphant laurels seem'd to grow 295
No where so green as on his brow ;
Laden with which, as well as tir'd
With conquering toil he now retir'd
Unto a neighb'ring castle by, 300
To rest his body, and apply
Fit med'cines to each glorious bruise
He got in fight, reds, blacks, and blues ;
To mollify the uneasy pang
Of ev'ry honourable bang, 305
Which b'ing by skilful midwife drest,
He laid him down to take his rest.
But all in vain. H' had got a hurt
O' th' inside, of a deadlier sort,
By Cupid made, who took his stand 310
Upon a widow's jointure land
(For he, in all his am'rous battles,
No 'dvantage finds like goods and chattels.)

Drew home his bow, and, aiming right, 351
 Let fly an arrow at the Knight :
 The shaft against a rib did glance,
 And gall'd him in the purtenance ;
 But time had somewhat 'suag'd his pain
 After he found his suit in vain. 320

For that proud dame, for whom his soul
 Was burnt in 's belly like a coal
 (That belly which so oft did ake
 And suffer griping for her sake,
 Till purging comfits and ants'-eggs 325
 Had almost brought him off his legs,) .
 Us'd him so like a base rascallion,
 That old Pyg—(what d' y' call him) malion,
 That cut his mistress out of stone,
 Had not so hard a hearted one. 330

She had a thousand Jadish tricks,
 Worse than a mule that flings and kicks ;
 'Mong which one cross-grain'd freak she had,
 As insolent as strange and mad ;
 She could love none, but only such 335
 As scorn'd and hated her as much.
 'Twas a strange riddle of a lady :
 Not love, if any lov'd her ! Hey-dey !
 So cowards never use their might,
 But against such as will not fight ; 340
 So some diseases have been found
 Only to seize upon the sound.
 He that gets her by heart, must say her
 The back way, like a witch's prayer.
 Meanwhile the Knight had no small task 345
 To compass what he durst not ask.
 He loves, but dares not make the motion ;
 Her ignorance is his devotion ;

328. Pygmalion, king of Tyre, was the son of Mar-
 genus, or Mechres, whom he succeeded, and lived 56
 years, whereof he reigned 47. Dido, his sister, was to
 have governed with him, but it was pretended the sub-
 jects thought it not convenient. She married Sichæus,
 who was the king's uncle, and very rich ; wherefore he
 put him to death ; and Dido soon after departed the king-
 dom. Poets say, Pygmalion was punished for the hatred
 he bore to women with the love he had to a statue.

PART I.—CANTO III.

73

Like caitiff vile, that, for misdeed,	350
Rides with his face to rump of steed,	
Or rowing scull, he's fain to love,	
Look one way, and another move;	
Or like a tumbler, that does play	
His game, and look another way,	
Until he seize upon the cony;	355
Just so he does by matrimony:	
But all in vain; her subtle snout	
Did quickly wind his meaning out;	
Which she return'd with too much scorn	
To be by man of honour borne:	360
Yet much he bore, until the distress	
He suffer'd from his spiteful mistress	
Did stir his stomach; and the pain	
He had endur'd from her disdain,	
Turn'd to regret so resolute,	365
That he resolv'd to waive his suit,	
And either to renounce her quite,	
Or for a while play least in sight.	
This resolution b'ing put on,	
He kept some months, and more had done,	370
But being brought so nigh by fate,	
The victory he achiev'd so late	
Did set his thoughts agog, and ope	
A door to discontinu'd hope,	
That seem'd to promise he might win	375
His dame too, now his hand was in;	
And that his valour, and the honour	
H' had newly gain'd, might work upon her.	
These reasons made his mouth to water	
With am'rous longings to be at her.	380
Quoth he, unto himself, Who knows	
But this brave conquest o'er my foes	
May reach her heart, and make that stoop,	
As I but now have forc'd the troop?	
If nothing can oppugn love,	385
And virtue invious ways can prove,	
What may he not confide to do	
That brings both love and virtue too?	
But thou bring'st valour too and wit:	
Two things that seldom fail to hit.	390

Valour's a mouse-trap, wit a gin,
Which women oft are taken in.
Then, Hudibras, why should'st thou fear
To be, that art a conqueror?
Fortune th' audacious doth juvare, 395
But lets the timidous miscarry.
Then while the honour thou hast got
Is spick and span new, piping hot,
Strike her up bravely, thou hadst best,
And trust thy fortune with the rest. 400

Such thoughts as these the Knight did keep,
More than his bangs or fleas, from sleep.
And as an owl, that in a barn
Sees a mouse creeping in the corn,
Sits still, and shuts his round blue eyes, 405
As if he slept, until he spies
The little beast within his reach,
Then starts, and seizes on the wretch;
So from his couch the Knight did start
To seize upon the widow's heart; 410
Crying with hasty tone, and hoarse,
Ralph, dispatch; to horse, to horse.
And 'twas but time; for now the rout,
We left engag'd to seek him out,
By speedy marches, were advanc'd 415
Up to the fort, where he ensconc'd;
And all the avenues had possest
About the place, from east to west.

That done, a while they made a halt,
To view the ground, and where t' assault: 420
Then call'd a council, which was best,
By siege or onslaught, to invest
The enemy; and 'twas agreed
By storm and onslaught to proceed.
This b'ing resolv'd, in comely sort 425
They now drew up t' attack the fort:
When Hudibras, about to enter
Upon another-gates adventure,
To Ralph call'd aloud to arm,
Not dreaming of approaching storm. 430
Whether dame Fortune, or the care
Of angel bad or tutelar,

Did arm, or thrust him on a danger
 To which he was an utter stranger,
 That foresight might, or might not, blot 435
 The glory he had newly got ;
 Or to his shame it might be said,
 They took him napping in his bed ;
 To them we leave it to expound,
 That deal in sciences profound.

His courser scarce he had bestrid,
 And Ralpho that on which he rid,
 When setting ope the postern gate,
 Which they thought best to sally at,
 The foe appear'd, drawn up and drill'd, 445
 Ready to charge them in the field.

This somewhat startled the bold Knight,
 Surpris'd with th' unexpected sight :
 The bruises of his bones and flesh

He thought began to smart afresh ; 450
 Till recollecting w^thted courage,
 His fear was soon converted to rage,
 And thus he spoke : The coward foe
 Whom we but now gave quarter to,
 Look, yonder's rally'd, and appears 455
 As if they had outrun their fears.

The glory we did lately get,
 The Fates command us to repeat ;
 And to their wills we must succomb,
 Quocunque trahunt, 'tis our doom.

This is the same numeric crew
 Which we so lately did subdue ;
 The self-same individuals that
 Did run as mice de from a cat,
 When we courageously did wield 465
 Our martial weapons in the field,
 To tug for victory ; and when
 We shall our shining blades agen
 Brandish in terror o'er our heads,
 They'll straight resume their wonted dreads. 470
 Fear is an ague, that forsakes
 And haunts by fits those whom it takes ;
 And they'll opine they feel the pain
 And blows they f^tlt to-day again

Then let us boldly charge them home,
And make no doubt to overcome.

476

This said, his courage to inflame,
He call'd upon his mistress' name.
His pistol next he cock'd anew,
And out his nut-brown whinyard drew ;
And, placing Ralpho in the front,
Reserv'd himself to bear the brunt,
As expert warriors use : then ply'd
With iron heel his courser's side,
Conveying sympathetic speed
From heel of Knight to heel of steed.

485

Meanwhile the foe, with equal rage
And speed, advancing to engage ;
Both parties now were drawn so close,
Almost to come to handy-blows :
When Orsin first let fly a stone
At Ralpho ; not so huge a one
As that which Diomed did ~~saul~~
Æneas on the bum withal ;
Yet big enough, if rightly hurl'd,
T' have sent him to another world,
Whether above ground, or below,
Which saints twice dipt are destin'd to.
The danger startled the bold Squire,
And made him some few steps retire ;
But Hudibras advanc'd to 's aid,
And rous'd his spirits, half dismay'd.
He, wisely doubting lest the shot
Of th' enemy, now growing hot,
Might at a distance gall, press'd close,
To come pell-mell to handy-blows,
And, that he might their aim decline,
Advanc'd still in an oblique line ;
But prudently forbore to fire,
Till breast to breast he had got nigher,
As expert warriors use to do
When hand to hand they charge their foe.
This order the advent'rous Knight,
Most soldier-like, observ'd in fight,
When Fortune (as she's wont) turn'd fickle,
And for the foe began to st~~rike~~.

490

495

500

505

510

515

The more shame for her goodyship,
To give so near a friend the slip.
For Colon choosing out a stoe,
Levell'd so right, it thump'd upon
His manly paunch with such a force,
As almost beat him off his horse. 520

He lost his whinyard, and the rein;
But laying fast hold of the mane,
Preserv'd his seat: and as a goose
In death contracts his talons close,
So did the Knight, and with one claw
The trigger of his pistol draw. 525

The gun went off: and as it was
Still fatal to stout Hudibras,
In all his feats of arms, when least
He dreamt of it, to prosper best,
So now he far'd: the shot, let fly
At random 'mong the enemy, 530

Pierc'd Talgol's ~~gaberdine~~, and grazing
Upon his shoulder, in the passing
Lodg'd in Magnano's brass habergeon,
Who straight, A surgeon! cry'd, a surgeon!
He tumbled down, and, as he fell,
Did Murther! Murther! Murther! yell. 535

This startled their whole body so,
That if the Knight had not let go
His arms, but been in warlike plight,
H' had won (the second time) the fight;
As, if the Squire had but fall'n on, 540

He had inevitably done:
But he, diverted with the care
Of Hudibras his hurt, forbare
To press th' advantage of his fortune,
While danger did the rest dishearten: 545

For he with Cerdon b'ing engag'd
In close encounter, they both wag'd
The fight so well, 'twas hard to say
Which side was like to get the day.
And now the busy work of death 550

Had tir'd them, so th' agreed to breathe,
Preparing to renew the fight,
When the disaster of the Knight,

And th' other party, did divert
 Their fell intent, and forc'd them part.
 Ralpho press'd up to Hudibras,
 And Cerdon where Magnano was ;
 Each striving to confirm his party
 With stout encouragements and hearty.

568

Quoth Ralpho, Courage, valiant Sir, 565
 And let revenge and honour stir
 Your spirits up : once more fall on,
 The shatter'd foe begins to run :
 For if but half so well you knew
 To use your victory as subdue,
 They durst not, after such a blow
 As you have given them, face us now ;
 But from so formidable a soldier
 Had fled like crows when they smell powder.
 Thrice have they seen your sword aloft 575
 Wav'd o'er their heads, and fled as oft ;
 But if you let them recollect
 Their spirits, now dismay'd and check'd,
 You'll have a harder game to play .
 Than yet y' have had to get the day. 580

Thus spoke the stout Squire ; but was heard
 By Hudibras with small regard.
 His thoughts were fuller of the bang
 He lately took, than Ralph's harangue ;
 To which he answer'd, Cruel Fate 585
 Tells me thy counsel comes too late.
 The knotted blood within my hose,
 That from my wounded body flows,
 With mortal crisis doth portend
 My days to appropinque an end.
 I am for action now unfit, 590
 Either of fortitude or wit :
 Fortune, my foe, begins to frown,
 Resolv'd to pull my stomach down.
 I am not apt, upon a wound,
 Or trivial basting, to despond : 595
 Yet I'd be loth my days to curtail :
 For if I thought my wounds not mortal,
 Or that we'd time enough as yet
 To make an hon'able retreat,

595

600

PART I.—CANTO III.

‘Twere the best course : but if they find
We fly, and leave our arms behind
For them to seize on, the dishonour,
And danger too, is such, I’ll sooner
Stand to it boldly, and take quarter,
To let them see I am no starter.
In all the trade of war, no feat
Is nobler than a brave retreat :
For these that run away, and fly,
Take place at least of th’ enemy.

605

610

This said, the Squire with active speed,
Dismounted from his bony steed,
To seize the arms, which, by mischance,
Fell from the bold Knight in a trance.
These being found out, and restor’d
To Hudibras, their natural lord,
As a man may say, with might and main
He hasted to get up again.

615

Thrice he essay’d to mount aloft,
But, by his weighty bum, as oft
He was pull’d back, till having found
Th’ advantage of the rising ground,
Thither he led his warlike steed,
And having plac’d him right, with speed
Prepar’d again to scale the beast ;

625

When Orsin, who had newly dress’d
The bloody scar upon the shoulder
Of Talgol with Promethean powder,
And now was searching for the shot
That laid Magnano on the spot,

630

Beheld the sturdy Squire aforesaid
Preparing to climb up his horse’ side.
He left his cure, and laying hold
Upon his arms, with courage bold,
Cry’d out, ‘Tis now no time to dally,

635

The enemy begin to rally ;
Let us, that are unhurt and whole,
Fall on, and happy man be’s dole.

This said, like to a thunderbolt,
He flew with fury to th’ assault,
Striving the enemy to attack
Before he reach’d his horse’s back.

640

Ralpho was mounted now, and gotten
O'erthwart his beast with active vau'ting,
Wriggling his body to recover 645
His seat, and cast his right leg over;
When Orsin, rushing in, bestow'd
On horse and man so heavy a load,
The beast was startled, and begun
To kick and fling like mad, and run,
Bearing the tough Squire like a sack,
Or stout king Richard, on his back;
Till stumbling, he threw him down,
Sore bruis'd, and cast into a swoon.
Meanwhile the Knight began to rouse 655
The sparkles of his wonted prowess:
He thrust his hand into his hose,
And found, both by his eyes and nose,
"Twas only choler, and not blood,
That from his wounded body flow'd. 660
This, with the hazard of the Squire,
Inflam'd him with despiteful ire:
Courageously he fac'd about,
And drew his other pistol out,
And now had half way bent the cock, 665
When Cerdon gave so fierce a shock,
With sturdy truncheon, 'thwart his arm,
That down it fell, and did no harm:
Then stoutly pressing on with speed,
Assay'd to pull him off his steed. 670
The Knight his sword had only left,
With which he Cerdon's head had cleft,
Or at the least cropt off a limb,
But Orsin came, and rescu'd him.
He, with his lance, attack'd the Knight 675
Upon his quarters opposite:
But as a bark, that iff foul weather,
Toss'd by two adverse winds together,
Is bruis'd, and beaten to and fro,
And knows not which to turn him to; 680
So far'd the Knight between two foes,
And knew not which of them t' oppose;
Till Orsin, charging with his lance
At Hudibras, by spiteful chance

PART I.—CANTO III. 83

Hit Cerdon such a bang, as stunn'd 685
 And laid him flat upon the ground.
 At this the Knight began to cheer up,
 And, raising up himself on stirrup,
 Cry'd out, Victoria ! lie thou there,
 And I shall straight dispatch another,
 To bear thee company in death ; 690
 But first I'll halt a while, and breathe :
 As well he might ; for Orsin, griev'd
 At th' wound that Cerdon had receiv'd,
 Ran to relieve him with his lore,
 And cure the hurt he gave before. 695
 Meanwhile the Knight had wheel'd about,
 To breathe himself, and next find out
 Th' advantage of the ground, where best
 He might the ruffled foe infest. 700
 This b'ing resolv'd, he spurr'd his steed,
 To run at Orsin with full speed,
 While he was busy in the care
 Of Cerdon's wound, and unaware ;
 But he was quick, and had already 705
 Unto the part apply'd remedy ;
 And, seeing th' enemy prepar'd,
 Drew up, and stood upon his guard.
 Then, like a warrior right expert
 And skilful in the martial art, 710
 The subtle Knight straight made a halt,
 And judg'd it best to stay th' assault,
 Until he had reliev'd the Squire,
 And then in order to retire ;
 Or, as occasion should invite, 715
 With forces join'd renew the fight.
 Ralpho, by this time disentranc'd,
 Upon his bum himself advanc'd,
 Though sorely bruis'd ; his limbs all o'er
 With ruthless bangs were stiff and sore. 720
 Right fain he would have got upon
 His feet again, to get him gone,
 When Hudibras to aid him came :
 Quoth he (and call'd him by his name,) 725
 Courage ! the day at length is ours ;
 And we once more, as conquerors,

Have both the field and honour wen :
The foe is profligate, and run.
I mean all such as can ; for some
This hand hath sent to their long home ; 730
And some lie sprawling on the ground,
With many a gash and bloody wound.
Cæsar himself could never say
He got two victories in a day,
As I have done, that can say, Twice I 735
In one day, Veni, Vidi, Vici.
The foe's so numerous, that we
Cannot so often sincere
As they perire, and yet know
Be left to strike an after-blow ; 740
Then, lest they rally, and once more
Put us to fight the bus'ness o'er,
Get up, and mount thy steed : Dispatch,
And let us both their motions watch.

Quoth Ralph, I should not, if I were 745
In case for action, now be here :
Nor have I turn'd my back, or hang'd
An arse, for fear of being bang'd.
It was for you I got these harms,
Advent'ring to fetch off your arms. 750
The blows and drubs I have receiv'd
Have bruis'd my body, and bereav'd
My limbs of strength. Unless you stoop,
And reach your hand to pull me up,
I shall lie here, and be a prey 755
To those who now are run away.

That thou shalt not (quoth Hudibras ;)
We read the ancients held it was
More honourable far, servare
Civem, than slay an adversary : 760
The one we oft to-day have done,
The other shall dispatch anon :
And though th' art of a different church,
I will not leave thee in the lurch.
This said, he jogg'd his good steed nigher, 765
And steer'd him gently towards the Squire ;
Then bowing down his body, stretch'd
His hand out, and at Ralpho reach'd ;

PART I.—CANTO III.

83

When Trulla, whom he did not mind,
Charg'd him like lightening behind. 770
She had been long in search about
Magnano's wound, to find it out;
But could find none, nor where the shot,
That had so startled him, was got:
But having found the worst was past, 775
She fell to her own work at last,
The pillage of the prisoners,
Which in all feats of arms was hers;
And now to plunder Ralph she flew,
When Hudibras his hard fate drew 780
To succour him; for, as he bow'd
To help him up, she laid a load
Of blows so heavy, and plac'd so well,
On t' other side, that down he fell.
Yield, scoundrel base (quoth she,) or die: 785
Thy life is mine, and liberty:
But if thou think'st I took thee tardy,
And dar'st presume to be so hardy,
To try thy fortune o'er afresh,
I'll waive my title to thy flesh; 790
Thy arms and baggage, now my right;
And, if thou hast the heart to try 't,
I'll lend thee back thyself a while,
And once more, for that carcass vile,
Fight upon tick.—Quoth Hudibras, 795
Thou offer'st nobly, valiant lass,
And I shall take thee at thy word.
First let me rise and take my sword;
That sword which has so oft this day
Through squadrons of my foes made way, 800
And some to other worlds dispatch'd,
Now with a feeble spinster match'd,
Will blush with blood ignoble stain'd,
By which no honour's to be gain'd.
But if thou'l take m' advice in this, 805
Consider whilst thou may'st, what 'tis
To interrupt a victor's course,
B' opposing such a trivial force:
For if with conquest I come off
(And that I shall do, sure enough,) 810

HUDIBRAS.

uarter thou canst not have, nor grace,
y law of arms, in such a case;
oth which I now do offer freely.
scorn (quoth she) thou coxcomb silly
Clapping her hand upon her breech, 815
'o show how much she priz'd his speech,)
uarter or counsel from a foe;
f thou canst force me to it, do.
But lest it should again be said,
When I have once more won thy head, 820
took thee napping, unprepar'd,
Arm, and betake thee to thy guard.
This said, she to her tackle fell,
And on the Knight let fall a peal
Of blows so fierce, and press'd so home, 825
That he retir'd, and follow'd 's bum.
Stand to 't (quoth she) or yield to mercy:
It is not fighting arsie-versie
Shall serve thy turn.—This stirr'd his spleen
More than the danger he was in, 830
The blows he felt, or was to feel,
Although th' already made him reel.
Honour, despight, revenge, and shame,
At once into his stomach came,
Which fir'd it so, he rais'd his arm 835
Above his head, and rain'd a storm
Of blows so terrible and thick,
As if he meant to hash her quick.
But she upon her truncheon took them,
And by oblique diversion broke them, 840
Waiting an opportunity
To pay all back with usury,
Which long she fail'd not of; for now
The Knight with one dead-doing blow
Resolving to decide the fight, 845
And she with quick and cunning sleight
Avoiding it, the force and weight
He charg'd upon it was so great,
As almost sway'd him to the ground.
No sooner she th' advantage found, 850
But in she flew; and seconding
With home-made thrust the heavy swing,

She laid him flat upon his side;
And mounting on his trunk astride,
Quoth she, I told thee what would come 855
Of all thy vapouring, base scum.

Say, will the law of arms allow
I may have grace and quarter now?
Or wilt thou rather break thy word,
And stain thine honour, than thy sword? 860
A man of war to damn his soul,
In basely breaking his parole;
And when, before the fight, th' hadst vow'd
To give no quarter in cold blood:
Now thou hast got me for a Tartar, 865
To make me 'gainst my will take quarter,
Why dost not put me to the sword,
But cowardly fly from thy word?

Quoth Hudibras, The day's thine own;
Thou and thy stars have cast me down; 870
My laurels are transplanted now,
And flourish on thy conquering brow;
My loss of honour's great enough,
Thou need'st not brand it with a scoff:
Sarcasms may eclipse thine own, 875
But cannot blur my lost renown.
I am not now in Fortune's power;
He that is down can fall no lower.
The ancient heroes were illustrious
For being benign, and not blustrious, 880
Against a vanquished foe: their swords
Were sharp and trenchant, not their words;
And did in fight but cut work out
T' employ their courtesies about.

Quoth she, Although thou hast serv'd, 885
Base slubberdegullion, to be serv'd
As thou didst vow to deal with me,
If thou hadst got the victory;
Yet I shall rather act a part
That suits my fame than thy desert. 890
Thy arms, thy liberty, beside
All that's on th' outside of thy hide,
Are mine by military law,
Of which I will not bate one straw:

The rest, thy life and limbs, once more,	895
Though doubly forfeit, I restore.	
Quoth Hudibras, It is too late	
For me to treat or stipulate :	
What thou command'st, I must obey :	
Yet those whom I expugn'd to-day	900
Of thine own party, I let go,	
And gave them life and freedom too ;	
Both dogs and bear, upon their parole,	
Whom I took pris'ners in this quarrel.	
Quoth Trulla, Whether thou or they	905
Let one another run away,	
Concerns not me : but was't not thou	
That gave Crowdero quarter too ?	
Crowdero, whom, in irons bound,	
Thou basely threw'st into Lob's pound,	910
Where still he lies, and with regret	
His gen'rous bowels rage and fret.	
But now thy carcass shall redeem	
And serve to be exchang'd for him.	
This said, the Knight did straight submit,	915
And laid his weapon at her feet.	
Next he disrob'd his gabardine,	
And with it did himself resign.	
She took it, and forthwith divesting	
The mantle that she wore, said jesting	920
Take that, and wear it for my sake ;	
Then threw it o'er his sturdy back,	
And as the French, we conquer'd once,	
Now give us laws for pantaloons,	

923. Pantaloons and port-cannons were some of the fantastic fashions wherein we aped the French.

At quisquis Insula satns Britannica
 Sic patria insolens fastidet suam,
 Ut more simile laboret fingere,
 Et semulari Gallicas ineptias,
 Et omni Gallo ego hunc opinor ebrium ;
 Ergo ex Britanno, ut Gallus esse nititur
 Sic Dicitur, fiat ex Gallo Capus.

Thomas More.

Gallus is a river in Phrygia, rising out of the mountains of Cetene, and discharging itself into the river Sangar, the water of which is of that admirable quality, that, being moderately drank, it purges the brain, and cures madness ; but largely drank, it makes men frantic. Pliny, Horatius.

The length of breeches, and the gathers, 925
 Port-cannons, periwigs, and feathers;
 Just so the proud insulting lass
 Array'd and dighted Hudibras.

Meanwhile the other champions, yerst
 In hurry of the fight disperst, 930
 Arriv'd when Trulla won the day,
 To share in th' honour and the prey,
 And out of Hudibras his hide
 With vengeance to be satisfy'd ;
 Which now they were about to pour 935
 Upon him in a wooden show'r ;
 But Trulla thrust herself between,
 And striding o'er his back agen,
 She brandish'd o'er her head his sword,
 And vow'd they should not break her word :
 Sh' had giv'n him quarter, and her blood 941
 Or theirs should make that quarter good ;
 For she was bound, by law of arms,
 To see him safe from farther harms,
 In dungeon deep Crowdero, cast 945
 By Hudibras, as yet lay fast ;
 Where, to the hard and ruthless stones,
 His great heart made perpetual moans :
 Him she resolv'd that Hudibras
 Should ransom, and supply his place. 950

This stopp'd their fury, and the basting
 Which towards Hudibras was hastening.
 They thought it was but just and right
 That what she had achiev'd in fight
 She should dispose of how she pleas'd ; 955
 Crowdero ought to be releas'd :
 Nor could that any way be done
 So well as this she pitch'd upon :
 For who a better could imagine ?
 This therefore they resolv'd t' engage in. 960
 The Knight and Squire first they made
 Rise from the ground where they were laid .
 Then mounted both upon their horses,
 But with their faces to the arses ;
 Orsin led Hudibras's beast, 965
 And Talgo that which Ralpho prest,

Whom stout Magnano, valiant Cerdon,
And Colon, waited as a guard on;
All ush'ring Trulla in the rear,
With th' arms of either prisoner. 970

In this proud order and array
They put themselves upon the way,
Striving to reach th' enchanted castle,
Where stout Crowdero in durance lay still.

Thither with greater speed than shows 975
And triumph over conquer'd foes
Do use t' allow, or than the bears
Or pageants borne before lord mayors
Are wont to use, they soon arriv'd
In order, soldier-like contriv'd; 980
Still marching in a warlike posture,
As fit for battle as for muster.

The Knight and Squire they first unhearse,
And bending 'gainst the fort their force,
They all advanc'd, and round about 985
Begirt the magical redoubt.

Magnan led up in this adventure,
And made way for the rest to enter;
For he was skilful in black art,
No less than he that built the fort; 990
And with an iron mace laid flat
A breach, which straight all enter'd at,
And in the wooden dungeon found
Crowdero laid upon the ground.

Him they release from durance base: 995
Restor'd t' his fiddle and his case,
And liberty, his thirsty rage
With luscious vengeance to assuage:
For he no sooner was at large,

But Trulla straight brought on the charge,
And in the self-same limbo put 1001
The Knight and Squire where he was shut;
Where leaving them in Hockley i' th' Hole,
Their bangs and durance to condole,

Confin'd and conjur'd into narrow 1005
Enchanted mansion to know serrow,
In the same order and array
Which they advanc'd, they march'd away.

But Hudibras, who scorn'd to stoop
To Fortune, or be said to droop, 1010
Cheer'd up himself with ends of verse,
And sayings of philosophers.

Quoth he, Th' one half of man, his mind,
Is, sui juris, unconfin'd,
And cannot be laid by the heels, 1015
Whate'er the other moiety feels.
'Tis not restraint or liberty,
That makes men prisoners or free;
But perturbations that possess
The mind, or æquanimities. 1020

The whole world was not half so wide
To Alexander, when he cry'd,
Because he had but one to subdue,
As was a paltry narrow tub to
Diogenes, who is not said 1025
(For aught that ever I could read)
To whine, put finger i' th' eye, and sob,
Because h' had ne'er another tub.
The ancients made two sev'ral kinds
Of prowess in heroic minds; 1030

The active and the passive valiant;
Both which are pari libra gallant:
For both to give blows, and to carry,
In fights are equi-necessary:
But in defeats, the passive stout 1035

Are always found to stand it out
Most desp'rately, and to outdo
The active 'gainst the conqu'ring foe.
Tho' we with blacks and blues are suggill'd,
Or, as the vulgar say, are cudgell'd; 1040

He that is valiant, and dares fight,
Though drubb'd, can lose no honour by't.
Honour's a lease for lives to come,
And cannot be extended from
The legal tenant; 'tis a chattel 1045

Not to be forfeited in battle.
If he that in the field is slain,
Be in the bed of honour lain,
He that is beaten may be said
To lie in honour's truckle-bed. 1050

For as we see th' eclipsed sun
 By mortals is more gaz'd upon,
 Than when, adorn'd with all his light,
 He shines in serene sky most bright ;
 So valour, in a low estate, 1055
 Is most admir'd and wonder'd at.

Quoth Ralph, How great I do not know
 We may by being beaten grow ;
 But none, that see how here we sit,
 Will judge us overgrown with wit. 1060
 As gifted brethren, preaching by
 A carnal hour-glass, do imply,
 Illumination can convey
 Into them what they have to say,
 But not how much ; so well enough 1065
 Know you to charge, but not draw off :
 For who, without a cap and bauble,
 Having subdu'd a bear and rabble,
 And might with honour have come off,
 Would put it to a second proof? 1070
 A politic exploit, right fit
 For Presbyterian zeal and wit.

Quoth Hudibras, That cuckoo's tone,
 Ralpho, thou always harp'st upon.
 When thou at any thing would'st rail, 1075
 Thou mak'st Presbytery the scale
 To take the height on't, and explain
 To what degree it is profane :
 What'sever will not with (thy what d'ye call)
 Thy light jump right, thou call'st synodical ;
 As if Presbytery were the standard 1081
 To size what'sever 's to be slander'd.
 Dost not remember how this day
 Thou to my beard was bold to say,
 That thou couldst prove bear-beating equal
 With synods orthodox and legal ? 1086
 Do if thou can'st, for I deny't.
 Ard dare thee to't with all thy light.

Quoth Ralpho, Truly that is no
 Hard matter for a man to do,
 That has but any guts in 's brains,
 And cou'd believe it worth his pains ; 1090

But since you dare and urge me to it,
You'll find I've light enough to do it.

Synods are mystical bear-gardens, 1095
Where elders, deputies, churchwardens,
And other members of the court,
Manage the Babylonish sport ;
For prolocutor, scribe, and bear-ward,
Do differ only in a mere word ; 1100
Both are but sev'ral synagogues
Of carnal men, and bears, and dogs :
Both anti-christian assemblies,
To mischief bent, far as in them lies ;
Both stave and tail with fierce contests, 1105
The one with men, the other beasts.
The diff'rence is, the one fights with
The tongue, the other with the teeth ;
And that they bait but bears in this,
In th' other, souls and consciences ; 1110
Where saints themselves are brought to stake
For gospel-light, and conscience' sake ;
Expos'd to Scribes and Presbyters,
Instead of mastiff dogs and curs,
Than whom th' have less humanity ; 1115
For these at souls of men will fly.
This to the prophet did appear,
Who in a vision saw a bear,
Prefiguring the beastly rage
Of church-rule in this latter age : 1120
As is demonstrated at full
By him that baited the Pope's bull.
Bears nat'rally are beasts of prey,
That live by rapine ; so do they.
What are their orders, constitutions, 1125
Church-censures, curses, absolutions,
But sev'ral mystic chains they make,
To tie poor Christians to the stake,
And then set heathen officers,
Instead of dogs, about their ears ? 1130
For to prohibit and dispense ;
To find out, or to make offence ;

1122. A learned divine in King James's time wrote a
polemic work against the Pope, and gave it that un-
lucky nickname of *The Pope's Bull baited*.

Of hell and heaven to dispose ;
 To play with souls at fast and loose ;
 To set what characters they please,1135
 And mulcts on sin or godliness ;
 Reduce the church to gospel-order,
 By rapine, sacrilege, and murder ;
 To make Presbytery supreme,
 And kings themselves submit to them ;1140
 And force all people, though against
 Their consciences, to turn saints ;
 Must prove a pretty thriving trade,
 When saints monopolists are made :
 When pious frauds, and holy shifts,1145
 Are dispensations and gifts,
 Their godliness becomes mere ware,
 And ev'ry synod but a fair.
 Synods are whelps of th' Inquisition,1150
 A mongrel breed of like pernicious ;
 And growing up, became the sires
 Of scribes, commissioners, and triers ;
 Whose bus'ness is, by cunning sleight,
 To cast a figure for men's light ;
 To find, in lines of beard and face,1155
 The physiognomy of grace ;
 And, by the sound and twang of nose,
 If all be sound within disclose,
 Free from a crack or flaw of sinning,
 As men try pipkins by their ringing ;1160
 By black caps, underlaid with white,
 Give certain guess at inward light.
 Which serjeants at the gospel wear,
 To make the spiritual calling clear ;
 The handkerchief about the neck1165
 (Canonical cravat of Smeck,

1166. Smectymnuus was a club of five parliamentary holders-forth ; the characters of whose names and talents were by themselves expressed in that senseless and insignificant word. They wore handkerchiefs about their necks for a mark of distinction (as the officers of the parliament army then did), which afterwards degenerated into carnal cravats. About the beginning of the long parliament, in the year 1641, these five wrote a book against episcopacy and the Common Prayer, to which they all subscribed their names ; being Stephen Marshal, Edmund Calamy, Thomas Young, Matthew

From whom the institution came,
 When church and state they set on flame,
 And worn by them as badges then
 Of spiritual warring men) 1170

Judge rightly if regeneration
 Be of the newest cut in fashion.
 Sure 'tis an orthodox opinion,
 That grace is founded in dominion.

Great piety consists in pride ; 1175
 To rule is to be sanctified :
 To domineer, and to control,
 Both o'er the body and the soul,
 Is the most perfect discipline
 Of church-rule, and by right divine. 1180

Bel and the Dragon's chaplains were
 More moderate than these by far :
 For they (poor knaves) were glad to cheat,
 To get their wives and children meat ;
 But these will not be fobbd off so ; 1185
 They must have wealth and power too,
 Or else with blood and desolation
 They'll tear it out o' th' heart o' th' nation.

Sure these themselves from primitive
 And heathen priesthood do derive, 1190
 When butchers were the only clerks,
 Elders and presbyters of kirks ;
 Whose directory was to kill ;
 And some believe it is so still.
 The only diff'rence is, that then 1195
 They slaughter'd only beasts, now men.
 For then to sacrifice a bullock,
 Or now and then a child to Moloch,

Newcomen, and William Spurstow, and from thence
 they and their followers were called Smectymnians.
 They are remarkable for another pious book, which
 they wrote some time after that, entitled The King's
 Cabinet Unlocked, wherein all the chaste and endear-
 ing expressions, in the letters that passed between his
 majesty King Charles I. and his royal consort, are by
 these painful labourers in the devil's vineyard turned
 into burlesque and ridicule. Their books were answer-
 ed with as much calmness and genteelness of expression,
 and as much learning and honesty, by the Rev. Mr. Sy-
 monds, then a deprived clergyman, as theirs was stuffed
 with malice, spleen, and rascally invectives.

They count a vile abomination,
But not to slaughter a whole nation. 1200

Presbytery does but translate
The papacy to a free state ;
A commonwealth of Popery,
Where ev'ry village is a see
As well as Rome, and must maintain 1205

A tithe-pig metropolitan ;
Where ev'ry presbyter and deacon
Commands the keys for cheese and bacon ;
And ev'ry hamlet's governed
By 's Holiness, the church's head ; 1210

More haughty and severe in 's place,
Than Gregory or Boniface.

Such church must (surely) be a monster
With many heads : for if we conster 1215

What in th' Apocalypse we find,
According to th' apostle's mind,
'Tis that the whore of Babylon
With many heads did ride upon ;
Which heads denote the sinful tribe 1220

Of deacon, priest, lay-elder, scribe.

Lay-elder, Simeon to Levi,
Whose little finger is as heavy
As loins of patriarchs, prince-prelate,
And bishop-secular. This zealot 1225

Is of a mongrel, diverse kind ;
Cleric before, and lay behind ;
A lawless linseywoolsey brother,
Half of one order, half another ;
A creature of amphibious nature, 1230

On land a beast, a fish in water ;
That always preys on grace or sin ;
A sheep without, a wolf within.
This fierce inquisitor has chief
Dominion over men's belief *

And manners ; can pronounce a saint 1235

Idolatrous or ignorant,
When superciliously he sifts
Through coarsest boulter others' gifts ;
For all men live and judge amiss,
Whose talents jump not just with his. 1240

PART I.—CANTO III.

77

He'll lay on gifts with hands, and place
 On dullest noddle light and grace,
 The manufacture of the kirk,
 Those pastors are but th' handy-work
 Of his mechanic paws, instilling 1245
 Divinity in them by feeling;
 From whence they start up chosen vessels,
 Made by contact, as men get measles,
 So cardinals, they say, do grope
 At th' other end the new-made pope. 1250

Hold, hold, quoth Hudibras; soft fire,
 They say, does make sweet malt. Good Squire,
 Festina lente, not too fast;
 For haste (the proverb says) makes waste.
 The quirks and cavils thou dost make 1255
 Are false, and built upon mistake:
 And I shall bring you, with your pack
 Of fallacies, t' clench back;
 And put your arguments in mood
 And figure to be understood. 1260
 I'll force you, by right ratiocination,
 To leave your vitilitigation,

1249. This relates to the story of Pope Joan, who was called John VIII. Platina saith she was of Egyptian extraction, but born at Mentz; who, having disguised herself like a man, travelled with her paramour to Athens, where she made such progress in learning, that coming to Rome, she met with few that could equal her; so that, on the death of Pope Leo IV. she was chosen to succeed him; but being got with child by one of her domestics, her travail came upon her between the Colossian Theatre and St. Clement's, as she was going to the Lateran Church, and died upon the place, having sat two years, one month, and four days, and was buried there without any pomp. He owns that, for the shame of this, the popes decline going through this street to the Lateran; and that, to avoid the like error, when any pope is placed in the Porphyry Chair, his genitals are felt by the youngest deacon, through a hole made for that purpose; but he supposes the reason of that to be, to put him in mind that he is a man, and obnoxious to the necessities of nature, whence he will have the seat to be called *Sedes Stercoraria*.

1252. Vitilitigation is a word the Knight was passionately in love with, and never failed to use it upon all occasions; and therefore to omit it, when it fell in the way, had argued too great a neglect of his learning and parts; though it means no more than a perverse humour of wrangling.

G

And make you keep to th' question close,
And argue dialecticos.

The question then, to state it first, 1263

Is, which is better, or which worst,

Synods or bears? Bears I avow

To be the worst, and synods thou.

But to make good th' assertion,

Thou say'st they're really all one.

If so, not worse; for if th' are idem,

Why then, tantundem dat tantidem.

For if they are the same, by course,

Neither is better, neither worse.

But I deny they are the same,

More than a maggot and I am.

That both are animalia.

I grant, but not rationalia:

For though they do agree in kind,

Specific difference we find;

And can no more make bears of these,

Than prove my horse is Socrates.

That synods are bear-gardens too,

Thou dost affirm: but I say, No:

And thus I prove it in a word;

What's ever assembly's not impow'r'd

To censure, curse, absolve, and ordain

Can be no synod: but bear-garden

Has no such pow'r; ergo, 'tis none:

And so thy sophistry's o'erthrown.

1275

1280

1285

1290

But yet we are beside the question

Which thou didst raise the first contest on;

For that was, Whether bears are better

Than synod-men? I say, Negatur.

That bears are beasts, and synods men, 1295

Is held by all: they're better then;

For bears and dogs on four legs go,

As beasts, but synod-men on two.

'Tis true, they all have teeth and nails;

But prove that synod-men have tails; 1300

Or that a rugged, shaggy fur

Grows o'er the hide of preabyter;

Or that his snout and spacious ears

Do hold proportion with a bear's.

PART I.—CANTO III.

88

A bear's a savage beast, of all
Most ugly and unnatural ; 1305
Whelp'd without form, until the dam
Has lick'd it into shape and frame :
But all thy light can ne'er evict,
That ever synod man was lick'd,
Or brought to any other fashion 1310
Than his own will and inclination.

But thou dost farther yet in this
Oppugn thyself and sense ; that is,
Thou would'st have presbyters to go 1315
For bears and dogs, and bear-wards too ;
A strange chimera of beasts and men,
Made up of pieces heterogene ;
Such as in nature never met
In eodem subjecto yet. 1320

Thy other arguments are all
Supposures, hypothetical,
That do but beg, and we may choose
Either to grant them, or refuse.
Much thou hast said, which I know when 1325
And where thou stol'st from other men,
Whereby 'tis plain thy light and gifts
Are all but plagiary shifts ;
And is the same that Ranter said,
Who, arguing with me, broke my head, 1330
And tore a handful of my beard :
The self-same cavils then I heard,
When, b'ing in hot dispute about
This controversy, we fell out :
And what thou know'st I answer'd then, 1335
Will serve to answer thee agen.

Quoth Ralpho, Nothing but th' abuse
Of human learning you produce ;
Learning, that cobweb of the brain,
Profane, erroneous, and vain ; 1340
A trade of knowledge, as replete
As others are with fraud and cheat ;
An art t' incumber gifts and wit,
And render both for nothing fit ;
Makes light unactive, dull, and troubled, 1345
Like little David in Saul's doublet :

A cheat that scholars put upon
 Other men's reason and their own;
 A fort of error, to ensconce
 Absurdity and ignorance; 1330
 That renders all the avenues
 To truth impervious and abstruse,
 By making plain things, in debate,
 By art perplex'd and intricate:
 For nothing goes for sense or light, 1355
 That will not with old rules jump right:
 As if rules were not in the schools
 Deriv'd from truth, but truth from rules.
 This Pagan heathenish invention
 Is good for nothing but contention. 1360
 For as, in sword and buckler fight,
 All blows do on the target light;
 So when men argue, the great'st part
 O' th' contest falls on terms of art,
 Until the fustian stuff be spent, 1365
 And then they fall to th' argument.

Quoth Hudibras, Friend Ralph, thou hast
 Outrun the constable at last:
 For thou art fallen on a new
 Dispute, as senseless as untrue, 1370
 But to the former opposite
 And contrary as black to white;
 Mere desparata; that concerning
 Presbytery; this, human learning;
 Two things s' averse, they never yet 1375
 But in thy rambling fancy met.
 But I shall take a fit occasion
 T' evince thee by ratiocination,
 Some other time, in place more proper
 Than this we're in; therefore lets stop here,
 And rest our weary'd bones a while, 1380
 Already tir'd with other toil.

1373. *Disparata* are things separate and unlike, from the Latin word *dispare*.

PART II.—CANTO I.

The Knight, by damnable magician,
 Being cast illegally in prison,
 Love brings his action on the case,
 And lays it upon Hudibras.
 How he receives the Lady's visit,
 And cunningly solicits his suit,
 Which he defers; yet on parole
 Redeems him from th' enchanted hole.

BUT now t' observe romantic method,
 Let bloody steel awhile be sheathed;
 And all those harsh and rugged sounds
 Of bastinadoes, cuts, and wounds,
 Exchang'd to Love's more gentle style,
 To let our reader breathe a while: 5
 In which, that we may be as brief as
 Is possible, by way of preface,
 Is't not enough to make one strange,
 That some men's fancies should ne'er change, 10
 But make all people do and say
 The same things still the self-same way?
 Some writers make all ladies purloin'd,
 And knights pursuing like a whirlwind:
 Others make all their knights, in fits 15
 Of jealousy, to lose their wits;
 Fill drawing blood o' th' dames, like witches,
 Th' are forthwith cur'd of their caprices.
 Some always thrive in their amours,
 By pulling plaisters off their sores: 20
 As cripples do to get an alms,
 Just so do they, and win their dames.
 Some force whole regions, in despite
 O' geography, to change their site;
 Make former times shake hands with latter, 25
 And that which was before come after.

1. The beginning of this Second Part may perhaps seem strange and abrupt to those who do not know that it was written on purpose in imitation of Virgil, who begins the IVth Book of his *Aeneas* in the very same manner, 'At Regina gravi,' &c. And this is enough to satisfy the curiosity of those who believe that invention and fancy ought to be measured (like cases in law) by precedents, or else they are in the power of the critic.

But those that write in rhyme, still make
 The one verse for the other's sake ;
 For one for sense, and one for rhyme,
 I think's sufficient at one time.

30

But we forget in what sad plight
 We whilom left the captive Knight
 And pensive Squire, both bruis'd in body,
 And conjur'd into safe custody.
 Tir'd with dispute and speaking Latin,
 As well as basting and bear-baiting,
 And desperate of any course,
 To free himself by wit or force,
 His only solace was, that now
 His dog-bolt fortune was so low,
 That either it must quickly end,
 Or turn about again, and mend ;
 In which he found th' event, no less
 Than other times, beside his guess.

35

There is a tall long-sided dame,
 (But wondrous light,) ycleped Fame,
 That, like a thin cameleon, boards
 Herself on air, and eats her words ;
 Upon her shoulders wings she wears
 Like hanging sleeves lin'd through with ears,
 And eyes, and tongues, as poets list,
 Made good by deep mythológist :
 With these she through the welkin flies,
 And sometimes carries truth, oft lies ;
 With letters hung, like eastern pigeons,
 And mercuries of farthest regions ;
 Diurnals writ for regulation
 Of lying, to inform the nation ;
 And by their public use to bring down
 The rate of whetstones in the kingdom.

55

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65

About her neck a pacquet-mail,
 Fraught with advice, some fresh, some stale,
 Of men that walk'd when they were dead,
 And cows of monsters brought to bed ;
 Of hail-stones big as pullets' eggs,
 And puppies whelp'd with twice two legs ;
 A blazing-star seen in the west,
 By six or seven men at least.

PART II.—CANTO I.

103

Two trumpets she doth sound at once,
But both of clean contrary tones :
But whether both in the same wind,
Or one before, and one behind,
We know not ; only this can tell,
The one sounds vilely, th' other well ;
And therefore vulgar authors name
Th' one Good, th' other Evil, Fame.

70

This tattling gossip knew too well
What mischief Hudibras befel,
And straight the spiteful tidings bears
Of all to th' unkind widow's ears.
Democritas ne'er laugh'd so loud,
To see bawds carted through the crowd,
Or funerals with stately pomp
March slowly on in solemn dump,
As she laugh'd out, until her back,
As well as sides, was like to crack.
She vow'd she would go see the sight,
And visit the distressed Knight ;
To do the office of a neighbour,
And be a gossip at his labour ;
And from his wooden jail, the stocks,
To set at large his fetter-locks ;
And by exchange, parole, or ransom,
To free him from th' enchanted mansion,
This b'ing resolv'd, she call'd for hood
And usher, implements abroad
Which ladies wear, beside a slender
Young waiting-damsel to attend her.
All which appearing, on she went,
To find the Knight in limbo pent :
And 'twas not long before she found
Him, and the stout Squire, in the pound ;
Both coupled in enchanted tether,
By farther leg behind together.
For as he sat upon his rump,
His head, like one in doleful dump,
Betwixt his knees, his hands apply'd
Unto his ears on either side,
And by him, in another hole,
Afflicted Ralpho, cheek by jowl ;

75

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105

110

She came upon him in his wooden
Magician's circle, on the sudden,
As spirits doth a conjuror,
When in their dreadful shapes th' appear.

No sooner did the Knight perceive her, 115
But straight he fell into a fever,
Infiam'd all over with disgrace,
To be seen by her in such a place;
Which made him hang his head, and scowl,
And wink and goggle like an owl. 120
He felt his brains begin to swim,
When thus the dame accosted him :

This place (quoth she) they say's enchanted,
And with delinquent spirits haunted,
That here are ty'd in chains, and scourg'd, 125
Until their guilty crimes be purg'd:
Look, there are two of them appear,
Like persons I have seen somewhere.
Some having mistaken blocks and posts
For spectres, apparitions, ghosts, 130
With saucer eyes, and horns ; and some
Have heard the devil beat a drum :
But if our eyes are not false glasses,
That give a wrang account of faces,
That beard and I should be acquainted, 135
Before 'twas conjur'd or enchanted ;
For though it be disfigur'd somewhat,
As if it had lately been in combat,
It did belong to a worthy knight,
Howe'er this goblin has come by't. 140

When Hudibras the lady heard
Discoursing thus upon his beard,
And speak with such respect and honour
Both of the beard and the beard's owner,
He thought it best to set as good
A face upon it as he cou'd,
And thus he spoke : Lady, your bright
And radiant eyes are in the right :
The beard's th' identic beard you know,
The same numerically true ;
Nor is it worn by fiend or elf,
But its proprietor himself.

145

150

O heavens ! quoth she, can that be true ?
 I do begin to fear 'tis you :
 Not by your individual whiskers, 155
 But by your dialect and discourse,
 That never spoke to man or beast
 In notions vulgarly exprest.
 But what malignant star, alas !
 Has brought you both to this sad pass ? 160

Quoth he, The fortune of the war,
 Which I am less afflicted for,
 Than to be seen with beard and face,
 By you in such a homely case.

Quoth she, Those need not be ashamed 165
 For being honourably maim'd ;
 If he that is in battle conquer'd
 Have any title to his own beard,
 Though yours be sorely lugg'd and torn,
 It does your visage more adorn 170
 Than if 'twere prun'd, and starch'd, and lan-
 And cut square by the Russian standard. [der'd,
 A torn beard's like a tatter'd ensign,
 That's bravest which there are most rents in.
 That petticoat about your shoulders 175
 Does not so well become a soldier's ;
 And I'm afraid they are worse handled,
 Although i' th' rear, your beard the van led ;
 And those uneasy bruises make
 My heart for company to ake, 180
 To see so worshipful a friend
 I' th' pillory set, at the wrong end.

Quoth Hudibras, This thing call'd pain

Is (as the learned Stoicks maintain) 185
 Not bad simpliciter, nor good,
 But merely as 'tis understood.
 Sense is deceitful, and many feign
 As well in counterfeiting pain
 As other gross phenomenae,
 In which it oft mistakes the case.
 But since th' immortal intellect 190
 (That's free from error and defect,
 Whose objects still persist the same)
 Is free from outward bruise and maim,

Which nought external can expose
To gross material bangs or blows,
It follows we can ne'er be sure
Whether we pain or not endure;
And just so far are sore and griev'd,
As by the fancy is believ'd. 195

Some have been wounded with conceit,
And died of mere opinion straight;
Others, tho' wounded sore in reason,
Felt no contusion, nor discretion. 200

A Saxon duke did grow so fat,
The mice (as histories relate) 205
Eat grots and labyrinths to dwell in
His postic parts, without his feeling:
Then how is't possible a kick
Should e'er reach that way to the quick? 210

Quoth she, I grant it is in vain
For one that's basted to feel pain,
Because the pangs his bones endure
Contribute nothing to the cure:
Yet honour hurt is wont to rage 215
With pain no med'cine can assuage.

Quoth he, That honour's very squeamish
That takes a basting for a blemish;
For what's more hon'able than scars,
Or skin to tatters rent in wars? 220

Some have been beaten till they know
What wood a cudgel's of by th' blow;
Some kick'd until they can feel whether
A shoe be Spanish or neat's leather;
And yet have met, after long running, 225
With some whom they have taught that cun-
The farthest way about t' o'ercome, [ning.
In th' end does prove the nearest home.
By laws of learned ~~pellists~~,
They that are bruis'd with wood or fists, 230
And think one beating may for once
Suffice, are cowards and paltroons:
But if they dare engage t' a second,
They're stout and gallant fellows reckon'd.

205. The history of the Duke of Saxony is not so strange as that of a bishop, his countryman, who was quite eaten up with rats and mice.

PART II.—CANTO I.

107

Th' old Romans freedom did bestow, 235
 Our princes worship, with a blow.
 King Pyrrhus cur'd his splenetic
 And testy courtiers with a kick.
 The Negus, when some mighty lord
 Or potentate's to be restor'd, 240
 And pardon'd for some great offence,
 With which he's willing to dispense,
 First has him laid upon his belly,
 Then beaten back and side to a jelly;
 That done, he rises, humbly bows, 245
 And gives thanks for the princely blows;
 Departs not meanly proud, and boasting
 Of his magnificent rib-roasting.
 The beaten soldier proves most manful,
 That, like his sword, endures the anvil, 250
 And justly's held more formidable,
 The more his valour's malleable:
 But he that fears a bastinado
 Will run away from his own shadow: 255
 And though I'm now in durance fast,
 By our own party basely cast,
 Ransom, exchange, parole ^{Jesus} Tefus'd,
 And worse than by the en'my us'd:
 In close catasta shut, past hope 260
 Of wit or valour to elope;
 As beards the nearer that they tend
 To th' earth still grow more reverend,
 And cannons shoot the higher pitches,
 The lower we let down their breeches;
 I'll make this low dejected fate 265
 Advance me to a greater height.

Quoth she, Y' have almost made me in love
 With that which did my pity move.
 Great wits and valours, like great states,
 Do sometimes sink with their own weights: 270

237. Pyrrhus, king of Epirus, as Pliny says, had this occult quality in his toe, 'Policis in dextro pede tactu lenocis medebatur,' l. 7. c. 11.

239. Catasta is but a pair of stocks in English. But heroical poetry must not admit of any vulgar word (especially of puktry signification,) and therefore some of our modern authors are fain to import foreign words from abroad, that were never before heard of in our language.

Th' extremes of glory and of shame,
Like east and west, become the same :
No Indian prince has to his palace
More foll'wers than a thief to th' gallows.
But if a beating seem so brave, 275
What glories must a whipping have?
Such great achievements cannot fail
To cast salt on a woman's tail :
For if I thought your nat'ral talent
Of passive courage were so gallant, 280
As you strain hard to have it thought,
I could grow amorous, and dote.

When Hudibras this language heard,
He prick'd up's ears, and strok'd his beard :
Thought he, this is the lucky hour ; 285
Wines work when vines are in the flow'r.
This crisis then I'll set my rest on,
And put her boldly to the question.

Madam, what you would seem to doubt,
Shall be to all the world made out, 290
How I've been drubb'd, and with what spirit
And magnanimity I bear it ;
And if you doubt it to be true,
I'll stake myself down against you :
And if I fail in love or troth, 295
Be you the winner, and take both.

Quoth she, I've heard old cunning staggers
Say, fools for arguments use wagers ;
And though I prais'd your valour, yet
I did not mean to baulk your wit ; 300
Which if you have, you must needs know
What I have told you before now,
And you b' experiment have prov'd,
I cannot love where I'm belov'd.

Quoth Hudibras, 'tis a caprich 305
Beyond th' infliction of a witch ;
So cheats to play with those still aim
That do not understand the game.
Love in your heart as idly burns
As fire in antique Roman urns, 310
To warm the dead, and vainly light
Those only that see nothing by't.

PART II.—CANTO I.

109

Have you not power to entertain,
And render love for love again;
As no man can draw in his breath
At once, and force out air beneath?
Or do you love yourself so much,
To bear all rivals else a grutch?
What fate can lay a greater curse
Than you upon yourself would force?
For wedlock without love, some say,
Is but a lock without a key.
It is a kind of rape to marry
One that neglects, or cares not for ye:
For what does make it ravishment,
But b'ing against the mind's consent?
A rape that is the more inhuman
For being acted by a woman.
Why are you fair, but to entice us
To love you, that you may despise us?
But though you cannot love, you say,
Out of your own fanatic way,
Why should you not at least allow
Those that love you to do so too?
For, as you fly me, and pursue
Love more averse so I do you;
And am by your own doctrine taught
To practise what you call a fau't.
Quoth she, If what you say is true,
You must fly me as I do you;
But 'tis not what we do but say,
In love and preaching that must sway.
Quoth he, To bid me not to love,
Is to forbid my pulse to move,
My beard to grow, my ears to prick up,
Or (when I'm in a fit) to hiccup:
Command me to piss out the moon,
And 'twill as easily be done.
Love's power's too great to be withheld
By feeble human flesh and blood.
'Twas he that brought upon his knees
The hec't'ring, kill-cow Hercules;
Transform'd his leager-lion's skin
T' a petticoat, and made him spin;

315

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350

Seiz'd on his club, and made it dwindle 355
 T' a feeble distaff and a spindle.
 'Twas he that made emp'rors gallants
 To their own sisters and their aunts ;
 Set popes and cardinals agog,
 To play with pages at leap-frog. 360
 'Twas he that gave our senate purges,
 And flux'd the house of many a burgess ;
 Made those that represent the nation
 Submit, and suffer amputation ;
 And all the grandees o' th' cabal 365
 Adjourn to tubs at spring and fall.
 He mounted synod-men, and rode 'em
 To Dirty Lane and little Sodom ;
 Made 'em curvet like Spanish jenets,
 And take the ring at Madam — 370
 'Twas he that made Saint Francis do
 More than the devil could tempt him to,
 In cold and frosty weather grow
 Enamour'd of a wife of snow ;
 And though she were of rigid temper, 375
 With melting flames accost and tempt her ;
 Which after in enjoyment quenching,
 He hung a garland on his engine.
 Quoth she, if love hath these effects,
 Why is it not forbid our sex? 380
 Why is't not damn'd and interdicted,
 For diabolical and wicked?
 And sung, as out of tune, against,
 As Turk and pope are by the saints?
 I find I've greater reason for it, 385
 Than I believ'd before, t' abhor it.
 Quoth Hudibras, These sad effects
 Spring from your heathenish neglects
 Of Love's great pow'r, which he returns
 Upon yourselves with equal scorns ; 390

371. The ancient writers of the lives of saints were of the same sort of people who first writ of knight-errantry ; and as in the one they rendered the brave actions of some great persons ridiculous, by their prodigious lies, and scottish way of describing them, so they have abused the piety of some devout persons, by imposing such stories on them as this upon St. Francis

And those who worthy lovers slight,
Plagues with prepost'rous appetite. 393

This made the beauteous queen of Crete
To take a town-bull for her sweet,
And from her greatness stoop so low,
To be the rival of a cow : 395

Others to prostitute their great hearts,
To be baboons' and monkeys' sweethearts ;
Some with the dev'l himself in league grow,
By's representative a Negro. 400

'Twas this made vestal maid love-sick,
And venture to be bury'd quick :
Some by their fathers, and their brothers,
To be made mistresses and mothers. 405

'Tis this that proudest dames enamours
On lacqueys and valets de chambres ;
Their haughty stomachs overcomes,
And makes 'em stoop to dirty grooms ;
To slight the world, and to disparage
Claps, issue, infamy, and marriage. 410

Quoth she, These judgments are severe,
Yet such as I should rather bear
Than trust men with their oaths, or prove
Their faith and secrecy in love.

Says he, There is as weighty reason 415
For secrecy in love as treason.
Love is a burglarer, a felon,
That at the windore-eye does steal in,
To rob the heart, and with his prey
Steals out again a closer way, 420

Which whosoever can discover,
He's sure (as he deserves) to suffer,
Love is a fire, that burns and sparkles
In men as nat'rally as in charcoals,
Which sooty chemists stop in holes, 425
When out of wood they extract coals :
So lovers should their passions choke,
That, tho' they burn, they may not smoke.

393. The history of Pasiphae is common enough: only this may be observed, that though she brought the bull a son and heir, yet the husband was fain to father it, as appears by the name; perhaps, because being an island, he was within the four seas when the infant was begotten.

"Tis like that sturdy thief that stole
And dragg'd beasts backward into's hole: 433
So Love does lovers, and us men
Draws by the tails into his den,
That no impression may discover,
And trace t' his cave the wary lover.
But if you doubt I should reveal
What you entrust me under seal,
I'll prove myself as close and virtuous
As your own secretary Albertus. 435

Quoth she, I grant you may be close
In hiding what your aims propose. 440
Love-passions are like parables,
By which men still mean something else.
Though love be all the world's pretence,
Money's the mythologic sense;
The real substance of the shadow, 445
Which all address and courtship's made to.

Thought he, I understand your play,
And how to quit you your own way:
He that will win his dame must do
As Love does when he bends his bow; 450
With one hand thrust the lady from,
And with the other pull her home.
I grant, quoth he, wealth is a great
Provocative to am'rous heat:
It is all philtres, and high diet, 455
That makes love rampant, and to fly out:
"Tis beauty always in the flower,
That buds and blossoms at fourscore:
"Tis that by which the sun and moon
At their own weapons are outdone: 460
That makes knights-errant fall in trances,
And lay about 'em in romances:
"Tis virtue, wit, and worth, and all
That men divine and sacred call:
For what is worth in any thing, 465
But so much money as 'twill bring?
Or what but riches is there known,
Which man can solely call his own;

433. Albertus Magnus was a Swedish bishop, who wrote a very learned work, 'De Secretis Mulierum.'

PART II.—CANTO I.

253

In which no creature goes his half,
Unless it be to squint and laugh? 470
I do confess with goods and land,
I'd have a wife at second-hand;
And such you are. Nor is't your person
My stomach's set so sharp and fierce on;
But 'tis (your better part) your riches, 475
That my enamour'd heart bewitches.
Let me your fortune but possess,
And settle your person how you please;
Or make it o'er in trust to th' devil;
You'll find me reasonable and civil. 480

Quoth she, I like this plainness better
Than false mock-passion, speech, or letter,
Or anyfeat of qualm or sowning,
But hanging of yourself, or drowning.
Your only way with me to break 485
Your mind, is breaking of your neck;
For as when merchants break, o'erthrowna
Like nine-pins, they strike others down,
So that would break my heart, which done,
My tempting fortune is your own. 490
These are but trifles; ev'ry lover
Will damn himself over and over,
And greater matters undertake
For a less worthy mistress' sake:
Yet th' are the only way to prove 495
Th' unfeign'd realities of love:
For he that hangs, or beats out's brains,
The devil's in him if he feigns.

Quoth Hudibras, This way's too rough
For mere experiment and proof: 500
It is no jesting trivial matter,
To swing i' th' air, or douce in water,
And, like a water-witch, try love;
That's to destroy, and net to prove:
As if a man should be dissected
To find what part is disaffected.
Your better way is to make over,
In trust, your fortune to your lover,

470. Pliny in his Natural History, affirms, that, 'Uni animalium homini oculi depravantur, unde cognomina Strabonum et Pectorum.' Lib 2.

Trust is a trial; if it break,
 'Tis not so desp'rate as a neck. 510

Beside, th' experiment's more certain;
 Men venture necks to gain a fortune:

The soldier does it ev'ry day
 (Eight to the week) for six-pence pay:

Your pettifoggers damn their souls, 515
 To share with knaves in cheating fools:

And merchants, vent'ring through the main,
 Slight pirates, rocks, and horns, for gain.

This is the way I advise you to:

Trust me, and see what I will do. 520

Quoth she, I should be loth to run
 Myself all th' hazard, and you none;
 Which must be done, unless some deed
 Of yours aforesaid do precede.

Give yourself one gentle swing, 525
 For trial, and I'll cut the string:
 Or give that rev'rend head a maul,
 Or two, or three, against a wall,
 To show you are a man of mettle,
 And I'll engage myself to settle. 530

Quoth he, My head's not made of brass,
 As Friar Bacon's noddle was,
 Nor (like the Indian's skull) so tough,
 That authors say, 'twas musket-proof;
 As it had need to be, to enter, 535
 As yet, on any new adventure:
 You see what bangs it has endur'd,
 That would, before new feats be cur'd:
 But if that's all you stand upon,
 Here, strike me luck, it shall be done. 540

Quoth she, The matter's not so far gone
 As you suppose: two words t' a bargain:

532. The tradition of Friar Bacon and the Brazen Head is very commonly known; and, considering the times he lived in, is not much more strange than what another great philosopher of his name has delivered up of a ring, that being tied in a string, and held like a pendulum in the middle of a silver bowl, will vibrate of itself, and tell exactly against the sides of the divining cup, the same thing with, Time is, time was, &c.

533. American Indians, among whom (the same authors affirm) there are others whose skulls are so soft, to use their own words, 'Ut digito perforari possunt.'

That may be done, and time enough,
When you have given downright proof:

And yet 'tis no fantastic pique

545

I have to love, nor coy dislike:

'Tis no implicit, nice aversion

I" your conversation, mien, or person,

But a just fear, lest you should prove

False and perfidious in love:

550

For if I thought you could be true,

I could love twice as much as you.

Quoth he, My faith, as adamantine

As chains of destiny, I'll maintain:

555

True as Apollo ever spoke,

Or oracle from heart of oak:

And if you'll give my flame but vent,

Now in close hugger-mugger pent,

And shine upon me but benignly,

560

With that one and that other piganey,

The sun and day shall sooner part,

Than love of you shake off my heart;

The sun, that shall no more dispense

His own, but your bright influence.

I'll carve your name on barks of trees,

565

With true-love's-knots and flourishes,

That shall infuse eternal spring,

And everlasting flourishing;

Drink ev'ry letter on't in stum,

570

And make it brisk champagne become:

Where'er you tread, your foot shall set

The primrose and the violet:

All spices, perfumes, and sweet powders,

Shall borrow from your breath their odours:

Nature her charter shall renew,

575

And take all lives of things from you;

The world depend upon your eye,

And when you frown upon it, die:

Only our loves shall still survive,

New worlds and natures to outlive,

580

And, like to heralds' moons, remain

All crescents, without change or wane.

556. Jupiter's oracle in Epirus, near the city of Dodona, 'Ubi nemus erat Jovi sacrum. Querneum totum, in quo Joyis Dodonæ templum suisse narratur.'

Hold, hold, quoth she; no more of this,
Sir Knight; you take your aim amiss:
For you will find it a hard chapter 585
To catch me with poetic rapture,
In which your mastery of art
Doth shew itself, and not your heart:
Nor will you raise in mine combustion
By dint of high heroic fustian. 590

She that with poetry is won,
Is but a desk to write upon;
And what men say of her, they mean
No more than on the thing they lean.
Some with Arabian spices strive 595
T' embalm her cruelly alive;
Or season her, as French cooks use
Their haut-gouts, bouillies, or ragouts:
Use her so barbarously ill,
To grind her lips upon a mill, 600
Until the facet doublet doth
Fit their rhymes rather than her mouth:
Her mouth compar'd to an oyster's, with
A row of pearl in't—'stead of teeth.
Others make posies of her cheeks, 605
Where red and whitest colours mix;
In which the lily, and the rose,
For Indian lake and ceruse goes.
The sun and moon by her bright eyes
Eclipse'd and darken'd in the skies, 610
Are but black patches, that she wears,
Cut into suns, and moons, and stars:
By which astrologers, as well
As those in heav'n above, can tell
What strange events they do foreshow 615
Unto her under-world below.
Her voice, the music of the spheres,
So loud, it deafens mortals' ears,
As wise philosophers have thought;
And that's the cause we hear it not. 620
This has been done by some, who those
Th' ador'd in rhyme would kick in prose;
And in those ribbons would have hung,
Of which melodiously they sung:

PART II.—CANTO I.

117

That have the hard fate to write best
Of those still that deserve it least ;
It matters not how false or forc'd,
So the best things be said o' th' worst :
It goes for nothing when 'tis said ;
Only the arrow's drawn to th' head,
Whether it be a swan or goose
They level at : so shepherds use
To set the same mark on the hip
Both of their sound and rotten sheep :
For wits, that carry low or wide,
Must be aim'd higher, or beside
The mark, which else they ne'er come nigh,
But when they take their aim awry.
But I do wonder you should choose
This way t' attack me with your Muse,
As one cut out to pass your tricks on,
With fulbams of poetic fiction ;
I rather hop'd I should no more
Hear from you o' th' gallanting score :
For hard dry-bastings us'd to prove
The readiest remedies of love ;
Next a dry-diet ; but if those fail,
Yet this uneasy loop-hol'd jail,
In which y' are hamper'd by the fetlock,
Cannot but put y' in mind of wedlock :
Wedlock, that's worse than any hole here,
If that may serve you for a cooler ;
T' allay your mettle, all agog
Upon a wife, the heavier clog :
Nor rather thank your gentler fate,
That for a bruis'd or broken pate
Has freed you from those knobs that grow
Much harder on the marry'd brow ;
But if no dread can cool your courage,
From vent'ring on that dragen, marriage,
Yet give me quarter, and advance
To nobler aims your puissance :
Level at beauty and at wit ;
The fairest mark is easiest hit.
Quoth Hudibras, I'm beforehand
In that already, with your command ;

For where does beauty and high wit
But in your constellation meet?

Quoth she, What does a match imply,
But likeness and equality? 670

I know you cannot think me fit
To be th' yoke-fellow of your wit;
Nor take one of so mean deserts,
To be the partner of your parts;
A grace, which, if I cou'd believe,
I've not the conscience to receive. 675

That conscience, quoth Hudibras,
Is misinform'd: I'll state the case:
A man may be a legal donor
Of any thing whereof he's owner,
And may confer it where he lists,
I' th' judgment of all casuists;
Then wit, and parts, and valour, may
Be ali'nated, and made away,
By those that are proprietors,
As I may give or sell my horse. 685

Quoth she, I grant the case is true,
And proper 'twixt your horse and you;
But whether I may take as well
As you may give away or sell? 690
Buyers, you know, are bid beware;
And worse than thieves receivers are.
How shall I answer hue and cry,
For a roan-gelding, twelve hands high,
All spurr'd and switch'd, a lock on 's hoof, 695
A sorrel mane? Can I bring proof
Where, when, by whom, and what y' were sold
And in the open market toll'd for? [for,
Or should I take you for a stray,
You must be kept a year and day 700
(Ere I can own you) here i' th' pound,
Where, if y' are sought, you may be found:
And in the meantime I must pay
For all your provender and hay.

Quoth he, It stands me much upon
T' enervate this objection,
And prove myself, by topic clear,
No gelding, as you would infer. 705

Less of virility's averr'd
To be the cause of less of beard, 719
That does (like embryo in the womb)
Abortive on the chin become.
This first a woman did invent,
In envy of man's ornament;
Semiramis of Babylon, 715
Who first of all cut men e' th' stene,
To mar their beards, and lay foundation
Of sow-geldering operation.
Look on this beard, and tell me whether
Eunuchs wear such, or geldings either?
Next it appears I am no horse;
That I can argue and discourse;
I have but two legs, and ne'er a tail.
Quoth she, That nothing will avail;
For some philosophers of late here, 725
Write men have four legs by nature,
And that 'tis custom makes them go
Erron'eously upon but two;
As 'twas in Germany made good
B' a boy that lost himself in a wood,
And growing down t' a man, was wont
With wolves upon all four to hunt.
As for your reasons drawn from tails,
We cannot say they're true or false,
Till you explain yourself, and shew, 735
B' experiment, 'tis so or no.
Quoth he, If you'll join issue on't,
I'll give you satisfactory account;
So you will promise, if you lese,
To settle all, and be my spouse. 740

715. Semiramis, queen of Assyria, is said to be the first that invented eunuchs. 'Semiramis teneros mares castravit omnium prima.' Am. Marcel. 1. 34. p. 12. Which is something strange in a lady of her constitution, who is said to have received horses into her embraces; but that, perhaps, may be the reason why she afterwards thought men not worth the while.

725. Sir K. D. in his Book of Bodies, who has this story of the German Boy, which he endeavours to make good by several natural reasons; by which those who have the dexterity to believe what they please may be fully satisfied of the probability of it.

That never shall be done (quoth she)
 To one that wants a tail, by me :
 For tails by nature sure were meant,
 As well as beards for ornament :
 And though the vulgar count them homely, 745
 In men or beast they are so comely,
 So jantee, alamode, and handsome,
 I'll never marry man that wants one ;
 And till you can demonstrate plain,
 You have one equal to your mane, 759
 I'll be torn piecemeal by a horse,
 Ere I'll take you for better or worse.
 The Prince of Cambay's daily feed
 Is asp, and basilisk, and toad,
 Which makes him have so strong a breath, 755
 Each night he stinks a queen to death ;
 Yet I shall rather lie in 's arms
 Than yours, on any other terms.

Quoth he, What nature can afford
 I shall produce, upon my wrod ;
 And if she ever gave that boon 760
 To man, I'll prove that I have one ;
 I mean by postulate illation,
 When you shall offer just occasion :
 But since y' have yet deny'd to give 765
 My heart, your pris'ner, a reprieve,
 But make it sink down to my heel,
 Let that at least your pity feel ;
 And, for the sufferings of your martyr,
 Give its poor entertainer quarter ; 770
 And, by discharge or mainprize, grant
 Deliv'ry from this base restraint.

Quoth she, I grieve to see your leg
 Stuck in a hole here like a peg ;
 And if I knew which way to do't, 775
 (Your honour safe) I'd let you cut.
 That dames by jail delivery
 Of errant-knights have been set free,
 When by enchantment they have been,
 And sometimes for it, too, laid in,
 Is that which knights are bound to do.
 By order, oath, and honour too :

For what are they renoun'd and famous else,
But aiding of distressed damosels?
But for a lady, no ways errant, 785
To free a knight, we have no warrant
In any authentical romance,
Or classic author yet of France;
And I'd be loth to have you break
An ancient custom for a freak, 790
Or innovation introduce
In place of things of antique use,
To free your heels by any course,
That might b' unwholesome to your spurs;
Which, if I should consent unto, 795
It is not in my pow'r to do;
For 'tis a service must be done ye
With solemn previous ceremony,
Which always has been us'd t' untie
The charms of those who here do lie: 800
For as the ancients heretofore
To Honour's temple had no door
But that which through Virtue's lay,
So from this dungeon there's no way
To honour'd freedom, but by passing 805
That other virtuous school of lashing,
Where knights are kept in narrow lists,
With wooden lockets 'bout their wrists;
In which they for a while are tenants,
And for their ladies suffer penance: 810
Whipping, that's Virtue's governess,
Tut'ress of arts and sciences;
That mends the gross mistakes of Nature,
And puts new life into dull matter;
That lays foundation for renown, 815
And all the honours of the gown.
This suffer'd, they are set at large,
And freed with hon'able discharge.
Then in their robes the penitentials
Are straight presented with credentials, 820
And in their way attended on
By magistrates of ev'ry town:
And, all respect and charges paid,
They're to their ancient seats convey'd.

Now if you'll venture, for my sake, 825
 To try the toughness of your back,
 And suffer (as the rest have done)
 The laying of a whipping on
 (And may you prosper in your suit,
 As you with equal vigour do't,) 830
 I here engage myself to loose ye,
 And free your heels from 'Caperdewrie.
 But since our sex's modesty
 Will not allow I should be by,
 Bring me, on gath, a fair account, 835
 And honour too, when you have done't,
 And I'll admit you to the place
 You claim as due in my good grace.
 If matrimony and hanging go
 By dest'ny, why not whipping too? 840
 What mad'eine else can cure the fits
 Of lovers when they lose their wits?
 Love is a boy by poets styl'd;
 Then spare the rod, and spoil the child.
 A Persian emperor whipp'd his grannam, 845
 The sea, his mother Venus came on;
 And hence some rev'rend men approve
 Of rosemary in making leye.
 As skilful coopers hoop their tubs
 With Lydian and with Phrygian dubs, 850
 Why may not whipping have as good
 A grace? perform'd in time and moed,
 With comely movement, and by art,
 Raise passion in a lady's heart?
 It is an easier way to make 855
 Love by, than that which many take.
 Who would not rather suffer whipping,
 Than swallow toasts of bits of ribbon?
 Make wicked verses, treats, and faces,
 And spell names over with beer-glasses; 860
 Be under vows to hang and die
 Love's sacrifice, and all a lie?
 With China-oranges, and tarts,
 And whining plays, lay baits for hearts?

845. Xerxes, who used to whip the seas and wind.

* In eorum atque Eurum solitus emere flagellis.' Juv.
 Sat. 10.

Bribe chamber-maids, with love and money, 865
 To break no roguish jests upon ye?
 For lilies limn'd on cheeks, and roses,
 With painted perfumes, hazard noses?
 Or, vent'ring to be brisk and wanton,
 Do penance in a paper lantern? 870
 All this you may compound for now,
 By suffering what I offer you;
 Which is no more than has been done
 By knights for ladies long agone.
 Did not the great La Mancha do so 875
 For the Infanta del Toboso?
 Did not th' illustrious Bassa make
 Himself a slave for Miss's sake?
 And with bull's pizzle, for her love,
 Was taw'd as gentle as a glove? 880
 Was not young Florio sent (to cool
 His flame for Biancifiore) to school,
 Where pedant made his pathic bum
 For her sake suffer martyrdom?
 Did not a certain lady whip 885
 Of late her husband's own lordship?
 And though a grandee of the house,
 Claw'd him with fundamental blows;
 Ty'd him stark naked to a bed-post,
 And firk'd his hide, as if sh' had rid post; 890
 And after in the sessions-court,
 Where whipping's judg'd, had honour for't;
 This swear you will perform and then
 I'll set you from the enchanted den,
 And the magician's circle clear. 895

Quoth he, I do profess and swear,
 And will perform what you enjoin,
 Or may I never see you mine.

Amen (quoth she;) then turn'd about,
 And bid her Squire let him out. 900
 But ere an artist could be found
 To undo the charms another bound,
 The sun grew low, and left the skies,
 Put down (some writè) by ladies' eyes.
 The moon pull'd off her veil of light, 905
 That hides her face by day from sight

(Mysterious veil, of brightness made,
That's both her lustre and her shade,) And in the lantern of the night
With shining horns hung out her light ; 910
For darkness is the proper sphere,
Where all false glories use t' appear.
The twinkling stars began to muster,
And glitter with their borrow'd lustre,
While sleep the weary'd world reliev'd, 915
By counterfeiting death reviv'd.
His whipping penance till the morn
Our vot'ry thought it best t' adjourn,
And not to carry on a work
Of such importance in the dark, 920
With erring haste, but rather stay,
And do't in the open face of day ;
And in the mean time go in quest
Of next retreat to take his rest.

CANTO II.

The Knight and Squire, in hot dispute,
Within an ace of falling out,
Are parted with a sudden fright
Of strange alarm, and stranger sight ;
With which adventuring to stickle,
They're sent away in nasty pickle.

'Tis strange how some men's tempers sui.
(Like bawd and brandy) with dispute,
That for their own opinions stand fast
Only to have them claw'd and canvast ;
That keep their consciences in cases, 5
As fiddlers do their crowds and bases,
Ne'er to be us'd but when they're bent
To play a fit for argument ;
Make true and false, unjust and just,
Of no use but to be discust ; 10
Dispute, and set a paradox
Like a strait boot upon the stocks,
And stretch it more unmercifully
Than Helmont, Montaigne, White, or Tully.

So th' ancient Stoics, in their porch, 15
 With fierce dispute maintain'd their church ;
 Beat out their brains in fight and study,
 To prove that virtue is a body ;
 That bonum is an animal,
 Made good with stout polemic brawl ; 20
 In which some hundreds on the place
 Were slain outright ; and many a face
 Retrench'd of nose, and eyes, and beard,
 To maintain what their sect averr'd.
 All which the Knight and Squire, in wrath, 25
 Had like t' have suffer'd for their faith ;
 Each striving to make good his own,
 As by the sequel shall be shown.

The sun had long sinnee, in the lap
 Of Thetis, taken out his nap, 30
 And, like a lobster boil'd, the morn
 From black to red began to turn,
 When Hudibras, whom thoughts and aking
 'Twixt sleeping kept all night and waking,
 Began to rub his drowsy eyes, 35
 And from his couch prepar'd to rise,
 Resolving to dispatch the deed
 He vow'd to do with trusty speed :
 But first, with knocking loud, and bawling,
 He rous'd the Squire, in truckle lolling : 40
 And, after many circumstances,
 Which vulgar authors, in romances,
 Do use to spend their time and wits on,
 To make impertinent description,
 They got (with much ado) to horse, 45
 And to the castle bent their course,
 In which he to the dame before
 To suffer whipping duly swore :

15. 'In porticu (Stoicorum Schola Athenis) discipulorum seditionibus mille quadringenti triginta cives interfecti sunt.' Diog. Laert. in vita Zenonis, p. 383. Those old virtuosos were better proficients in these exercises than modern, who seldom improve higher than cuffing and kicking.

19. Bonum is such a kind of animal as our modern virtuous from Don Quixote will have windmills, under sail, to be. The same authors are of opinion, that all ships are fishes while they are afloat ; but when they are run on ground, or laid up in the dock, become ships again.

Where now arriv'd, and half unharnest,
To carry on the work in earnest,
He stopp'd, and paus'd upon the sudden,
And with a serious forehead plodding,
Sprung a new scruple in his head,
Which first he scratch'd, and after said—
Whether it be direct infringing
An oath, if I should wave this swingeing,
And what I've sworn to bear, forbear,
And so b' equivocation swear,
Or whether it be a lesser sin
To be forsworn than act the thing,
Are deep and subtle points, which must,
T' inform my conscience, be discust;
In which to err a little may
To errors infinite make way:
And therefore I desire to know
Thy judgment ere we farther go.

Quoth Ralph, Since you do enjoin't,
I shall enlarge upon the point;
And, for my own part, do not doubt
Th' affirmativ may be made out.

But first, to state the case aright,
For best advantage of our light,
And thus 'tis: Whether 't be a sin
To claw and curry your own skin,
Greater or less, than to forbear,
And that you are forsworn, forswear.
But first, o' th' first: The inward man,
And outward, like a clan and clan,
Have always been at daggers-drawing,
And one another clapper-clawing.
Not that they really cuff, or fence,
But in a spiritual mystic sense;
Which to mistake, and make 'em squabble,
In literal fray 's abominable.
"Tis heathenish, in frequent use
With Pagans and apostate Jews,
To offer sacrifice of bridewells,
Like modern Indians to their idols;
And mongrel Christians of our times,
That expiate less with greater crimes,

50

55

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And call the foul abomination
Contrition and mortification.
Is 't not enough we're bruis'd and kicked
With sinful members of the wicked ;

Our vessels, that are sanctify'd, 95
Profan'd and curry'd back and side ;
But we must claw ourselves with shameful
And heathen stripes, by their example ;
Which (were there nothing to forbid it)
Is impious, because they did it : 100
This, therefore, may be justly reckon'd
A heinous sin. Now to the second :
That saints may claim a dispensation
To swear and forswear, on occasion,
I doubt not but it will appear 105
With pregnant light : the point is clear.
Oaths are but words, and words but wind ;
Too feeble implements to bind ;
And hold with deeds proportion so
As shadows to a substance do. 110
Then when they strive for place, 'tis fit
The weaker vessel should submit.
Although your church be opposite
To ours as Black Friars are to White,
In rule and order, yet I grant, 115
You are a Reformado Saint ;
And what the saints do claim as due,
You may pretend a title to :
But saints whom oaths and vows oblige,
Know little of their privilege ; 120
Farther (I mean) than carrying on
Some self-advantage of their own ;
For if the dev'l, to serve his turn,
Can tell truth, why the saints should scorn,
When it serves theirs, to swear and lie, 125
I think there's little reason why :
Else h' has a greater power than they,
Which 'twere impiety to say.
W' are not commanded to forbear
Indefinitely at all to swear ; 130
But to swear idly, and in vain,
Without self-interest or gain :

For breaking of an oath, and lying,
Is but a kind of self-denying ;

A saint-like virtue : and from hence 135
Some have broke oaths by Providence ;
Some, to the glory of the Lord,
Perjur'd themselves, and broke their word ;
And this the constant rule and practice
Of all our late Apostles' acts is. 140

Was not the cause at first begun
With perjury, and carried on ?
Was there an oath the godly took,
But in due time and place they broke ? 145

Did we not bring our oaths in first,
Before our plate, to have them burst,
And cast in fitter models for
The present use of church and war ?
Did not our worthies of the house,
Before they broke the peace, break vows ? 150

For having freed us first from both
Th' allegiance and suprem'cy oath,
Did they not next compel the nation
To take and break the protestation ?
To swear, and after to recant 155

The solemn league and covenant ?
To take th' engagement, and disclaim it,
Enforc'd by those who first did frame it ?
Did they not swear, at first, to fight
For the king's safety and his right, 160

And after march'd to find him out,
And charg'd him home with horse and foot ;
But yet still had the confidence
To swear it was in his defence .
Did they not swear to live and die 165

With Essex, and straight laid him by ?
If that were all, for some have swore
As false as they, if th' did no more.
Did they not swear to maintain law,
In which that swearing made a flaw ? 170

For Protestant religion vow,
That did that vowed disallow ?
For privilege of Parliament,
In which that swearing made a rent ?

PART II.—CANTO II.

And since, of all the three, not one
Is left in being, 'tis well known. 175
Did they not swear, in express words,
To prop and back the House of Lords,
And after turn'd out the whole house-full
Of peers, as dang'rous and unuseful? 180
So Cromwell, with deep oaths and vows,
Swo're all the Commons out o' th' House;
Vow'd that the red-coats would disband,
Ay, marry wou'd they, at their command;
And troll'd them on, and swo're, and swo're, 185
Till th' army turn'd them out of door.
This tells us plainly what they thought,
That oaths and swearing go for nought,
And that by them th' were only meant
To serve for an expedient. 190

What was the public faith found out for,
But to slur men of what they fought for?
The public faith, which ev'ry one
Is bound t' observe, yet kept by none;
And if that go for nothing, why 195
Should private faith have such a tie?
Oaths were not purpos'd, more than law,
To keep the good and just in awe,
But to confine the bad and sinful,
Like moral cattle, in a pinfold. 200

A saint's of th' heav'ly realm a peer;
And as no peer is bound to swear,
But on the gospel of his honour,
Of which he may dispose as owner
It follows, though the thing be forgery, 205

And false, t' affirm it is no perjury,
But a mere ceremony, and a breach
Of nothing, but a form of speech;
And goes for no more when 'tis took,
Than mere saluting of the book. 210

Suppose the Scriptures are of force,
They're but commissions of course,
And saints have freedom to digest,
And vary from 'em, as they please;
Or misinterpret them, by private 215
Instructions, to all aims they drive at.

Then why should we ourselves abridge
And curtail our own privilege?
Quakers (that, like to lanterns, bear
Their light within 'em) will not swear: 220
Their gospel is an accident,
By which they construe conscience,
And hold no sin so deeply red,
As that of breaking Priscian's head
(The head and founder of their order, 225
That stirring hats held worse than murder);
These thinking th' are obliged to troth
In swearing, will not take an oath:
Like mules, who, if th' have not their will
To keep their own pace, stand stock-still: 230
But they are weak, and little know
What free-born consciences may do.
'Tis the temptation of the devil
That makes all human actions evil:
For saints may do the same things by 235
The Spirit, in sincerity,
Which other men are tempted to,
And at the devil's instance do;
And yet the actions be contrary,
Just as the saints and wicked vary. 240
For as on land there is no beast
But in some fish at sea's express,
So in the wicked there's no vice
Of which the saints have not a spice;
And yet that thing that's pious in 245
The one, in th' other is a sin.
Is't not ridiculous, and nonsense,
A saint should be a slave to conscience,
That ought to be above such fancies,
As far as above ordinances? 250
She's of the wicked, as I guess,
B' her looks, her language, and her dress:
And though, like constables, we search,
For false wares, one another's church,
Yet all of us hold this for true, 255
No faith is to the wicked due:
For truth is precious and divine;
Too rich a pearl for carnal swine.

PART II.—CANTO II.

131

Quoth Hudibras, All this is true ;
 Yet 'tis not fit that all men knew
 Those mysteries and revelations ;
 And therefore topical evasions
 Of subtle turns and shifts of sense
 Serve best with th' wicked for pretence ;
 Such as the learned Jesuits use, 260
 And Presbyterians, for excuse
 Against the Protestants, when th' happen
 To find their churches taken napping :
 As thus : A breach of oath is duple,
 And either way admits a scruple,
 And may be ex parte of the maker,
 More criminal than the injur'd taker ;
 For he that strains too far a vow,
 Will break it, like an o'er-bent bow :
 And he that made, and forc'd it, broke it, 275
 Not he that for convenience took it.
 A broken oath is, quatenus oath,
 As sound t' all purposes of troth,
 As broken laws are ne'er the worse ;
 Nay, till th' are broken have no force. 280
 What's justice to a man, or laws,
 That never comes within their claws ?
 They have no pow'r, but to admonish ;
 Cannot control, coerce, or punish ;
 Until they're broken, and then touch 285
 Those only that do make 'em such.
 Beside, no engagement is allow'd
 By men in prison made for good ;
 For when they're set at liberty,
 They're from th' engagement too set free. 290
 The rabbins write, when any Jew
 Did make to God or man, a vow,
 Which afterward he found untoward,
 And stubborn to be kept, or too hard,
 Any three other Jews o' th' nation 295
 Might free him from the obligation ;
 And have not two saints pow'r to use
 A greater privilege than three Jews ?
 The court of conscience, which in man
 Should be supreme and sovereign, 300

Is't fit should be subordinate
 To ev'ry petty court i' th' state,
 And have less power than the lesser,
 To deal with perjury at pleasure;
 Have its proceedings disallow'd, or
 Allow'd, at fancy of Pye-Powder? 385
 Tell all it does, or does not know,
 For swearing ex-officio?
 Be forc'd t' impeach a broken hedge,
 And pigs unring'd at Vis. Franc. Pledge? 310
 Discover thieves, and bawds, recusants,
 Priests, witches, eves-droppers, and nuisance;
 Tell who did play at games unlawful,
 And who fill'd pots of ale but half full;
 And have no pow'r at all, no shift, 315
 To help itself at a dead lift?
 Why should not conscience have vacation
 As well as other courts o' th' nation;
 Have equal power to adjourn,
 Appoint appearance and return: 390
 And make as nice distinction serve
 To split a case, as those that carve,
 Invoking cuckolds' names, hit joints?
 Why should not tricks as slight do points?
 Is not th' High-Court of Justice sworn 395
 To judge that law that serves their turn?
 Make their own jealousies high treason,
 And fix 'em whomsoe'er they please on?
 Cannot the learned counsel there
 Make laws in any shape appear? 430
 Mould 'em as witches do their clay,
 When they make pictures to destroy,
 And vex 'em into any form
 That fits their purpose to do harm?
 Rack 'em until they do confess, 435
 Impeach of treason whom they please,
 And most perfidiously condemn
 Those that engag'd their lives for them?
 And yet do nothing in their own sense,
 But what they ought by oath and conscience.
 Can they not juggle, and with slight 341
 Conveyance, play with wrong and right.

And sell their blasts of wind as dear
As Lapland witches bottled air?
Will not fear, favour, bribe, and grudge, 345
The same case several ways adjudge?
As seamen with the self-same gale,
With sev'ral diff'rent courses sail.
As when the sea breaks o'er its bounds,
And overflows the level grounds, 350
Those banks and dams, that, like a screen,
Did keep it out, now keep it in;
So when tyrannic usurpation
Invades the freedom of a nation,
The laws o' th' land, that were intended 355
To keep it out, are made defend it.
Does not in Chanc'ry ev'ry man swear
What makes best for him in his answer?
Is not the winding up witnesses
And nicking more than half the bus'ness? 360
For witnesses, like watches, go
Just as they're set, too fast or slow;
And where in conscience they're strait-lac'd,
'Tis ten to one that side is cast.
Do not your juries give their verdict 365
As if they felt the cause, not heard it?
And as they please, make matter o' fact
Rul'd all on one side, as they're packt?
Nature has made man's breast no windores,
To publish what he does within doors, 370
Nor what dark secrets there inhabit,
Unless his own rash fury blab it.
If oaths can do a man no good
In his own bus'ness, why they should
In other matters do him hurt, 375
I think there's little reason for't.
He that imposes an oath makes it,
Not he that for convenience takes it:
Then how can any man be said
To break an oath he never made? 380
These reasons may, perhaps, look oddly
To the wicked, though th' evince the godly;
But if they will not serve to clear
My honour, I am ne'er the near.

Honour is like that glassy bubble 325
 That finds philosophers such trouble,
 Whose least part crack'd, the whole does fly,
 And wits are crack'd to find out why.

Quoth Ralph, Honour's but a word
 To swear by only in a lord: 390
 In other men, 'tis but a huff
 To vapour with, instead of proof;
 That, like a wen, looks big and swells,
 Is senseless, and just nothing else.

Let it (quoth he) be what it will, 395
 It has the world's opinion still.
 But as men are not wise that run
 The slightest hazards they may shun,
 There may a medium be found out
 To clear to all the world the doubt; 400
 And that is, if a man may do't;
 By proxy whipt, or substitute.

Though nice and dark the point appear
 (Quoth Ralph,) it may hold up and clear.
 That sinners may supply the place 405
 Of suff'ring saints is a plain case.
 Justice gives sentence many times
 On one man for another's crimes.

Our brethren of New England use
 Choice malefactors to excuse, 410
 And hang the guiltless in their stead,
 Of whom the churches have less need;
 As lately 't happen'd: In a town
 There liv'd a cobbler, and but one,
 That out of doctrine could cut use, 415
 And mend men's lives as well as shoes.
 This precious brother having slain,
 In time of peace, an Indian
 (Not out of malice, but mere zeal,
 Because he was an infidel,) 420
 The mighty Tottipottymoy
 Sent to our elders an envoy,
 Complaining sorely of the breach
 Of league held forth by brother Patch

413. The history of the cobbler had been attested by persons of good credit, who were upon the place when it was done.

PART II.—CANTO II.

125

Against the articles in force 425
 Between both churches, his and ours;
 For which he crav'd the saints to render
 Into his hands or hang th' offender:
 But they maturely having weigh'd
 They had no more but him o' th' trade, 430
 (A man that serv'd them in a double
 Capacity, to teach and cobble),
 Resolv'd to spare him; yet, to do
 The Indian Hoghgan Moghgan too
 Impartial justice, in his stead did
 Hang an old weaver, that was bed-rid.
 Then wherefore may not you be skipp'd,
 And in your room another whipp'd?
 For all philes'phers, but the sceptic,
 Hold whipping may be sympathetic. 435
 It is enough, quoth Hudibras,
 Thou hast resolv'd and clear'd the case;
 And canst, in conscience, not refuse
 From thy own doctrine to raise use.
 I know thou wilt not (for my sake) 440
 Be tender conscienc'd of thy back:
 Then strip thee of thy carnal jerkin,
 And give thy outward-fellow a ferkling;
 For when thy vessel is new hoop'd,
 All leaks of sinning will be stopp'd. 445
 Quoth Ralpho, You mistake the matter;
 For in all scruples of this nature,
 No man includes himself, nor turns
 The point upon his own concerns.
 As no man of his own self catches 450
 The itch, or amorous French aches;
 So no man does himself convince,
 By his own doctrine, of his sins:
 And though all cry down self, none means
 His own self in a literal sense. 455
 Beside, it is not only foppish,
 But vile, idolatrous and popish,
 For one man, out of his own skin,
 To ferk and whip another's sin;
 As pedants out of school-boys' breeches 460
 Do claw and curry their own itches.

But in this case it is profane,
And sinful too, because in vain:
For we must take our oaths upon it,
You did the deed, when I have done it, 470

Quoth Hudibras, That's answer'd soon:
Give us the whip, we'll lay it on.

Quoth Ralph, That we may swear true,
'Twere properer that I whipp'd you:
For when with your censem 'tis done, 475
The act is really your own.

Quoth Hudibras, It is in vain
(I see) to argue 'gainst the grain;
Or, like the stars, incline men to
What they're averse themselves to do: 480
For when disputes are weary'd out,
The interest still resolves the doubt:
But since no reason can confute ye,
I'll try to force you to your duty;
For so it is, howe'er you mince it, 485

As, ere we part, I shall evince it,
And curry (if you stand out) whether
You will or no, your stubborn leather.
Canst thou refuse to bear thy part
I' th' publick work, base as thou art? 490

To higgle thus for a few blows,
To gain thy knight an op'lent spouse,
Whose wealth has bowels yearn to purchase,
Merely for th' interest of the churches?

And when he has it in his claws 495
Will not be hide-bound to the cause:
Nor shalt thou find him a curmudgeon,
If thou dispatch it without grudging:
If not, resolve, before we go,
That you and I must pull a crow. 500

Y' had best, (quoth Ralph) as the ancients
Say wisely, have a care o' th' main chance,
And look before you ere you leap;
For as you sow, y' are like to reap:
And were y' as good as George-a-Green, 505
I shall make bold to turn agen:
Nor am I doubtful of the issue
In a just quarrel, and mine is so.

Is 't fitting for a man of honour
 To whip the saints, like Bishop Bonner? 510
 A Knight t' usurp the beadle's office,
 For which y' are like to raise brave trophies?
 But I advise you (not for fear,
 But for your own sake) to forbear;
 And for the churches, which may chance, 515
 From hence, to spring a variance,
 And raise among themselves new scruples,
 Whom common danger hardly couples.
 Remember how, in arms and politics,
 We still have worsted all your holy tricks; 520
 Trepann'd your party with intrigue,
 And took your grandees down a peg;
 New modell'd th' army, and cashier'd
 All that to legion SMEC adher'd;
 Made a mere utensil o' your church, 525
 And after left it in the lurch;
 A scaffold to build up our own,
 And, when w' had done with't, pull'd it down;
 Capoch'd your rabbins of the synod,
 And snapp'd their canons with a why-not? 530
 (Grave synod men, that were rever'd
 For solid face, and depth of beard;)
 Their classic model prov'd a maggot,
 Their direct'ry an Indian Pagod;
 And drown'd their discipline like a kitten, 535
 On which they'd been so long a sitting;
 Decry'd it as a holy cheat,
 Grown out of date, and obsolete;
 And all the saints of the first grass,
 As' castling foals of Balaam's ass. 540

At this the Knight grew high in chafe,
 And staring furiously on Ralph,
 He trembled, and look'd pale with ire;
 Like ashes first, their red as fire.
 Have I (quoth he) been ta'en in fight, 545
 And for so many moons lain by't,
 And, when all other means did fail,
 Have been exchang'd for tubs of ale?

548. The Knight was kept prisoner in Exeter, and, after several exchanges propos'd, but none accepted of

Not but they thought me worth a ransom
 Much more consid'able and handsome, 550
 But for their own sakes, and for fear
 They were not safe when I was there ;
 Now to be baffled by a scoundrel,
 An upstart sect'ry, and a mongrel,
 Such as breed out of peccant humours 555
 Of our own church, like wens or tumours,
 And, like a maggot in a sore,
 Would that which gave it life devour ;
 It never shall be done or said :
 With that he seiz'd upon his blade ; 560
 And Ralph too, as quick and bold,
 Upon his basket-hilt laid hold,
 With equal readiness prepar'd
 To draw, and stand upon his guard ;
 When both were parted on the sudden, 565
 With hideous clamour, and a loud one,
 As if all sorts of noise had been
 Contracted into one loud din ;
 Or that some member to be chosen
 Had got the odds above a thousand, 570
 And, by the greatness of his noise,
 Prov'd fittest for his country's choice.
 This strange surprisal put the Knight
 And wrathful Squire into a fright ;
 And though they stood prepar'd, with fatal 575
 Impetuous rancour to join battle,
 Both thought it was the wisest course
 To wave the fight and mount to horse,
 And to secure, by swift retreating,
 Themselves from danger of worse beating. 580
 Yet neither of them would disparage,
 By utt'ring of his mind, his courage ;
 Which made them stoutly keep their ground,
 With horror and disdain wihd-bound.
 And now the cause of all their fear 585
 By slow degrees approach'd so near,
 They might distinguish different noise
 Of horns, and pans, and dogs, and boys,

was at last released for a barrel of ale, as he often used
 to declare.

PART II.—CANTO II.

130

And kettle-drums, whose sullen dub
Sounds like the hooping of a tub. 590

But when the sight appear'd in view,
They found it was an antique show;
A triumph, that, for pomp and state,
Did proudest Romans emulate :
For as the aldermen of Rome 595

Their foes at training overcome,
And not enlarging territory
(As some mistaken write in story),
Being mounted, in their best array,
Upon a car, and who but they ! 600

And follow'd with a world of tall-lads,
That merry ditties troll'd, and ballads,
Did ride with many a good-morrow, [borough;
Crying, ' Hey for our town ! ' through the
So when this triumph drew so nigh 605

They might particulars descry,
They never saw two things so pat,
In all respects, as this and that.
First he that led the cavalcate
Wore a sow-gelder's flagellate, 610

On which he blew as strong a levet
As well-fee'd lawyer on his breviate,
When over one another's heads
They charge (three ranks at once) like Sweden.
Next pans and kettles of all keys, 615

From trebles down to double base;
And after them, upon a nag,
That might pass for a forehand stag,
A cornet rode, and on his staff
A smock display'd did proudly wave. 620

Then bagpipes of the loudest drones,
With snuffling broken-winded tones,
Whose blasts of air, in pockets shut,
Sound filthier than from the gut,
And make a viler noise than swine 625

In windy weather, when they whine.
Next one upon a pair of panniers,
Full fraught with that which for good manners
Shall here be nameless, mixt with grains,
Which he dispense'd among the swains, 630

And busily upon the crowd
 At random round about bestow'd.
 Then, mounted on a horned horse,
 One bore a gauntlet and gilt spurs,
 Ty'd to the pummel of a long sword 635
 He held reverst, the point furn'd downward.
 Next after, on a raw-bon'd steed,
 The conqueror's standard-bearer rid,
 And bore aloft before the champion
 A petticoat display'd, and rampant; 640
 Near whom the Amazon triumphant
 Bestrid her beast, and on the rump on't
 Sat face to tail, and bum to bum,
 The warrior whilom overcome,
 Arm'd with a spindle and a distaff, 645
 Which, as he rode, she made him twist off;
 And when he loiter'd, o'er her shoulder
 Chastis'd the reformado soldier.
 Before the dame, and round about,
 March'd whifflers and staffiers on foot, 650
 With lackies, grooms, valets, and pages,
 In fit and proper equipages;
 Of whom some torches bore, some links,
 Before the proud virago minx,
 That was both Madam and a Don, 655
 Like Nero's Sporus, or Pope Joan;
 And at fit periods the whole rout
 Set up their throats with clamorous shout.
 The Knight, transported, and the Squire,
 Put up their weapons, and their ire; 660
 And Hudibras, who us'd to ponder
 On such sights with judicious wonder,
 Could hold no longer to impart
 His animadversions, for his heart.
 Quoth he, In all my life, till now, 665
 I ne'er saw so profane a show.
 It is a Paganish invention,
 Which heathen writers often mention:
 And he who made it had read Goodwin,
 Or Ross, or Cælius Rhodogine, 670
 With all the Grecian Speeds and Stows,
 That best describe those ancient shows;

And has observ'd all fit decorums
We find describ'd by old historians :
For as the Roman conqueror, 675
That put an end to foreign war,
Ent'ring the town in triumph for it,
Bore a slave with him, in his chariot ;
So this insulting female brave
Carries behind her here a slave :
And as the ancients long ago, 680
When they in field defy'd the foe,
Hung out their mantles della guerna,
So her proud standard-bearer here
Waves on his spear, in dreadful manner, 685
A Tyrian petticoat for banner.
Next links and torches, heretofore
Still borne before the emperor :
And as, in antique triumphs, eggs
Were borne for mystical intrigues, 690
There's one with truncheon, like a ladle,
That carries eggs too, fresh or addle ;
And still at random, as he goes,
Among the rabble-rout bestows.

Quoth Ralph, You mistake the matter ; 695
For all th' antiquity you smatter
Is but a riding us'd of course,
When the gray mare's the better horse ;
When o'er the breeches greedy woman
Fight to extend their vast dominion ; 700
And in the cause impatient Grizel
Has drubb'd her husband with bull's pizzle,
And brought him under covert-baron,
To turn her vassal with a murrain ;
When wives their sexes shift, like hares, 705
And ride their husbands like night-mares,
And they, in mortal battle vanquish'd,
Are of their charter disenfranchis'd,

678. ——⁴ Et sibi consul

Me placeat, curru servus portatur eodem.

683. ' Tunica Coccinea solebat pridie quam dimicaret
dum esset, supra praetorium poni, quasi admonitio, et
indicium future pugnae.' Lipsius in Tacit. p. 56.

687. That the Roman emperors were wont to have
torches borne before them (by day) in public, appears
by Herodian in Pertinaces. Lips. in Tacit. p. 16.

And by the right of war, like gills,
Condemn'd to distaff, horns, and wheels: 710
For when men by their wives are cow'd,
Their horns of course are understood.

Quoth Hudibras, Thou still giv'st sentence
Impertinently, and against sense.
'Tis not the least disparagement 715
To be defcated by th' event,
Nor to be beaten by main force;
That does not make a man the worse,
Although his shoulders with battoon
Be claw'd and cudgell'd to some tune. 720
A tailor's prentice has no hard
Measure, that's bang'd with a true yard:
But to turn tail, or run away,
And without blows give up the day,
Or to surrender ere th' assault, 725
That's no man's fortune, but his fault,
And renders men of honour less
Than all th' adversity of success;
And only unto such this show
Of horns and petticoats is due. 730
There is a lesser profanation,
Like that the Romans call'd ovation:
For as ovation was allow'd
For conquest purchas'd without blood,
So men decree these lesser shows 735
For victory gotten without blows,
By dint of sharp hard words, which some
Give battle with, and overcome;
These, mounted in a chair-curule,
Which moderns call a cucking-stool, 740
March proudly to the river's side,
And o'er the waves in triumph ride;
Like dukes of Venico, who are said
The Adriatic Sea to wed;
And have a gentler wife than those 745
For whom the state decrees those shows.
But both are heathenish, and come
From th' whores of Babylon and Rome,
And by the saints should be withheld,
As Antichristian and lewd; 750

And we as such, should now contribute
Our utmost strugglings to prohibit.

This said, they both advanc'd, and rode
A dog-trot through the bawling crowd,
T' attack the leader, and still prest, 755
Till they approach'd him breast to breast:
Then Hudibras, with face and hand,
Made signs for silence; which obtain'd,
What means (quoth he) the devil's procession
With men of orthodox profession? 760
'Tis ethnic and idolatrous,
From heathenism deriv'd to us.
Does not the Whore of Babylon ride
Upon her horned beast astride,
Like this proud dame, who either is 765
A type of her, or she of this?
Are things of superstitious function
Fit to be us'd in gospel sun-shine?
It is an Antichristian opera,
Much us'd in midnight times of Popery, 770
Of running after self-inventions
Of wicked and profane intentions;
To scandalize that sex for scolding,
To whom the saints are so beholden.
Women, who were our first apostles, 775
Without whose aid we had been lost else;
Women, that left no stone unturn'd
In which the cause might be concern'd;
Brought in their children's spoons and whistles,
To purchase swords, carbines, and pistols; 780
Their husbands, cullies, and sweet-hearts,
To take the saints' and churches' parts;
Drew several gifted brethren in,
That for the bishops would have been,
And fix'd 'em constant to the party, 785
With motives powerful and hearty;
Their husbands robb'd, and made hard shifts
T' administer unto their gifts
All they could rap, and rend and pilfer,
To scraps and ends of gold and silver; 790
Rubb'd down the teachers, tir'd and spent
With holding forth for Parliament:

Pamper'd and edify'd their zeal	
With marrow-puddings many a meal;	795
Enabled them, with store of meat,	
On controverted points to eat;	
And cram'm'd 'em, till their guts did ake,	
With cawdle, custard, and plum-cake:	
What have they done, or what left undone,	
That might advance the cause at London? 800	
March'd rank and file, with drum and ensign,	
T' intrench the city for defence in;	
Rais'd rampiers with their own soft hands,	
To put the enemy to stands;	
From ladies down to oyster-weachers, 805	
Labour'd like pioneers in trenches;	
Fell to their pick-axes, and tools,	
And help'd the men to dig like moles.	
Have not the handmaids of the city	
Chose of their members a committee,	810
For raising of a commen purse	
Out of their wages to raise horse?	
And do they not as triers sit,	
To judge what officers are fit?	
Have they —? At that an egg let fly 815	
Hit him directly o'er the eye,	
And running down his cheek, besmear'd	
With orange-tawny slime his beard;	
But beard and slime being of one hue,	
The wound the less appear'd in view. 820	
Then he that on the panniers rode,	
Let fly on th' other side a load,	
And quickly charg'd again, gave fully	
In Ralpho's face another volley.	
The Knight was startled with the smell, 825	
And for his sword began to feel;	
And Ralpho smother'd with the stink,	
Grasp'd his; when one that bore a link	
O' th' sudden clapp'd his flaming cudgel,	
Like linstock, to the horse's touch-hole;	830
And straight another with his flambeau,	
Gave Ralpho's o'er the eye a damn'd blow.	
The beasts began to kick and fling,	
And forc'd the rout to make a ring,	

PART II.—CANTO II. 12

Through which they quickly broke their way,
And brought them off from further fray ;
And though disorder'd in retreat,
Each of them stoutly kept his seat :
For, quitting both their swords and reins,
They grasp'd with all their strength the manes,
And, to avoid the foe's pursuit, 841
With spurring put their cattle to't ;
And till all four were out of wind,
And danger too, ne'er look'd behind.
After th' had paus'd a while, supplying 845
Their spirits, spent with fight and flying,
And Hudibras recruited force
Of lungs, for action or discourse ;
Quoth he, That man is sure to lose
That fouls his hands with dirty foes : 850
For where no honour's to be gain'd,
'Tis thrown away in b'ing maintain'd.
'Twas ill for us we had to do
With so dishonourable a foe :
For though the law of arms doth bar 855
The use of venom'd shot in war,
Yet, by the nauseous smell, and noisome,
Their case-shot savours strong of poison ;
And doubtless have been chew'd with teeth
Of some that had a stinking breath ; 860
Else, when we put it to the push,
They had not giv'n us such a brush.
But as those poltroons that fling dirt
Do but defile, but cannot hurt,
So all the heneur they have won, 865
Or we have lost, is much as one.
'Twas well we made so resolute
And brave retreat, without pursuit ;
For if we had not, we had sped
Much worse, to be in triumph led ; 870
Than which the ancients held no state
Of man's life more unfortunate.
But if this bold adventure e'er
Do chance to reach the widow's ear,
It may, b'ing destin'd to assert 875
Her sex's honour, reach her heart ;

And as such homely treats (they say)
 Portend good fortune, so this may.
 Vespasian being daub'd with dirt,
 Was destin'd to the empire for't ; 880
 And from a scavenger did come
 To be a mighty prince in Rome :
 And why may not this foul address
 Presage in love the same success ?
 Then let us straight, to cleanse our wounds,
 Advance in quest of nearest ponds ; 886
 And after (as we first design'd)
 Swear I've perform'd what she enjoin'd.

CANTO III.

The Knight, with various doubts posset,
 To win the Lady goes in quest
 Of Sidrophel, the Rosy-crucian,
 To know the dest'nes' resolution :
 With whom b'ing met, they both chop logic
 About the science astrologie :
 Till falling from dispute to fight,
 The Conjur'r's worsted by the Knight.

DOUBTLESS the pleasure is as great
 Of being cheated, as to cheat ;
 As lookers-on feel most delight,
 That least perceive a juggler's sleight ;
 And still the less they understand,
 The more th' admire his sleight of hand. 5

Some with a noise, and greasy light,
 Are snapt, as men catch larks by knight ;
 Ensnar'd and hamper'd by the soul,
 As nooses by the legs catch fowl. 10
 Some with a med'cine, and receipt,
 Are drawn to nibble at the bait ;
 And tho' it be a two-foot trout,
 'Tis with a single hair pull'd out.

Others believe no voice t' an organ 15
 So sweet as lawyer's in his bar-gown,

679. 'C. Caesar succensens, propter curam verrendis
 viles non adhibitam, luto juvasset oppieri congesto per mi-
 lites in praetexto sinum. Sueton. in Vespas. c. 5.

Until with subtle cobweb-cheats
 Th' are catch'd in knotted law, like nets;
 In which, when once they are imbrangled,
 The more they stir, the more they're tangled;
 And while their purses can dispute, 21
 There's no end of th' immortal suit.

Others still gape t' anticipate
 The cabinet-designs of fate;
 Apply to wizards to foresee 25
 What shall, and what shall never be;
 And, as those vultures do forebode,
 Believe events prove bad or good:

A flam more senseless than the roguery
 Of old aruspicy and aug'ry, 30
 That out of garbages of cattle
 Pressag'd th' events of truce or battle;

From flight of birds, or chickens pecking,
 Success of great'st attempts would reckon:
 Though cheats, yet more intelligible 35
 Than those that with the stars do fribble.

This Hudibras by proof found true,
 As in due time and place we'll shew:
 For he, with beard and face made clean,
 B'ing mounted on his steed agen 40
 (And Ralpho got a cock-Horse too

Upon his beast, with much ado),
 Advanc'd on for the Widow's house,
 To acquit himself, and pay his vows;
 When various thoughts began to bustle, 45
 And with his inward man to justle.

He thought what danger might accrue
 If she should find he swore untrue;
 Or, if his Squire or he should fail,
 And not be punctual in their tale, 50
 It might at once the ruin prove

Both of his honour, faith, and love.
 But if he should forbear to go,
 She might conclude h' had broke his vow;
 And that he durst not now, for shame, 55
 Appear in court to try his claim.

This was the pen'worth of his thought,
 To pass time, and uneasy trot,

Quoth he, In all my past adventures
 I ne'er was set so on the tenters ; 63
 Or taken tardy with dilemma,
 That ev'ry way I turn does hem me,
 And with inextricable doubt
 Besets my puzzled wits about :
 For tho' the dame liath been my bail, 65
 To free me from enchanted jail,
 Yet as a dog, committed close
 For some offence, by chance breaks loose,
 And quits his clog, but all in vain, 70
 He still draws after him his chain ;
 So, though my ankle she has quitted,
 My heart continues still committed :
 And like a bail'd and mainpriz'd lover, 75
 Altho' at large, I am bound over :
 And when I shall appear in court,
 To plead my cause, and answer for't, 80
 Unless the judge do partial prove,
 What will become of me and love ?
 For if in our account we vary,
 Or but in circumstance miscarry ; 85
 Or if she put me to strict proof,
 And make me pull my doublet off,
 To shew, by evident record
 Writ on my skin, I've kept my word :
 How can I e'er expect to have her, 90
 Having demurr'd unto her favour ?
 But faith, and love, and honour lost,
 Shall be reduc'd t' a Knight o' th' Post.
 Beside, that stripping may prevent
 What I'm to prove by argument, 95
 And justify I have a tail ;
 And that way, too, my proof may fail.
 Oh ! that I cou'd enucleate,
 And solve the problems of my fate ; 100
 Or find, by necromantic art,
 How far the dest'nes take my part !
 For if I were not more than certain
 To win and wear her, and her fortune,
 I'd go no farther in this courtship,
 To hazard soul, estate, and worship :

For though an oath obliges not
Where any thing is to be got,
(As thou hast prov'd), yet 'tis profane,
And sinful, when men swear in vain.

Quoth Ralph, Not far from hence doth dwell
A cunning man, hight Sidrophel, 106
That deals in destiny's dark counsels,
And sage opinions of the moon sells ;
To whom all people, far and near,
On deep importances repair ; 110
When brass and pewter hap to stray,
And linen slinks out of the way ;
When geese and pullet are seduc'd,
And sows of sucking-pigs are chows'd ;
When cattle feel indisposition, 115
And need th' opinion of physician ;
When murrain reigns in hogs or sheep,
And chickens languish of the pip ;
When yeast and outward means do fail,
And have no pow'r to work on ale ; 120
When butter does refuse to come,
And love proves cross and humorsome ;
To him with questions, and with urine,
They for discov'ry flock, or curing.

Quoth Hudibras, This Sidrophel 125
I've heard of, and should like it well,
If thou canst prove the saints have freedom
To go to sorc'rys when they need 'em.

Says Ralph, There's no doubt of that ;
Those principles I quoted late 130
Prove that the godly may allego.
For any thing their privilege ;
And to the dev'l himself may go,
If they have motives thereunto.
For, as there is a war between 135
The dev'l and them, it is no sin,
If they by subtle stratagem
Make use of him, as he does them.
Has not this present Parliament
A Ledger to the devil sent,

140. The witch-finder in Suffolk, who, in the Presbyterian times, had a commission to discover witches, of whom (right or wrong) he caused sixty to be hanged

Fully impower'd to treat about
Finding revolted witches out?
And has not he, within a year,
Hang'd threescore of 'em in one shire?
Some only for not being drown'd, 145
And some for sitting above ground,
Whole days and nights, upon their breeches,
And feeling pain, were hang'd for witches;
And some for putting knavish tricks
Upon green geese and turkey-chicks, 150
Or pigs, that suddenly deceast
Of griefs unnat'ral, as he guest;
Who after prov'd himself a witch,
And made a rod for his own breech.
Did not the devil appear to Martin 155
Luther in Germany for certain?
And wou'd have gull'd him with a trick,
But Martin was too politic.
Did he not help the Dutch to purge
At Antwerp their cathedral church? 160
Sing catches to the saints at Maseon,
And tell them all they came to ask him?
Appear'd in divers shapes to Kelly,
And speak i' th' Nun of Loudon's belly?

within the compass of one year; and, among the rest, the old minister, who had been a painful preacher for many years.

159. In the beginning of the civil wars of Flanders, the common people of Antwerp in a tumult broke open the cathedral church, to demolish images and shrines, and did so much mischief in a small time, that, Strada writes, there were several devils seen very busy among them, otherwise it had been impossible.

161. This devil at Mascon delivered all his oracles, like his forefathers, in verse, which he sung to tunes. He made several lampoons upon the Huguenots, and foretold them many things which afterwards came to pass; as may be seen in his Memoirs, written in French.

163. The History of Dr Dee and the Devil, published by Mer. Casaubon, Isaac Fil, prebendary of Canterbury, has a large account of all those passages, in which the style of the true and false angels appears to be penned by one and the same person. The Nun of Loudon, in France, and other tricks, have been seen by many persons of quality of this nation yet living, who have made very good observations upon the French book written on that occasion.

PART II.—CANTO III.

151

Meet with the Parliament's committee 165
 At Woodstock on a pers'nal treaty?
 At Satum take a cavalier
 I' th' cause's service prisoner?
 As Withers, in immortal rhyme,
 Has register'd te after-time! 170
 De not our great reformers use
 This Sidrophel to forebode news?
 To write of victories next year,
 And castles taken yet i' th' air?
 Of battles fought at sea, and ships 175
 Sunk two years hence, the last eclipse?
 A total overthrow giv'n the king
 In Cornwall, herse and foot, next spring?
 And has not he point blank foretold
 What's-e'er the close committee would? 180
 Made Mars and Saturn for the cause,
 The moon for fundamental laws?
 The Ram, the Bull, and Goat declare
 Against the Book of Common Pray'r?
 The Scorpion take the Protestation, 185
 And Bear engage for Reformation?
 Made all the royal stars recant,
 Cempound and take the Covenant?
 Quoth Hudibras, The case is clear,
 That saints may 'mploy a conjurer, 190
 As thou hast prov'd it by their practice;
 No argument like matter of fact is:
 And we are best of all led to
 Men's principles by what they do.
 Then let us straight advance in quest 195
 Qf this profound gymnosophist;
 And as the fates and he advise,
 Pursue or waive this enterprise.
 This said, he turn'd about his steed,
 And eft sojons on th' adventure rid: 200
 Where leave we him and Ralph awhile,
 And to the conjurer-turn our style,

165 A committee of the Long Parliament, sitting in the king's house, in Woodstock Park, were terrified with several apparitions, the particulars whereof were then the news of the whole nation.

167. Withers has a long story, in doggerel, of a soldier in the king's army, who, being a prisoner at Sale

To let our reader understand
What's useful of him beforehand.

He had been long t'wards mathematics, 205
Optics, philosophy, and statics,
Magic, horoscopy, astrology,
And was old dog at physiology;
But as a dog that turns the spit
Bestirs himself, and plies his feet, 210
To climb the wheel, but all in vain,
His own weight brings him down again;
And still he's in the self-same place
Where at his setting out he was,
So in the circle of the arts 215
Did he advance his nat'r'al parts,
Till falling back still, for retreat,
He fell to juggle, cant, and cheat:
For as those fowls that live in water
Are never wet, he did but smatter: 220
Whate'er he labour'd to appear,
His understanding still was clear:
Yet none a deeper knowledge boasted,
Since old Hodge Bacon and Bob Grosted.
Th' intelligible world he knew, 225
And all men dream on't to be true;
That in this world there's not a wart
That has not there a counterpart;
Nor can there on the face of ground
An individual beard be found, 230
That has not in that foreign nation,
A fellow of the self-same fashion;
So cut, so colour'd, and so curl'd,
As those are in th' inferior world.

bury, and drinking a health to the devil upon his knees,
was carried away by him through a single pane of glass.

224. Roger Bacon, commonly called Friar Bacon, lived in the reign of our Edward I. and, for some little skill he had in the mathematics, was by the rabble accounted a conjurer, and had the sottish story of the brazen head fathered upon him by the ignorant monks of those days. Robert Grostred was bishop of Lincoln in the reign of Henry III. He was a learned man for those times, and for that reason suspected by the clergy to be a conjurer; for which crime being degraded by Pope Innocent IV. and summoned to appear at Rome, he appealed to the tribunal of Christ; which our lawyers say is illegal, if not a presumption, for offering to a

H' had read Dee's prefaces before, 235
 The dev'l, and Euclid, o'er and o'er;
 And all the intrigues 'twixt him and Kelly,
 Lescus and th' emperor, wou'd tell ye;
 But with the moon was more familiar
 Than e'er was almanack well-willer; 240
 Her secrets understood so clear,
 That some believ'd he had been there;
 Knew when she was in fittest mood
 For cutting corns, or letting blood;
 When for anointing scabs or itches, 245
 Or to the bum applying leeches;
 When sows and bitches may be spay'd,
 And in what sign best cyder's made;
 Whether the wane be, or increase,
 Best to set garlic, or sow peas; 250
 Who first found out the Man i' th' Moon,
 That to the ancients was unknown;
 How many dukes, and earls, and peers,
 Are in the planetary spheres;
 Their airy empire and command, 255
 Their sev'ral strengths by sea and land;
 What factions th' have, and what they drive at
 In public vogue, or what in private;
 With what designs and interests
 Each party manages contests. 260

He made an instrument to know
 If the moon shine at full or no;
 That wou'd, as soon as e'er she shone, straight
 Whether 'twere day or night demonstrate;
 Tell what her d'meter t' an inch is, 265
 And prove that she's not made of green cheese.
 It wou'd demonstrate, that the Man in
 The Moon's a sea Mediterranean;
 And that it is no dog nor bitch,
 That stands behind him at his breech, 270
 But a huge Caspian Sea, or lake,
 With arms, which men for legs mistake;
 How large a gulf his tail' compos'd,
 And what a goodly bay his nose is;
 How many German leagues by th' scale 275
 Cape Snout's from Promontory Tail.

He made a planetary gin,
Which rats would run their own heads in,
And came on purpose to be taken,
Without th' expense of cheese or bacon. 289

With lute-strings he would counterfeit
Maggots that crawl on dish of meat :
Quote moles and spots on any place
O' th' body, by the index face :
Detect lost maidenheads by sneezing, 295
Or breaking wind of dames, or pissing ;
Cure warts and corns with application
Of med'cines to th' imagination,
Fright agues into dogs, and scare
With rhymes the tooth-ache and catarrh : 299

Chase evil spirits away by dint
Of sickle, horse-shoe, hollow-flint ;
Spit fire out of a walnut-shell,
Which made the Roman slaves rebel ;
And fire a mine in China here, 295
With sympathetic gunpowder.

He knew what's ever's to be known,
But much more than he knew would own :
What med'cine 'twas that Paracelsus
Could make a man with, as he tells us ; 309
What figur'd slates are best to make
On wat'ry surface duck-or drake ;
What bowling-stones, in running race
Upon a board, have swiftest pace ;
Whether a pulse beat in the black 305
List of a dappled louse's back ;
If systole or diastole move
Quickest when he's in wrath or love ;
When two of them do run a race,
Whether they gallop, trot, or pace ; 319
How many scores a flea will jump,
Of his own length, from head to rump ;
Which Socrates and Chærephon,
In vain, assay'd so long agone ;
Whether his snout a perfect nose is, 315
And not an elephant's proboscis ;

313. Aristophanes, in his comedy of *The Clouds*,
brings in Socrates and Chærephon, measuring the leap
of a flea, from the one's beard to the other's.

How many diff'rent species
 Of maggots breed in rotten cheese ;
 And which are next of kin to those
 Engender'd in a chandler's nose ;
 Or those not seen, but understood,
 That live in vinegar and wood. 320

A paltry wretch he had, half-starv'd,
 That him in place of Zany serv'd,
 Hight Whachum, bred to dash and draw, 325
 Not wine, but more unwholesome law ;
 To make 'twixt words and lines huge gaps,
 Wide as meridians in maps ;
 To squander paper, and spare ink,
 Or cheat men of their words, some think. 330
 From this, by merited degrees,
 He'd to more high advancement rise ;
 To be an under conjuror,
 Or journeyman astrologer.

His business was to pump and wheedle, 335
 And men with their own keys unriddle ;
 To make them to themselves give answers,
 For which they pay the necromancers ;
 To fetch and carry intelligence,
 Of whom, and what, and where, and whence,
 And all discoveries disperse 341

Among th' whole pack of conjurors ;
 What cut-purses have left with them,
 For the right owners to redeem ;
 And what they dare not vent find out, 345
 To gain themselves and th' art repute ;
 Draw figures, schemes, and horoscopes,
 Of Newgate, Bridewell, brokers' shops,
 Of thieves ascendant in the cart,
 And find out all by rules of art ; 350
 Which way a serving man, that's run
 With clothes or money away, is gone ;
 Who pick'd a fob at holding forth,
 And where a watch, for half the worth,
 May be redeem'd ; or stolen plate 355
 Restor'd at conscientiable rate.
 Beside all this, he serv'd his master
 In quality of poetaster ;

And rhymes appropriate could make
To ev'ry month i' th' almanack ; 369

When terms begin and end could tell,
With their returns, in doggerel :

When the Exchequer opes and shuts,
And sow-gelder with safety cuts ; 365

When men may eat and drink their fill,
And when be temp'rate if they will ;

When use, and when abstain from vice,
Figs, grapes, phlebotomy, and spice.

And as in prison mean rogues beat
Hemp for the service of the great, 370

So Whachum beat his dirty brains,
T' advance his master's fame and gains,

And like the devil's oracles,
Put into dogg'rel rhymes his spells,

Which, over ev'ry month's blank page 375

I' th' almanack, strange bilks presage.

He would an elegy compose
On maggots squeez'd out of his nose :

In lyric numbers write an ode on
His mistress eating a black-pudding ; 380

And when imprison'd air escap'd her,
It past him with poetic rapture.

His sonnets charm'd th' attentive crowd,
By wide-mouth'd mortal troll'd aloud,

That, circl'd with his long-ear'd guests, 385

Like Orpheus look'd among the beasts.

A carman's horse could not pass by,
But stood ty'd up to poetry :

No porter's burden pass'd along,
But serv'd for burden to his song : 390

Each window like a pill'ry appears,
With heads thrust through, nail'd by the ears :

All trades run in as to the sight
Of monsters, or their dear delight,

The gallows-tree, when cutting purse 395

Breeds bus'ness for heroic verse,
Which none does hear but would have hung

T' have been the theme of such a song.

Those two together long had liv'd,
In mansion prudently contriv'd, 400

Where neither tree nor house could bar
 The free detection of a star;
 And nigh an ancient obelisk
 Was rais'd by him, found out by Fisk,
 On which was written, not in words,
 But hieroglyphic mute of birds,
 Many rare pithy saws concerning
 The worth of astrologic learning.
 From top of this there hung a rope,
 To which he fasten'd telescope :
 The spectacles with which the stars
 He reads in smallest characters.
 It happen'd as a boy, one night,
 Did fly his tarsel of a kite,
 The strangest long-wing'd hawk that flies, 415
 That, like a bird of Paradise,
 Or herald's martlet, has no legs,
 Nor hatches young ones, nor lays eggs ;
 His train was six yards long, milk-white
 At th' end of which there hung a light,
 Inclos'd in lantern, made of paper,
 That far off like a star did appear :
 This Sidrophel by chance espy'd,
 And with amazement staring wide,
 Bless us ! quoth he, what dreadful wonder 425
 Is that appears in Heaven yonder ?
 A comet, and without a beard !
 Or star that ne'er before appear'd ?
 I'm certain 'tis not in the scowl
 Of all those beasts, and fish, and fowl, 430
 With which, like Indian plantations,
 The learned stock the constellations ;
 Nor those that drawn for signs have been
 To th' houses where the planets inn.
 It must be supernatural, 435
 Unless it be that cannon-ball

404. This Fisk was a late famous astrologer, who flourished about the time of Subtile and Face, and was equally celebrated by Ben Jonson.

436. This experiment was tried by some foreign virtuosos, who planted a piece of ordnance point blank against the zenith, and having fired it, the bullet never rebounded back again ; which made them all conclude

That, shot i' th' air point-blank upright,
 Was borne to that prodigious height,
 That, learn'd philosophers maintain.
 It ne'er came backwards down again, 440
 But in the airy region yet
 Hangs, like the body of Mahomet :
 For if it be above the shade
 That by the earth's round bulk is made,
 'Tis probable it may from far 445
 Appear no bullet, but a star.
 This said, he to his engine flew,
 Plac'd near at hand, in open view,
 And rais'd it till it levell'd right
 Against the glow-worm tail of kite; 450
 Then peeping through, Bless us! (quoth he)
 It is a planet, now, I see ;
 And, if I err not, by his proper
 Figure, that's like tobacco-stopper,
 It should be Saturn. Yes, 'tis clear 455
 'Tis Saturn ; but what makes him there ?
 He's got between the dragon's tail
 And farther leg behind o' th' whale.
 Pray heav'n avert the fatal omen,
 For 'tis a prodigy not common ; 460
 And can no less than the world's end,
 Or Nature's funeral, portend.
 With that he fell again to pry
 Thro' perspective more wistfully,
 When by mischance the fatal string, 465
 That kept the tow'ring fowl on wing,
 Breaking, down fell the star. Well shot,
 Quoth Whachum, who right wisely thought
 H' had levell'd at a star, and hit it :
 But Sidrophel, more subtle-witted, 470
 Cry'd out, What horrible and fearful
 Portent is this, to see a star fall?
 It threatens nature, and the doom
 Will not be long before it come !
 When stars do fall, 'tis plain enough, 475
 The day of judgment's not far off ;
 that it sticks in the mark ; but Descartes was of opinion
 that it does but hang in the air

As lately 'twas reveal'd to Sedgwick,
And some of us find out by magic.
Then since the time we have to live
In this world's shorten'd, let us strive
To make our best advantage of it,
And pay our losses with our profit.

This feat fell out not long before
The Knight, upon the forenam'd score,
In quest of Sidrophel advancing
Was now in prospect of the mansion ;
Whom he discov'ring, turn'd his glass,
And found far off 'twas Hudibras.

Whachum, (quoth he), look yonder, some
To try or use our art are come : 490
The one's the learned Knight : seek out,
And pump 'em what they come about.
Whachum advanc'd, with all submiss'ness,
T' accost 'em, but much more their bus'ness :
He held a stirrup, while the Knight 495
From leathern bare-bones did alight ;
And taking from his hand the bridle,
Approach'd the dark Squire to unriddle.
He gave him first the time o' th' day,
And welcom'd him, as he might say : 500
He ask'd him whence they came, and whither
Their bus'ness lay ? Quoth Ralpho, Hither.
Did you not lose ? Quoth Ralpho, Nay,
Quoth Whachum, Sir, I meant your way !
Your Knight—Qnoth Ralpho, Is a lover, 505
And pains intolerable doth suffer :
For lovers' hearts are not their own hearts,
Nor lights, nor lungs, and so forth downwards
What time, (quoth Whachum) Sir ?—Too long ;
Three years it off and on has hung.— 510
Quoth he, I meant what time o' th' day 'tis—
Quoth Ralpho, Between seven and eight 'tis.—
Why then (quoth Whachum), my small art
Tells me, the dame has a hard heart,

477. This Sedgwick had many persons (and some of quality) that believed in him, and prepared to keep the day of judgment with him, but were disappointed ; for which the false prophet was afterwards called by the name of Doomsday Sedgwick.

Or great estate.—Quoth Ralpho, A jointure,
Which makes him have so hot a mind t' her.
Meanwhile the Knight was making water,
Before he fell upon the matter,
Which having done, the Wizard steps in,
To give him suitable reception ; 530
But kept his bus'ness at a bay,
Till Whachum put him in the way ;
Who having now, by Ralpho's light,
Expounded th' errand of the Knight,
And what he came to know, drew near, 525
To whisper in the conj'r'r's ear,
Which he prevented thus : What was't,
Quoth he, that I was saying last,
Before these gentlemen arriv'd ?
Quoth Whachum, Venus you retriev'd, 530
In opposition with Mars,
And no benign and friendly stars
T' allay the effect—Quoth Wizard, So !
In Virgo ? Ha !—Quoth Whachum, No.
Has Saturn nothing to do in it ? 535
One tenth of 's circle to a minute.
'Tis well, quoth he.—Sir, you'll excuse
This rudeness I am forc'd to use :
It is a scheme and face of Heaven,
As th' aspects are dispos'd this even, 540
I was contemplating upon
When you arriv'd ; but now I've done.
Quoth Hudibras, If I appear
Unseasonable in coming here
At such a time, to interrupt 545
Your speculations, which I hop'd
Assistance from, and come to use,
'Tis fit that I ask your excuse.
By no means, Sir, quoth Sidrophel ;
The stars your coming did foretel ; 550
I did expect you here, and knew,
Before you spake, your bus'ness too.
Quoth Hudibras, Make that appear,
And I shall credit whatsoe'er
You tell me after on your word, 555
Howe'er unlikely or absurd,

PART II.—CANTO III.

581

Quoth he, You are in love, Sir, with a widow,
And for three years has rid your wit
And passion without drawing bit;
And now your bus'ness is to know,
If you shall carry her or no.

580

Quoth Hudibras, You're in the right;
But how the devil you came by't
I can't imagine; for the stars,
I'm sure, can tell no more than a horse;
Nor can their aspects (though you pore
Your eyes out on 'em) tell you more
Than th' oracle of sieve and shears,
That turns as certain as the spheres:
But if the devil's of your council,
Much may be done, my noble Donzel;
And 'tis on his account I come,
To know from you my fatal doom.

585

Quoth Sidrophel, If you suppose,
Sir Knight, that I am one of those,
I might suspect, and take the alarm,
Your bus'ness is but to inform;
But if it be, 'tis ne'er the near;
You have a wrong sow by the ear;
For I assure you, for my part,
I only deal by rules of art,
Such as are lawful, and judge by
Conclusions of astrology:
But for the dev'l, know nothing by him; 588
But only this, that I defy him.

589

Quoth he, Whatever others deem ye,
I understand your metonymy:
Your words of second-hand intention,
When things by wrongful names you mention;
The mystic sense of all your terms,
That are, indeed, but magic charms 591
To raise the devil, and mean one thing,
And that is downright conjuring;
And in itself more warrantable,
Than cheat or canting to a rabble,
Or putting tricks upon the moon,
Which by copfed'racy are done.

595

L

Your ancient conjurers were wont
To make her from her sphere dismount, 600
And to their incantations stoop:
They scorn'd to pore through telescopo,
Or idly play at be-peep with her,
To find out cloudy or fair weather,
Which ev'ry almanack can tell, 605
Perhaps, as learnedly and well
As you yourself.—Then, friend, I doubt
You go the farthest way about.
Your modern Indian magician
Makes but a hole in th' earth to piss in, 610
And straight resolves all questions by't,
And seldom fails to be i' th' right.
The Rosy-crucian way's more sure
To bring the devil to the lure;
Each of 'em has a sev'ral gin 615
To catch intelligence in.
Some by the nose with fumes trepan 'em,
As Dunstan did the devil's grannam;
Others with characters and words
Catch 'em, as men in nets do birds; 620
And some with symbols, signs, and tricks,
Engrav'd with planetary nicks,
With their own influences will fetch 'em
Down from their orbs, arrest, and catch 'em;
Make 'em depose and answer to 625
All questions, ere they let them go.
Bombastus kept a devil's bird
Shut in the pommel of his sword,
That taught him all the cunning pranks
Of past and future mountebanks. 630

609. This compendious new way of magic is affirmed by Monsieur Le Blanc (in his travels) to be used in the East Indies.

627. Paracelsus is said to have kept a small devil prisoner in the pommel of his sword, which was the reason, perhaps, why he was so valiant in his drink. However, it was to better purpose than Hannibal carried poison in his, to dispatch himself, if he should happen to be surprised in any great extremity; for the sword would have done thefeat alone much better, and more soldier-like; and it was below the honour of so great a commander to go out of the world like a rat.

Kelly did all his feats upon
The devil's looking-glass, a stone ;
Where playing with him at bo-peep,
He solv'd all problems ne'er so deep.

Agrippa kept a Stygian pug, 635
I' th' garb and habit of a dog,
That was his tutor, and the cur
Read to th' occult philosopher,
And taught him subtly to maintain
All other sciences are vain.

To this, quoth Sidrophello, Sir, 640
Agrippa was no conjurer,

Nor Paracelsus, no, nor Bohmen ;
Nor was the dog a Cacodæmon,
But a true dog, that would show tricks
For th' emperor, and leap o'er sticks ;
Would fetch and carry ; was more civil
Than other dogs, but yet no devil ;
And whatsoe'er he's said to do,

He went the self-same way we go. 650
As for the Rosy-cross philosophers,

Whom you will have to be but sorcerers,
What they pretend to is no more
Than Trismegistus did before,
Pythagoras, old Zoroaster, 655
And Apollonius their master ;
To whom they do confess they owe
All that they do, and all they know.

Quoth Hudibras, Alas, what is't ^{me} 660
Whether 'twas said by Trismegistus,

If it be nonsense, false, or mystic,
Or not intelligible, or sophistic ?
'Tis not antiquity nor author,
That makes Truth truth, altho' Time's daughter ;
'Twas he that put her in the pit 665

Before he pull'd her out of it ;

635. Cornelius Agrippa had a dog that was suspected to be a spirit, for some tricks he was wont to do beyond the capacity of a dog, as it was thought ; but the author of *Magia Ademica* has taken a great deal of pains to vindicate both the doctor and the dog from the aspersion, in which he has shown a very great respect and kindness for them both.

And as he eats his sons, just so
 He feeds upon his daughters too.
 Nor does it follow, 'cause a herald
 Can make a gentleman, scarce a year old, 670
 To be descended of a race
 Of ancient kings in a small space,
 That we should all opinions hold
 Authentic that we can make old.

Quoth Sidrophel, It is no part 675
 Of prudence to cry down an art,
 And what it may perform deny,
 Because you understand not why
 (As Averrhois play'd but a mean trick
 To damn our whole art for eccentric :) 680
 For who knows all that knowledge contains?
 Men dwell not on the tops of mountains,
 But on their sides, or rising's seat;
 So 'tis with knowledge's vast height.
 Do not the hist'ries of all ages 685
 Relate miraculous presages,
 Of strange turns in the world's affairs,
 Foreseen b' astrologers, soothsayers,
 Chaldeans, learn'd Genethliacs,
 And some that have writ almanacks? 690
 The Median emp'ror dreamt his daughter
 Had pist all Asia under water,
 And that a vine sprung from her haunches,
 O'erspread his empire with its branches:
 And did not soothsayers expound it, 695
 As after by th' event he found it?
 When Cesar in the senate fell,
 Did not the sun eclips'd foretel,
 And in resentment of his slaughter,
 Look'd pale for almost a year after? 700

679. Averrhois astronomiam propter eccentricos
 contempserit. Phil. Melanethon in Elium. Phil. p. 781.

691. Astyages, king of Media, had this dream of his
 daughter Mandane, and the interpretation from the
 Magi; whereof he married her to a Persian of a mean
 quality, by whom she had Cyrus, who conquered all
 Asia, and translated the empire from the Medes to the
 Persians. Herodot. l. 1.

697. Fiant aliquando prodigioso, et longiores solle-
 defectus, quales occiso dictatore Cæsare et Antoniano
 bello, totius anni pallore continuo. Phil.

Augustus having b' oversight,
Put on his left shoe 'fore his right,
Had like to have been slain that day
By soldiers mutn'ing for pay. 705

Are there not myriads of this sort,
Which stories of all times report?
It is not ominous in all countries
When crows and ravens croak upon trees?

The Roman senate, when within
The city walls an owl was seen, 710
Did cause their clergy, with lustrations
(Our synod calls humiliations,) 715
The round-fac'd prodigy t' avert
From doing town or country hurt:
And if an owl had so much pow'r,
Why should not planets have much more,
That in a region far above
Inferior fowls of the air move,
And should see farther, and foreknow
More than their augury below? 720

Though that once serv'd the polity
Of mighty states to govern by;
And this is what we take in hand
By pow'rful art to understand;
Which, how we have perform'd all ages 725
Can speak the events of our presages;
Have we not lately, in the moon,
Found a new world, to th' old unknown?
Discover'd sea and land, Columbus
And Magellan could never compass? 730
Made mountains with our tubes appear,
And cattle grazing on 'em there?

Quoth Hudibras, You lie so ope,
That I, without a telescope,
Can find your tricks out, and descry 735
Where you tell truth, and where you lie:
For Anaxagoras, long agone,
Saw hills, as well as you, i' th' moon;

701. *Divus Augustus lœvum sibi prodidit calceum
prepostere indutum, qua dje seditione militum prope
afflicetus est. Idem, l. 2.*

709. *Romani L. Crasso et C. Marie Coss. Bubone
viro orbein lustrabant.*

737 *Anaxagoras affirmabat solem candens ferrum*

And held the sun was but a piece
Of red-hot ir'n, as big as Greece ; 740
Believ'd the Heav'n's were made of stone,
Because the sun had voided one ;
And, rather than he would recant
Th' opinion, suffer'd banishment.

But what, alas ! is it to us, 745
Whether i' th' moon men thus or thus
Do eat their porridge, cut their corns,
Or whether they have tails or horns ?
What trade from thence can you advance,
But what we nearer have from France ? 750
What can our travellers bring home,
That is not to be learnt at Rome ?
What politics, or strange opinions,
That are not in our own dominions ?
What science can be brought from thence, 755
In which we do not here commence ?
What revelations, or religions,
That are not in our native regions ?
Are sweating lanterns, or screen-fans,
Made better there than th' are in France ? 760
Or do they teach to sing and play
O' th' guitar there a newer way ?
Can they make plays there, that shall fit
The public humour, with less wit ?
Write wittier dances, quainter shows, 765
Or fight with more ingenious blows ?
Or does the Man i' th' Moon look big,
And wear a huger periwig,
Show in his gait or face more tricks
Than our own native lunatics ? 770

And if w' outdo him here at home,
What good of your design can come ?
As wind, i' th' hypocondries pent,
Is but a blast if downward sent,
But if it upward chance to fly, 775
Becomes new Light and prophecy ;

esse, et Peloponneso majorem : lunam habitacula in se
habere, et Colles, et valles. Fertur dixisse cœlum omne
ex lapidibus esse compositum ; damnatus et in exilium
pulsus est, quod impie solem carentem laminam esse
dixisset. Diog. Laert. in Anaxag. p. 11, 13.

So when your speculations tend
 Above their just and useful end,
 Although they promise strange and great
 Discoveries of things far fet, 789
 They are but idle dreams and fancies,
 And savour strongly of the ganzas.
 Tell me but what's the natural cause,
 Why on a sign no painter draws
 The full moon ever, but the half? 785
 Resolve that with your Jacob's staff;
 Or why wolves raise a hubbub at her,
 And dogs howl when she shines in water;
 And I shall freely give my vote,
 You may know something more remote. 790

At this deep Sidrophel look'd wise,
 And staring round with owl-like eyes,
 He put his face into a posture
 Of sapience, and began to bluster:
 For having three times shook his head 795
 To stir his wit up, thus he said:
 Art has no mortal enemies,
 Next ignorance, but owls and geese:
 Those consecrated geese in orders,
 That to the Capitol were warders; 800
 And being then upon patrol,
 With noise alone beat off the Gaul:
 Or those Athenian sceptic owls,
 That will not credit their own souls;
 Or any science understand, 805
 Beyond the reach of eye or hand;
 But meas'ring all things by their own
 Knowledge, hold nothing's to be known:
 Those wholesale critics, that in coffee-
 Houses cry down all philosophy, 810
 And will not know upon what ground
 In nature we our doctrine found,
 Altho' with pregnant evidence
 We can demonstrate it to sense,
 As I just now have done to you, 815
 Foretelling what you came to know.
 Were the stars only made to light
 Robbers and burlarers by night?

To wait on drunkards, thieves, gold-sindlers,
And lovers solacing behind doors, 829
Or giving one another pledges
Of matrimony under hedges?
Or witches simppling, and on gibbets
Cutting from malefactors snippets?
Or from the pillory tips of ears 825
Of rebel saints and perjurors?
Only to stand by, and look on,
But not know what is said or done?
Is there a constellation there
That was not born and bred up here; 830
And therefore cannot be to learn
In any inferior concern?
Were they not, during all their lives,
Most of 'em pirates, whores, and thieves?
And is it like they have not still 835
In their old practices some skill?
Is there a planet that by birth
Does not derive its house from earth?
And therefore probably must know
What is and hath been done below.
Who made the Balance, or whence came 840
The Bull, the Lion, and the Ram?
Did not we here the Argo rig?
Make Berenice's periwig?
Whose liv'ry does the Coachman wear? 845
Or who made Cassiopeia's chair?
And therefore, as they came from hence,
With us may hold intelligence.
Plato deny'd the world can be
Govern'd without geometry, 850
(For money b'ing the common scale
Of things by measure, weight, and tale,
In all th' affairs of church and state,
'Tis both the balance and the weight);
Then mush less can it be without 855
Divine astrology made out;
That puts the other down in worth,
And far as heav'n's above the earth.
These reasons (quoth the Knight) I grant
Are something more significant 860

Than any that the learned use
 Upon this subject to produce ;
 And yet th' are far from satisfactory,
 T' establish and keep up your factory.
 Th' Egyptians say, the Sun has twice
 Shifted his setting and his rise ;
 Twice has he risen in the west,
 As many times set in the east :
 But whether that be true or no,
 The devil any of you know. 865
 Some hold the heavens, like a top,
 Are kept by circulation up,
 And, war't not for their wheeling round,
 They'd instantly fall to the ground :
 As sage Empedocles of old, 870
 And from him modern authors hold.
 Plato believ'd the Sun and Moon
 Below all other planets run.
 Some Mercury, some Venus, seat
 Above the Sun himself in height. 880
 The learned Scaliger complain'd,
 'Gainst what Copernicus maintain'd,
 That, in twelve hundred years and odd,
 The Sun had left its ancient road,
 And nearer to the earth is come 885
 'Bove fifty thousand miles from home :
 Swore 'twas a most notorious flam ;
 And he that had so little shame
 To vent such fopperies abroad,
 Deserv'd to have his rump well claw'd ; 890

865. *Egyptii decem millia annorum et amplius, recensent; et observatum est in hoc tanto spatio, bis mutata esse loca ortuum et occasuum solis, ita ut sol bis ortus sit ubi nunc occedit, et bis descenderit ubi nunc oritur.* Phll. Melanct. lib. i. p. 60.

871. *Causa quare coelum non cadit (secundum Empedoclem) est velocitas sui motus.* Comment. in lib. II. Arist. de Caelo.

877. *Plato solam et lunam ceteris planetis inferiores esse putavit.* G. Gunnii in Cosmog. lib. i. p. 11.

881. *Copernicus in Libris Revolutioneis, deinde Reinholdus, post etiam Stadius mathematicus nobiles perspicuis demonstrationibus docuerunt, solis apsida terre esse propriam, quam Ptolemei etiже duodecim partibus, i. e. uno et triginta terre semidiameteris.* Jo. Bod. Met. Hist. p. 455

Which Monsieur Bodin hearing, swore
 That he deserv'd the rod much more,
 That durst upon a truth give doom,
 He knew less than the Pope of Rome.
 Cardan believ'd great states depend 893
 Upon the tip o' th' Bear's tail's end;
 That, as she whisk'd it t'wards the Sun,
 Strew'd mighty empires up and down;
 Which others say must needs be false,
 Because your true bears have no tails. 900

Some say the Zodiac constellations
 Have long since chang'd their antique stations
 Above a sign, and prove the same
 In Taurus now, once in the Ram;
 Affirm the trigons chopp'd and chang'd, 905
 The wat'ry with the fiery rang'd:
 Then how can their effects still hold
 To be the same they were of old?
 This, though the art were true, would make
 Our modern soothsayers mistake: 910

And in one cause they tell more lies,
 In figures and nativities,
 Than th' old Chaldean conjurers
 In so many hundred thousand years;
 Beside their nonsense in translating, 915
 For want of accidence and Latin,
 Like Idus, and Calendœ, Englisch
 The quarter-days, by skilful linguist;
 And yet with canting, sleight, and cheat,
 'Twill serve their turn to do thefeat; 920
 Make fools believe in their foreseeing
 Of things before they are in being;
 To swallow gudgeons ere th' are catch'd,
 And count their chickens ere th' are hatch'd;
 Make them the constellations prompt, 925
 And give 'em back their own accompt;
 But still the best to him that gives
 The best price for't, or best believes.

895. *Putat Cardanus, ab extrema carda Halices seu Majoris Ursæ omne magnum imperium pendere.* Id. p. 325

913. *Chaldaei jactant se quodringinta septuaginta annorum milia in periclitandis, experiundisque puerorum animalis possuisse.* Cicero

Some towns and cities, some, for brevity,
Have cut the 'versal world's nativity, 930
And made the infant-stars confess,
Like fools or children, what they please.
Some calculate the hidden fates
Of monkeys, puppy-dogs, and cats ;
Some running-nags and fighting-cocks, 935
Some love, trade, law-suits, and the pox :
Some take a measure of the lives
Of fathers, mothers, husbands, wives :
Make opposition, trine, and quartile,
Tell who is barren, and who fertile ; 940
As if the planets' first aspect
The tender infant did infect
In soul and body, and instil
All future good, and future ill ;
Which, in their dark fatalities lurking, 945
At destin'd periods fall a working ;
And break out, like the hidden seeds
Of long diseases, into deeds,
In friendships, enmities, and strife,
And all th' emergencies of life. 950
No sooner does he peep into
The world, but he has done his do :
Catch'd all diseases, took all physic
That cures or kills a man that is sick ;
Marry'd his punctual dose of wives, 955
Is cuckolded, and breaks or thrives.
There's but the twinkling of a star
Between a man of peace and war ;
A thief and justice, fool and knave,
A huffing officer and a slave ; 960
A crafty lawyer and a pick-pocket,
A great philosopher and a blockhead ;
A formal preacher and a player,
A learn'd physician and manslayer.
As if men from the stars did suck 965
Old age, diseases, and ill-luck,
Wit, folly, honour, virtue, vice,
Trade, travel, women, claps, and dice ;
And draw, with the first air they breathe,
Battle and murder, sudden death. 970

And not these fine commodities
To be imported from the skies,
And vended here amongst the rabble,
For staple goods and warrantable?
Like money by the Druids borrow'd,
In th' other world to be restor'd?

975

Quoth Sidrophel, To let you know
You wrong the art, and artists too,
Since arguments are lost on those
That do our principles oppose,
I will (although I've done't before)
Demonstrate to your sense once more,
And draw a figure, that shall tell you,
What you, perhaps, forget befel you,
By way of horary inspection,
Which some account our worst erection.
With that he circles draws, and squares.
With cyphers, astral characters;
Then looks 'em o'er, to understand 'em,
Although set down hab-nab, at random.

980

985

990

Quoth he, This scheme of th' heavens set,
Discovers how in fight you met.
At Kingston, with a May-pole idol, [well;
And that y' were bang'd both back and side
And though you overcame the bear,
The dogs beat you at Brentford fair;
Where sturdy butchers broke your noddle,
And handled you like a fop-doodle.

Quoth Hudibras, I now perceive
You are no conj'rer, by your leave: 1000
That paltry story is untrue,
And forg'd to cheat such gulls as you.

Not true? quoth he; howe'er you vapour,
I can what I affirm make appear:

975. *Druidæ pecuniam mutuo accipiebant in posteriore vita reddituri.* Patricius, tom. ii. p. 9.

1001. There was a notorious idiot (that is here described by the name and character of Whachum) who counterfeited a second part of Hudibras, as untowardly as Captain Po, who could not write himself, and yet made a shift to stand on the pillory for forging other men's hands, as his fellow Whachum no doubt deserved; in whose abominable doggerel this story of Hudibras and a French mountebank at Brentford fair is as properly described.

Whachum shall justify it t' your face, 1005
 And prove he was upon the place.
 He play'd the Saltinbancho's part,
 Transform'd t' a Frenchman by my art:
 He stole your cloak, and pick'd your pocket,
 Chows'd and caldes'd ye like a blockhead: 1010
 And what you lost I can produce,
 If you deny it, here i' th' house.

Quoth Hudibras, I do believe
 That argument's demonstrative.
 Ralpho, bear witness; and go fetch us 1015
 A constable to seize the wretches:
 For though th' are both false knaves and cheats,
 Imposters, jugglers, counterfeits,
 I'll make them serve for perpendiculars,
 As true as e'er were us'd by bricklayers. 1020
 They're guilty, by their own confessions,
 Of felony; and at the sessions,
 Upon the bench, I will so handle 'em,
 That the vibration of this pendulum
 Shall make all tailors' yards of one 1025
 Unanimous opinion;
 A thing he long has vapour'd of,
 But now shall make it out by proof.

Quoth Sidrophel, I do not doubt
 To find friends that will bear me out: 1030
 Nor have I hazarded my art,
 And neck, so long on the state's part,
 To be expos'd i' th' end to suffer
 By such a braggadocio huffer.

1024. The device of the vibration of a pendulum was intended to settle a certain measure of ells and yards &c. (that should have its foundation in nature) all the world over: for by swinging a weight at the end of a string, and calculating by the motion of the sun, or any star, how long the vibration would last, in proportion to the length of the string, and weight of the pendulum, they thought to reduce it back again, and from any part of time compute the exact length of any string that must necessarily vibrate into so much space of time; so that if a man should ask in China for a quarter of an hour of satin, or taffeta, they would know perfectly what it meant; and all mankind learn a new way to measure things no more by the yard, foot, or inch, but by the hour, quarter, and minute.

Huffer ! quoth Hudibras : this sword 1035
 Shall down thy false throat cram that word.
 Ralpho, make haste, and call an officer,
 To apprehend this Stygian sophister ;
 Meanwhile I'll hold 'em at a bay,
 Lest he and Whachum run away. 1040

But Sidrophel, who, from th' aspect
 Of Hudibras, did now erect
 A figure worse portending far
 Than that of a malignant star,
 Believ'd it now the fittest moment 1045
 To shun the danger that might come on't,
 While Hudibras was all alone,
 And he and Whachum, two to one.
 This being resolv'd, he spy'd, by chance,
 Behind the door, an iron lance, 1050
 That many a sturdy limb had gor'd,
 And legs, and loins, and shoulders bor'd :
 He snatch'd it up, and made a pass,
 To make his way through Hudibras.
 Whachum had got a fire-fork, 1055
 With which he vow'd to do his work.
 But Hudibras was well prepar'd,
 And stoutly stood upon his guard ;
 He put by Sidrophello's thrust,
 And in right manfully he rusht : 1060
 The weapon from his gripe he wrung,
 And laid him on the earth along.
 Whachum his sea-coal prong threw by,
 And basely turn'd his back to fly :
 But Hudibras gave him a twitch 1065
 As quick as lightning in the breech,
 Just in the place where honour's lodg'd,
 As wise philosophers have judg'd :
 Because a kick in that place more
 Hurts honour than deep wounds before. 1070

Quoth Hudibras, The stars determine
 You are my prisoners, base vermin !
 Could they not tell you so as well
 As what I came to know foretel ?
 By this what cheats you are we find, 1075
 That in your own concerns are blind.

Your lives are now at my dispose,
To be redeem'd by fine or blows :
But who his honour would defile,
To take or sell two lives so vile? 1080
I'll give you quarter; but your pillage,
The conqu'ring warrior's crop and tillage,
Which with his sword he reaps and ploughs,
That's mine, the law of arms allows.

This said in haste, in haste he fell 1085
To rummaging of Sidrophel.
First, he expounded both his pockets,
And found a watch with rings and lockets,
Which had been left with him t' erect
A figure for, and so detect; 1090
A copper-plate, with almanacks
Engrav'd upon 't; with other knacks
Of Booker's, Lilly's, Sarah Jimmers',
And blank-schemes t' discover nimmers;
A moon-dial, with Napier's bones, 1095
And several constellation stones,
Engrav'd in planetary hours,
That over mortals had strange powers
To make 'em thrive in law or trade,
And stab or poison to evade; 1100
In wit or wisdom to improve,
And be victorious in love.
Whachum had neither cross nor pile;
His plunder was not worth the while;
All which the conqu'ror did discompt, 1105
To pay for curing of his rump.
But Sidrophel, as full of tricks
As Rota-men of politics,
Straight cast about to over-reach
Th' unwary conqu'ror with a fetch,
And make him glad (at least) to quit 1110
His victory, and fly the pit,
Before the secular prince of darkness
Arriv'd to seize upon his carcase:

1113. As the devil is the spiritual prince of darkness,
so is the constable the secular, who governs in the night
with as great authority as his colleague, but far more
imperiously.

And as a fox with hot pursuit 1133
 Chas'd thro' a warren, casts about
 To save his credit, and among
 Dead vermin on a gallows hung,
 And while the dogs ran underneath,
 Escap'd (by counterfeiting death) 1133
 Not out of cunning, but a train
 Of atoms justling in his brain,
 As learn'd philosophers give out,
 So Sidrophello cast about,
 And fell to 's wonted trade again, 1133
 To feign himself in earnest slain :
 First stretch'd out one leg, then another,
 And seeming in his breath to smother
 A broken sigh, quoth he, Where am I,
 Alive or dead? or which way came I, 1139
 Through so immense a space so soon?
 But now I thought myself i' th' moon ;
 And that a monster with huge whiskers,
 More formidable than a Switzer's,
 My body through and through had drill'd, 1135
 And Whachum by my side had kill'd ;
 Had cross-examin'd both our hose,
 And plunder'd all we had to lose.
 Look, there he is : I see him now,
 And feel the place I am run through : 1140
 And there lies Whachum by my side
 Stone dead, and in his own blood dy'd.
 Oh ! oh ! With that he fetch'd a groan,
 And fell again into a swoon ;
 Shut both his eyes, and stopp'd his breath, 1145
 And to the life out-acted death ;
 That Hudibras, to all appearing,
 Believ'd him to be dead as herring.
 He held it now no longer safe
 To tarry the return of Ralph, 1150
 But rather leave him in the lurch :
 Thought he, he has abus'd our church,
 Refus'd to give himself one firk
 To carry on the public work ;
 Despis'd our synod-men like dirt, 1155
 And made their discipline his sport ;

Divulg'd the secrets of their classes,
 And their conventions prov'd high places;
 Disparag'd their tithe-pigs as Pagan,
 And set at nought their cheese and bacon; 1160
 Rail'd at their Covenant, and jeer'd
 Their rev'rend parsons, to my beard:
 For all which scandals, to be quit
 At once, this juncture falls out fit.
 I'll make him henceforth to beware, 1165
 And tempt my fury if he dare,
 He must at least hold up his hand,
 By twelve freeholders to be scann'd;
 Who, by their skill in palmistry,
 Will quickly read his destiny; 1170
 And make him glad to read his lesson,
 Or take a turn for 't at the session;
 Unless his light and gifts prove truer
 Than ever yet they did, I'm sure;
 For if he 'scape with whipping now, 1175
 'Tis more than he can hope to do;
 And that will disengage my conscience
 Of th' obligation in his own sense.
 I'll make him now by force abide
 What he by gentle means deny'd, 1180
 To give my honour satisfaction,
 And right the brethren in the action.
 This being resolv'd, with equal speed
 And conduct he approach'd his steed,
 And with activity unwont 1185
 Assay'd the lofty beast to mount;
 Which once achiev'd, he spurr'd his palfrey,
 To get from th' enemy and Ralph free:
 Left dangers, fears, and foes behind,
 And beat, at least three lengths, the wind. 1190

AN HEROICAL EPISTLE OF

HUDIBRAS TO SIDROPHEL.

Ecco iterum Crispinus. —

WELL ! Sidrophel, though 'tis in vain
To tamper with your crazy brain,
Without trepanning of your skull
As often as the moon's at full,
'Tis not amiss, ere y' are giv'n o'er,
To try one desp'rate med'cine more :
For where your case can be no worse,
The desperat'st is the wisest course.
Is't possible that you, whose ears
Are of the tribe of Issachar's,
And might (with equal reason) either
For merit, or extent of leather,
With William Pryn's, before they were
Retrench'd and crucify'd, compare,
Should yet be deaf against a noise
So roaring as the public voice ?
That speaks your virtues free, and loud,
And openly, in ev'ry crowd,
As loud as one that sings his part
T' a wheel-barrow or turnip cart,
Or your new nick-nam'd old invention
To cry green hastings with an engine
(As if the vehemence had stunn'd,
And torn your drum-heads with the sound,) 25
And 'cause your folly's now no news,
But overgrown, and out of use,
Persuade yourself there's no such matter,
But that 'tis vanish'd out of nature ;
When folly, as it grows in years,
The more extravagant appears ;
For who but you could be possesst
With so much ignorance, and beast,

5.
10
15
20
25
30

HUDIBRAS TO SIDROPHEL. 179

That neither all men's scorn and hate,
Nor being laugh'd and pointed at,
Nor bray'd so often in a mortar, 35
Can teach you wholesome sense and nurture;
But (like a reprobate) what course
Soever's us'd, grow worse and worse?
Can no transfusion of the blood,
That makes fools cattle, do you good? 40
Nor putting pigs t' a bitch to nurse,
To turn 'em into mongrel-curs,
Put you into a way, at least,
To make yourself a better beast?
Can all your critical intrigues 45
Of trying sound from rotten eggs;
Your several new found remedies
Of curing wounds and scabs in trees;
Your arts of fluxing them for claps,
And purging their infected saps; 50
Recov'ring shankers, crystallines,
And nodes and botches in their rinds,
Have no effect to operate
Upon that duller block, your pate?
But still it must be lewdly bent 55
To tempt your own due punishment;
And, like your whimsy'd chariots, draw
The boys to course you without law;
As if the art you have so long
Profess'd, of making old dogs young, 60
In you had virtue to renew
Not only youth, but childhood too.
Can you, that understand all books,
By judging only with your looks,
Resolve all problems with your face, 65
As others do with B's and A's;
Unriddle all that mankind knows
With solid bending of your brows;
All arts and sciences advance,
With screwing of your countenance, 70
And, with a penetrating eye,
Into th' abstrusest learning pry;
Know more of any trade b' a hint,
Than those who have been bred up in't;

180 HUDIBRAS TO SIDROPHEL.

And yet have no art, true or false, 75
 To help your own bad naturals?
 But still the more you strive t' appear,
 Are found to be the wretcheder:
 For fools are known by looking wise,
 As men find woodcocks by their eyes. 80
 Hence 'tis, that 'cause y' have gain'd o'th' college
 A quarter-share (at most) of knowledge,
 And brought in none, but spent repute,
 Y' assume a pow'r as absolute
 To judge, and censure, and control, 85
 As if you were the sole Sir Poll;
 And saucily pretend to know
 More than your dividend comes to.
 You'll find the thing will not be done
 With ignorance and face alone; 90
 No, though y' have purchas'd to your name,
 In history, so great a fame;
 That now your talents, so well known,
 For having all belief outgrown,
 That ev'ry strange prodigious tale 95
 Is measur'd by your German scale;
 By which the virtuosi try
 The magnitude of ev'ry lie,
 Cast up to what it does amount,
 And place the bigg'st to your account; 100
 That all those stories that are laid
 Too truly to you, and those made,
 Are now still charg'd upon your score,
 And lesser authors nam'd no more.
 Alas! that faculty betrays 105
 Those soonest it designs to raise;
 And all your vain renown will spoil,
 As guns o'ercharg'd the moro recoil.
 Though he that has but impudence,
 To all things has a fair pretence; 110
 And put among his wants but shame
 To all the world may lay his claim;
 Though you have try'd that nothing's borne
 With greater ease than public scorn,
 That all affronts do still give place 115
 To your impenetrable face,

That makes your way through all affairs,
As pigs through hedges creep with theirs;
Yet as 'tis counterfeit and brass,
You must not think 'twill always pass; 120
For all impostors, when they're known,
Are past their labour, and undone:
And all the best that can befall
An artificial natural,
Is that which madmen find, as soon 125
As once they're broke loose from the moon,
And, proof against her influence,
Relapse to e'er so little sense,
To turn stark fools, and subjects fit
For sport of boys, and rabble wit. 130

PART III.—CANTO I.

The Knight and Squire resolve at once
The one the other to renounce.
They both approach the Lady's bower,
The Squire t' inform, the Knight to woo her.
She treats him with a masquerade,
By furies and hobgoblins made:
From which the Squire conveys the Knight,
And steals him from himself by night.

'Tis true, no lover has that pow'r
T' enforce a desperate amour,
As he that has two strings t' his bow,
And burns for love and money too;
For then he's brave and resolute, 5
Disdains to render in his suit,
Has all his flames and raptures double,
And hangs or drowns with half the trouble;
While those who sillily pursue
The simple, downright way, and true, 10
Make as unlucky applications,
And steer against the stream their passions.
Some forge their mistresses of stars,
And when the ladies prove averse,
And more untoward to be won 15
Than by Caligula the moon,

15. Caligula was one of the emperors of Rome, son of Germanicus and Agrippina. He would needs pass for a god, and had the heads of the ancient statues of the

Cry out upon the stars, for doing
 Ill offices to cross their wooing ;
 When only by themselves they're hind'red,
 For trusting those they made her kindred ; 20
 And still, the harsher and hide-bounder
 The damsels prove, become the fonder.
 For what mad lover ever dy'd
 To gain a soft and gentle bride ?
 Or for a lady tender-hearted, 25
 In purling streams or hemp departed ?
 Leap'd headlong int' Elysium,
 Through th' windows of a dazzling room ?
 But from some cross, ill-natur'd dame,
 The am'rous fly burnt in his flame. 30
 This to the Knight could be no new,
 With all mankind so much in use ;
 Who therefore took the wiser course,
 To make the most of his amours,
 Resolv'd to try all sorts of ways, 35
 As follows in due time and place.

No sooner was the bloody fight
 Between the Wizard and the Knight,
 With all th' appurtenances, over,
 But he relaps'd again t' a lover ; 40
 As he was always wont to do,
 When h' had discomfited a foe ;
 And us'd the only antique philters,
 Deriv'd from old heroic tilters.
 But now, triumphant and victorious, 45
 He held th' achievement was too glorious
 For such a conqueror to meddle
 With petty constable or beadle ;
 Or fly for refuge to the hostess
 Of th' inns of court and chancery, Justice ; 50
 Who might, perhaps, reduce his cause
 To th' ordeal trial of the laws ;
 gods taken off, and his own placed on in their stead ;
 and used to stand between the statues of Castor and
 Pollux to be worshipped ; and often bragged of lying
 with the moon.

43. Philters were love potions, reported to be much
 in request in former ages ; but our true knight-errant
 hero made use of no other but what his noble achieve-
 ments by his sword produced.

52. Ordeal trials were, when supposed criminals, to

Where none escape, but such as branded
 With red-hot irons have past bare-handed ;
 And, if they cannot read one verse 55
 T' th' Psalms, must sing it, and that's worse.
 He therefore judging it below him
 To tempt a shame the devil might owe him,
 Resolv'd to leave the Squire for bail
 And mainprize for him to the gaol, 60
 To answer, with his vessel, all
 That might disastrously befall ;
 And thought it now the fittest juncture
 To give the lady a renounter ;
 T' acquaint her with his expedition, 65
 And conquest o'er the fierce magician ;
 Describe the manner of the fray,
 And shew the spoils he brought away ;
 His bloody scourging aggravate ;
 The number of his blews, and weight ; 70
 All which might probably succeed,
 And gain belief h' had done the deed ;
 Which he resolv'd t' enforce, and spare
 No pawning of his seal to swear ;
 But, rather than produce his back, 75
 To set his conscience on the rack ;
 And in pursuance of his urging
 Of articles perform'd and scourging,
 And all things else, upon his part,
 Demand deliv'ry of her heart, 80
 Her goods and chattels, and good graces,
 And person, up to his embraces.
 Thought he, the ancient errant knights
 Won all their ladies' hearts in fights ;
 And cut whole giants into fritters, 85
 To put them into amorous twitters ;
 Whose stubborn bowels scorn'd to yield
 Until their gallants were half kill'd :
 But when their bones were drubb'd so sore
 They durst not woo one combat more, 90
 The ladies' hearts began to melt,
 Subdu'd by blows their lovers felt.

discover their innocence, went over several red-hot
 coulter irons These were generally such whose chas-
 tity was suspected, as the vestal virgins, &c.

So Spanish heroes, with their lances,
At once wound bulls and ladies' fancies,
And he acquires the noblest spouse
That widows greatest herds of cows :
Then what may I expect to do,
Wh' have quell'd so vast a buffalo?

95

Meanwhile, the Squire was on his way
The Knight's late orders to obey ; 100
Who sent him for a strong detachment
Of beadle, constables, and watchmen,
T' attack the cunning-man, for plunder
Committed falsely on his lunaber ;
When he, who had so lately sack'd 105
The enemy, had done the fact ;
Had rifled all his pokes and fobs
Of grimeracks, whims, and jiggumbobs,
Which he, by hook or crook, had gather'd,
And for his own inventions father'd : 110
And when they should, at gaol-delivery,
Unriddle one another's thievery,
Both might have evidence enough,
To render neither halter-proof.
He thought it desperate to tarry, 115
And venture to be accessory ;
But rather wisely slip his fetters,
And leave them for the Knight, his betters.
He call'd to mind th' unjust, foul play
He would have offer'd him that day, 120
To make him curry his own hide,
Which no beast ever did beside,
Without all possible evasion,
But of the riding dispensation ;
And therefore much about the hour 125
The Knight (for reasons told before)
Resolv'd to leave them to the fury
Of justice, and an unpack'd jury,

93. The young Spaniards signalize their valour before the Spanish ladies at bull-seas, which often prove very hazardous, and sometimes fatal to them. It is performed by attacking of a wild bull kept on purpose, and let loose at the combatant; and he that kills most carries the laurel, and dwells highest in the ladies' favour.

PART III.—CANTO I.

185

The Squire concurr'd t' abandon him,
And serve him in the self-same trim ;
T' acquaint the lady what h' had done,
And what he meant to carry on ;
What project 'twas he went about,
When Sidrophel and he fell out ;
His firm and steadfast resolution,
To swear her to an execution ;
To pawn his inward ears to marry her,
And bribe the devil himself to carry her ;
In which both dwelt, as if they meant
Their party-saints to represent,
Who never fail'd, upon their sharing
In any prosperous arms-bearing,
To lay themselves out to supplant
Each other cousin German saint.

130

But, ere the Knight could do his part,
The Squire had got so much the start,
H' had to the lady done his errand,
And told her all his tricks beforehand.
Just as he finish'd his report,

145

The Knight alighted in the court ;
And having ty'd his beast t' a pale,
And taking time for both to stale,
He put his band and beard in order,
The sprucer to accost and board her :
And now began t' approach the door,
When she, wh' had spy'd him out before,
Convey'd th' informer out of sight,
And went to entertain the Knight ;
With whom encount'ring, after longees
Of humble and submissive congees,

150

And all due ceremonies paid,
He strok'd his beard, and thus he said :

155

Madam, I do, as is my duty,
Honour the shadow of your shoe-tie ;
And now am come to bring your ear
A present you'll be glad to hear :
At least I hope so : the thing's done,
Or may I never see the sun ;

160

165

137. His exterior ears were gone before, and so out of danger; but by inward ears is here meant his conscience.

For which I humbly now demand
Performance at your gentle hand;
And that you'd please to do your part,
As I have done mine, to my smart.

179

With that he shrugg'd his sturdy back,
As if he felt his shoulders ake.

But she, who well enough knew what
(Before he spoke) he would be at,
Pretended not to apprehend
The mystery of what he mean'd ;
And therefore wish'd him to expound
His dark expressions less profound.

175.

Madam, quoth he, I come to prove
How much I've suffer'd for your love,
Which (like your votary) to win,
I have not spar'd my tatter'd skin ;
And for those meritorious lashes,
To claim your favour and good graces.

180

Quoth she, I do remember once
I freed you from th' enchanted sconce ;
And that you promis'd, for that favour,
To bind your back to good behavour,
And, for my sake and service, vow'd
To lay upon't a heavy load,
And what 'twould bear t' a scruple prove,
As other knights do oft make love ;
Which whether you have done or no
Concerns yourself, not me, to know ;
But if you have, I shall confess
Y' are honester than I could guess.

190

Quoth he, If you suspect my troth,
I cannot prove it but by oath ;
And if you make a question on't,
I'll pawn my soul that I have done 't ;
And he that makes his soul his surety,
I think, does give the best security.

195

Quoth she, Some say, the soul's secure
Against distress and forfeiture ;
Is free from action, and exempt
From execution and contempt ;
And to be summon'd to appear
In th' other world's illegal here ;

200

205

And therefore few make any account
 Int' what incumbrances they run 't :
 For most men carry things so even
 Between this world, and hell, and heaven,
 Without the least offence to either, 215
 They freely deal in all together ;
 And equally abhor to quit
 This world for both, or both for it ;
 And when they pawn and damn their souls.
 They are but pris'ners on paroles. 220

For that (quoth he) 'tis rational
 They may be accountable in all :
 For when there is that intercourse
 Between divine and human pow'rs,
 That all that we determine here 225
 Commands obedience every where ;
 When penalties may be commuted
 For fines, or ears, and executed,
 It follows, nothing binds so fast
 As souls in pawn and mortgage past ; 230
 For oaths are th' only tests and seals
 Of right and wrong, and true and false ;
 And there's no other way to try
 The doubts of law and justice by.

Quoth she, What is it you would swear? 235
 There's no believing till I hear ;
 For, till they're understood, all tales
 (Like nonsense) are not true nor false.

Quoth he, When I resolv'd t' obey
 What you commanded th' other day, 240
 And to perform my exercise,
 (As schools are wont) for your fair eyes,
 T' avoid all scruples in the case,
 I went to do't upon the place :
 But as the Castle is enchanted 245
 By Sidrophel, the witch, and haunted
 With evil spirits, as you know,
 Who took my Squire and me for two,
 Before I'd hardly time to lay
 My weapons by, and disarray, 250
 I heard a formidable noise,

Loud as the Stentrophonic voice,
 That roar'd far off, Dispatch and strip,
 I'm ready with the infernal whip,
 That shall divest thy ribs from skin, 255
 To expiate thy ling'ring sin :
 Th' hast broken perfidiously thy oath,
 And not perform'd thy plighted troth ;
 But spar'd thy renegado back,
 Where th' hadst so great a prize at stake ; 260
 Which now the fates have order'd me
 For penance and revenge to flea,
 Unless thou presently make haste :
 Time is, time was : And there it ceas'd.
 With which, though startled, I confess, 265
 Yet th' horror of the thing was less
 Than th' other dismal apprehension
 Of interruption or prevention ;
 And therefore, snatching up the rod,
 I laid upon my back a load ; 270
 Resolv'd to spare no flesh and blood,
 To make my word and honour good ;
 Till tir'd, and making truce at length,
 For new recruits of breath and strength,
 I felt the blows still ply'd as fast 275
 As if th' had been by lovers plac'd,
 In raptures of Platonic lashing,
 And chaste contemplative bardashing ;
 When facing hastily about,
 To stand upon my guard and scout, 280
 I found th' infernal cunning-man,
 And th' under-witch, his Caliban,
 With scourges (like the furies) arm'd,
 That on my outward quarters storm'd.
 In haste I snatch'd my weapon up, 285
 And gave their hellish rage a stop ;
 Call'd thrice upon your name, and fell
 Courageously on Sidrophel ;

252. A speaking trumpet, by which the voice may be heard at a great distance, very useful at sea.

276. This alludes to some abject lechers, who used to be disciplined with amorous lashes by their mistresses.

Who now transform'd himself t' a bear,
Began to roar aloud, and tear; 290
When I as furiously press'd on,
My weapon down his throat to run;
Laid hold on him; but he broke loose
And turn'd himself into a goose;
Div'd under water, in a pond, 295
To hide himself from being found.
In vain I sought him; but, as soon
As I perceiv'd him fled and gone,
Prepar'd with equal haste and rage,
His under-sorcerer t' engage. 300
But bravely scorning to defile
My sword with feeble blood and vile,
I judg'd it better from a quick-
Set hedge to cut a knotted stick,
With which I furiously laid on, 305
Till in a harsh and doleful tone,
It roar'd, O hold for pity, Sir:
I am too great a sufferer,
Abus'd, as you have been, b' a witch,
But conjur'd into a worse caprich; 310
Who sends me out on many a jaunt,
Old houses in the night to haunt.
For opportunities t' improve
Designs of thievery or love;
With drugs convey'd in drink or meat, 315
All feats of witches counterfeit;
Kill pigs and geese with powder'd glass,
And make it for enchantment pass;
With cow-itch meazole like a leper,
And choke with fumes of Guinea pepper; 320
Make lechers, and their punks, with dewtry,
Commit fantastical advowtry;
Bewitch Hermetic-men to run
Stark staring mad with manicon;

323. *Hermes Trismegistus*, an Egyptian philosopher, and said to have lived anno Mundi 2076, in the reign of Ninus, after Moses. He was a wonderful philosopher, and proved that there was but one God, the creator of all things; and was the author of several most excellent and useful inventions. But those Hermetic-men here mentioned, though the pretended sectators of this great man, are nothing else but a wild and extravagant sort of en-

Believe mechanic virtuosi 325
 Can raise 'em mountains in Potosi ;
 And, sillier than the antic fools,
 Take treasure for a heap of coals ;
 Seek out for plants with signatures,
 To quack of universal cures ; 330
 With figures ground on panes of glass
 Made people on their heads to pass ;
 And mighty heaps of coin increase,
 Reflected from a single piece,
 To draw in fools, whose nat'r al itches 335
 Incline perpetually to witches ;
 And keep me in continual fears,
 And danger of my neck and ears ;
 When less delinquents have been scourg'd,
 And hemp on wooden anvil forg'd, 340
 Which others for cravats have worn
 About their necks and took a turn.

I pity'd the sad punishment
 The wretched caitiff underwent,
 And left my drubbing of his bones, 345
 Too great an honour for poltroons ;
 For knights are bound to feel no blows
 From paltry and unequal foes,
 Who, when they slash, and cut to pieces,
 Do all with civilest addresses : 350
 Their horses never give a blow,
 But when they make a leg, and bow.
 I therefore spar'd his flesh, and prest him
 About the witch with many a question.

Quoth he, For many years he drove 355
 A kind of broking-trade in love ;
 Employ'd in all th' intrigues and trust
 Of feeble, speculative lust :
 Procurer to th' extravagancy
 And crazy ribaldry of fancy, 360
 By those the devil had forsook,
 As things below him to provoke.

thusiasts, who make a hodge-podge of religion and philosophy, and produce nothing but what is the object of every considering person's contempt.

326. Potosi is a city of Peru, the mountains whereof afford great quantities of the finest silver in all the Indies.

But b'ing a virtuoso, able To smatter, quack, and cant, and dabble, He held his talent most adroit For any mystical exploit ;	365
As others of his tribe had done, And rais'd their prices three to one : For one predicting pimp has th' odds Of chaldrons of plain downright bawds.	370
But as an elf (the devil's valet) Is not so slight a thing to get ; For those that do his bus'ness best, In hell are us'd the ruggedest ;	375
Before so meriting a person Could get a grant, but in reversion, He serv'd two 'prenticeships, and longer, I' th' myst'ry of a lady-monger.	380
For (as some write) a witch's ghost, As soon as from the body loo's'd, Becomes a puny imp itself, And is another witch's elf :	385
He, after searching far and near, At length found one in Lancashire, With whom he bargain'd before-hand, And, after hanging, entertain'd :	390
Since which h' has play'd a thousand feats, And practis'd all mechanic cheats ; Transform'd himself to th' ugly shapes Of wolves and bears, baboons and apes,	395
Which he has vary'd more than witches, Or Pharoah's wizards, could their switches ; And all with whom he has to do, Turn'd to as monstrous figures too :	400
Witness myself, whom h' has abus'd, And to this beastly shape reduc'd, By feeding me on beans and peas, He crams in nasty crevices,	
And turns to comfits by his arts, To make me relish for deserts, And one by one, with shame and fear, Lick up the candy'd provender.	
Beside——But as he was running on, To tell what other feats h' had done,	

The lady stopt his full career, 405
 And told him now 'twas time to hear :
 If half those things (said she) be true—
 They're all, (quoth he,) I swear by you.
 Why then (said she,) that Sidrophel
 Has damn'd himself to th' pit of hell ; 410
 Who, mounted on a broom, the nag
 And hackney of a Lapland hag,
 In quest of you came hither post,
 Within an hour (I am sure) at most ;
 Who told me all you swear and say, 415
 Quite contrary another way ;
 Vow'd that you came to him to know
 If you should carry me or no ;
 And would have hir'd him, and his imps,
 To be your match-makers and pimps, 420
 T' engage the devil on your side,
 And steal (like Proserpine) your bride.
 But he disdaining to embrace
 So filthy a design and base,
 You fell to vapouring and huffing, 425
 And drew upon him like a ruffian ;
 Surpris'd him meanly, unprepar'd,
 Before h' had time to mount his guard ;
 And left him dead upon the ground,
 With many a bruise and desperate wound : 430
 Swore you had broke and robb'd his house,
 And stole his talismanique louse,
 And all his new-found old inventions,
 With flat felonious intentions ;
 Which he could bring out where he had, 435
 And what he bought them for, and paid.
 His flea, his morpion, and punaise,
 H' had gotten for his proper ease ;
 And all in perfect minutes made,
 By th' ablest artists of the trade, 440
 Which (he could prove it) since he lost,
 He has been eaten up almost ;
 And altogether might amount
 To many hundreds on account ;
 For which h' had got sufficient warrant 445
 To seize the malefactors errant,

PART III.—CANTO I.

453

Without capacity of bail,
But of a cart's or horse's tail ;
And did not doubt to bring the wretches
To serve for pendulums to watches; 450
Which modern virtuosos say,
Incline to hanging every way.
Beside, he swore, and swere 'twas true,
That, ere he went in quest of you,
He set a figure to discover 455
If you were fled to Rye or Dover;
And found it clear, that, to betray
Yourselves and me, you fled this way;
And that he was upon pursuit,
To take you somewhere hereabout, 460
He vow'd he had intelligence
Of all that pass'd before and since;
And found, that ere you came to him,
Y' had been engaging life and limb
About a case of tender conscience. 465
Where both abounded in your own sense;
Till Ralpho, by his light and grace,
Had clear'd all scruples in the case,
And prev'd that you might swear and own
Whatever's by the wicked done; 470
For which, most basely to requite
The service of his gifts and light,
You strove t' oblige him, by main force,
To scourge his ribs instead of yours;
But that he stood upon his guard, 475
And all your vapouring out-dar'd;
For which, between you both, thefeat
Has never been perform'd as yet.

While thus the Lady talk'd, the Knight
Turn'd th' outside of his eyes to white, 480
(As men of inward light are wont
To turn their optics in open't)
He wonder'd how she came to know
What he had done and meant to do;
Held up his affidavit hand, 485
As if h' had been to be arraign'd;
Cast t'wards the door a ghastly look,
In dread of Sidrophel, and spoke:

N

Madam, if but one word be true
 Of all the wizard has told you, 490
 Or but one single circumstance
 In all th' apoeryphal romance,
 May dreadful earthquakes swallow down
 This vessel, that is all your own ;
 Or may the heavens fall, and cover 495
 These reliques of your constant lover.

You have provided well, quoth she,
 (I thank you) for yourself and me,
 And shewn your Presbyterian wits
 Jump punctual with the Jesuits ; 500
 A most compendious way, and civil,
 At once to cheat the world, the devil,
 And heaven and hell, yourselves, and those
 On whom you vainly think t' impose.
 Why then (quoth he) may hell surprise— 505
 That trick (said she) will not pass twice :
 I've learn'd how far I'm to believe
 Your pinning oaths upon your sleeve.
 But there's a better way of clearing
 What you would prove than downright swear-
 For if you have perform'd the feat, [ing
 The blows are visible as yet,
 Enough to serve for satisfaction
 Of nicest scruples in the action :
 And if you can produce those knobs, 515
 Although they're but the witch's drubs,
 I'll pass them all upon account,
 As if your natural self had done 't ;
 Provided that they pass th' opinion
 Of able juries of old women, 520
 Who, us'd to judge all matter of facts
 For bellies, may do so for backs.

Madam, (quoth he) your love's a million ;
 To do is less than to be willing,
 As I am, were it in my power, 525
 T' obey what you command, and more :
 But for performing what you bid,
 I thank you 's much as if I did.
 You know I ought to have a care
 To keen my wounds from taking air ; 530

For wounds in those that are all heart,
Are dangerous in any part.

I find (quoth she) my goods and chattels
Are like to prove but mere drawn battels ;
For still the longer we contend,
We are but farther off the end.

535

But granting now we should agree,
What is it you expect from me?

Your plighted faith (quoth he) and word
You past in heaven on record,
Where all contracts, to have and t' hold,
Are everlastingly enroll'd :

540

And if 'tis counted treason here
To raze records, 'tis much more there.

Quoth she, There are no bargains driv'n,
Nor marriages clapp'd up in heav'n,
And that's the reason, as some guess,
There is no heav'n in marriages ;
Two things that naturally press
Too narrowly to be at ease.

550

Their bus'ness there is only love,
Which marriage is not like t' improve
Love, that's too generous to abide
To be against its nature ty'd ;
For where 'tis of itself inclin'd,

555

It breaks loose when it is confin'd ;
And like the soul, its harbourer,
Debarr'd the freedom of the air,
Disdains against its will to stay,
But struggles out, and flies away ;

560

And therefore never can comply
T' endure the matrimonial tie,
That binds the female and the male,
Where th' one is but the other's bail ;
Like Roman jailers, when they slept,

565

Chain'd to the prisoners they kept ;
Of which the true and faithfull'st lover
Gives best security to suffer.

Marriage is but a beast, some say,
That carries double in foul way ;
And therefore 'tis not to b' admir'd
It should so suddenly be tir'd ;

570

A bargain at a venture made,
 Between two partners in a trade ;
 (For what's inferr'd by t' have and t' hold, 575
 But something past away, and sold ?)
 That, as it makes but one of two,
 Reduces all things else as low,
 And, at the best, is but a mart
 Between the one and th' other part, 580
 That on the marriage-day is paid,
 Or hour of death, the bet is laid ;
 And all the rest of better or worse,
 Both are but losers out of purse ;
 For when upon their ungot heirs 585
 Th' entail themselves, and all that's theirs,
 What blinder bargain e'er was dri'v'n,
 Or wager laid at six and seven ?
 To pass themselves away, and turn
 Their children's tenants ere they're born ? 590
 Beg one another idiot
 To guardians, ere they are begot ;
 Or ever shall, perhaps, by th' one
 Who's bound to vouch 'em for his own,
 Though got b' implicit generation, 595
 And gen'ral club of all the nation ;
 For which she's fortify'd no less
 Than all the island, with four seas ;
 Exacts the tribute of her dower,
 In ready insolence and power ; 600
 And makes him pass away, to have
 And hold, to her, himself, her slave,
 More wretched than an ancient villain,
 Condemn'd to drudgery and tilling ;
 While all he does upon the by, 605
 She is not bound to justify,
 Nor at her proper cost and charge
 Maintain the feats he does at large.
 Such hideous sots were those obedient
 Old vassals to their ladies regent, 610
 To give the cheats the eldest hand
 In foul play by the laws o' th' land ;

603. Villainage was an ancient tenure, by which the
 enants were obliged to perform the most abject and
 slavish services for their lords.

For which so many a legal cuckold
 Has been run down in courts and truckled; 615
 A law that most unjustly yokes
 All Johns of Stiles to Joans of Noakes,
 Without distinction of degree,
 Condition, age, or quality;
 Admits no power of revocation,
 Nor valuable consideration, 620
 Nor writ of error, nor reverse
 Of judgment past, for better or worse:
 Will not allow the privileges
 That beggars challenge under hedges, [horses
 Who, when they're griev'd, can make dead
 Their spiritual judges of divorces; 626
 While nothing else but Rem in Re
 Can set the proudest wretches free;
 A slavery beyond enduring,
 But that 'tis of their own procuring. 630
 As spiders never seek the fly,
 But leave him, of himself, t' apply,
 So men are by themselves employ'd.
 To quit the freedom they enjoy'd,
 And run their necks into a noose, 635
 They'd break 'em after to break loose;
 As some, whom death would not depart,
 Have done thefeat themselves by art;
 Like Indian widows, gone to bed
 In flaming curtains to the dead; 640
 And men as often dangled for't,
 And yet will never leave the sport.
 Nor do the ladies want excuse
 For all the stratagems they use
 To gain th' advantage of the set, 645
 And lurch the amorous rook and cheat:
 For as the Pythagorean soul
 Runs through all beasts, and fish, and fowl,

639. The Indian women, richly attred, are carried in a splendid and pompous machine to the funeral pile where the bodies of their deceased husbands are to be consumed, and their voluntarily throw themselves into it, and expire; and such as refuse their virtue is ever after suspected, and they live in the utmost contempt.

647. It was the opinion of Pythagoras and his follow

And has a smack of ev'ry one,
So love does, and has ever done ; 650
And therefore, though 'tis ne'er so fond,
Takes strangely to the vagabond.
'Tis but an ague that's reverst,
Whose hot fit takes the patient first,
That after burns with cold as much 655
As ir'n in Greenland does the touch ;
Melts in the furnace of desire
Like glass, that's but the ice of fire ;
And when his heat of fancy's over,
Becomes as hard and frail a lover : 660
For when he's with love-powder laden,
And prim'd and cock'd by Miss or Madam,
The sinallest sparkle of an eye
Gives fire to his artillery,
And off the loud oaths go ; but, while 665
They're in the very act, recoil.
Hence 'tis so few dare take their chance
Without a sep'rate maintenance ;
And widows, who have try'd one lover,
Trust none again, 'till th' have made over ; 670
Or if they do, before they marry,
The foxes weigh the geese they carry ;
And ere they venture o'er a stream,
Know how to seize themselves and them ;
Whence wittiest ladies always choose 675
To undertake the heaviest goose :
For now the world is grown so wary,
That few of either sex dare marry,
But rather trust on tick t' amours,
The cross and pile for better or worse ; 680
A mode that is held honourable,
As well as French, and fashionable ;
For when it falls out for the best,
Where both are incommodeed loast,
In soul and body two unite, 685
To make up one hermaphrodite,

ers, that the soul transmigrated (as they termed it) into all the diverse species of animals ; and so was differently disposed and affected, according to their different natures and constitutions.

Still amorous, and fond, and billing,
Like Philip and Mary on a shilling.
Th' have more punctilioes and caprices
Between the petticoat and breeches, 690
More petulant extravagances,
Than poets make 'em in romances,
Though when their heroes 'spouse the dames,
We hear no more of charms and flames :
For then their late attracts decline, 695
And turn as eager as prick'd wine ;
And all their caterwauling tricks,
In earnest too as jealous piques :
Which th' ancients wisely signify'd
By th' yellow mantuas of the bride. 700
For jealousy is but a kind
Of clap and grincam of the mind,
The natural effects of love,
As other flames and aches do prove ;
But all the mischief is the doubt, 705
On whose account they first broke out.
For though Chineses go to bed,
And lie in, in their ladies' stead,
And, for the pains they took before,
Are nurs'd and pamper'd to do more ; 710
Our green-men do it worse, when th' hap
To fall in labour of a clap :
Both lay the child to one another ;
But who's the father, who the mother,
'Tis hard to say in multitudes, 715
Or who imported the French goods.
But health and sickness b'ing all one,
Which both engag'd before to own,
And are not with their bodies bound
To worship only when they're sound, 720
Both give and take their equal shares
Of all they suffer by false wares ;
A fate no lover can divert
With all his caution, wit, and art ;

707. The Chinese men of quality, when their wives are brought to bed, are nursed and tended with as much care as women here, and are supplied with the best strengthening and nourishing diet, in order to qualify them for future services.

For 'tis in vain to think to guess 725
 At women by appearances,
 That paint and patch their imperfections
 Of intellectual complexions,
 And daub their tempers o'er with washes
 As artificial as their faces ; 730
 Wear under vizard-masks their talents,
 And mother-wits before their gallants,
 Until they're hamper'd in the noose,
 Too fast to dream of breaking loose ;
 When all the flaws they strove to hide 735
 Are made unready with the bride,
 That with her wedding-clothes undresses
 Her complaisance and gentilesses ;
 Tries all her arts to take upon her
 The government from th' easy owner ; 740
 Until the wretch is glad to waive
 His lawful right, and turn her slave ;
 Find all his having and his holding
 Reduc'd t' eternal noise and scolding ;
 The conjugal petard that tears 745
 Down all portcullisses of ears,
 And makes the volley of one tongue
 For all their leathern shields too strong ;
 When only arm'd with noise and nails,
 The female silk-worms ride the males, 750
 Transform 'em into rams and goats,
 Like Sirens, with their charming notes ;
 Sweet as a screech-owl's serenade,
 Or those enchanting murmurs made
 By th' husband mandrake and the wife, 755
 Both bury'd (like themselves) alive.

Quoth he, These reasons are but strains
 Of wanton, overheated brains,

751 The Sirens, according to the poets, were three sea-monsters, half women and half fish ; their names were Parthenope, Ligneæ, and Lencosia. Their usual residence was about the island of Sicily, where, by the charming melody of their voices, they used to detain those that heard them, and then transform them into some sort of brute animals.

755. Naturalists report, that if a male and female mandrake lie near each other, there will often be heard a sort of murmuring noise.

PART III.—CANTO I.

203

Which ralliers, in their wit, or drink,
Do rather wheedle with than think. 760

Man was not man in paradise,
Until he was created twice,
And had his better half, his bride,
Carv'd from the original, his side,
T' amend his natural defects,
And perfect his recruiting sex; 765
Enlarge his breed at once, and lessen
The pains and labour of increasing,
By changing them for other carcs,
As by his dry'd up paps appears. 770

His body, that stupendous frame,
Of all the world the anagram,
Is of two equal parts compact,
In shape and symmetry exact,
Of which the left and female side 775
Is to the manly right a bride;
Both join'd together with such art,
That nothing else but death can part.
Those heav'ly attracts of yours, your eyes,
And face that all the world surprise, 780
That dazzle all that look upon ye,
And scorch all other ladies tawny;
Those ravishing and charming graces
Are all made up of two half faces,
That in a mathematic line, 785
Like those in other heavens, join,
Of which if either grew alone,
T' would fright as much to look upon:
And so would that sweet bud your lip,
Without the other's fellowship. 790

Our noblest senses act by pairs;
Two eyes to see; to hear, two ears;
Th' intelligencers of the mind,
To wait upon the soul design'd;
But those that serve the body alone, 795
Are single, and confin'd to one.
The world is but two parts, that meet
And close at th' equinoctial fit;

797. The equinoctial divides the globe into north
and south.

And so are all the works of Nature,
Stamp'd with her signature on matter; 800
Which all her creatures, to a leaf,
Or smallest blade of grass, receive;
All which sufficiently declare
How entirely marriage is her care,—
The only method that she uses 805
In all the wonders she produces:
And those that take their rules from her
Can never be deceiv'd nor err.
For what secures the civil life,
But pawns of children, and a wife? 810
That lie like hostages at stake,
To pay for all men undertake;
To whom it is as necessary
As to be born and breathe, and marry;
So universal, all mankind 815
In nothing else is of one mind.
For in what stupid age, or nation,
Was marriage ever out of fashion?
Unless among the Amazons,
Or cloister'd friars, and vestal nuns; 820
Or Stoicks, who, to bar the freaks
And loose excesses of the sex,
Prepost'rously would have all women
Turn'd up to all the world in common.
Though men would find such mortal feuds, 825
In sharing of their public goods,
'Twould put them to more charge of lives,
Than they're supply'd with now by wives;
Until they graze, and wear their clothes,
As beasts do, of their native growths: 830
For simple wearing of their horns
Will not suffice to serve their turns.
For what can we pretend to inherit,
Unless the marriage-deed will bear it?

819. The Amazons were women of Scythia, of heroic and great achievements. They suffered no men to live among them; but once every year used to have conversation with men of the neighbouring countries, by which if they had a male child, they presently either killed or cripp'd it; but if a female, they brought it up to the use of arms, and burnt off one breast, leaving the other to suckle girls.

PART III.—CANTO I. 203

Could claim no right to lands or rents, But for our parents' settlements ; Had been but younger sons o' th' earth. Debarr'd it all, but for our birth.	835
What honours, or estates of peers, Could be preserv'd but by their heirs ? And what security maintains Their right and title, but the bans ?	840
What crowns could be hereditary, If greatest monarchs did not marry, And with their consorts consummate Their weightiest interests of state ?	845
For all the amours of princes are But guarantees of peace or war. Or what but marriage has a charm The rage of empires to disarm,	850
Make blood and desolation cease, And fire and sword unite in peace, When all their fierce contests for forage Conclude in articles of marriage ?	855
Nor does the genial bed provide Less for the int'rests of the bride ; Who else had not the least pretence T' as much as due benevolence ;	860
Could no more title take upon her To virtue, quality, and honour, Than ladies-errant unconfin'd, And feme-coverts to all mankind.	863
All women would be of one piece, The virtuous matron and the miss ; The nymphs of chaste Diana's train, The same with those in Lewkner's Lane,	866
But for the difference marriage makes 'Twixt wives and ladies of the lakes ; Besides the joys of place and birth, The sex's paradise on earth ;	870
A privilege so sacred held, That none will to their mothers yield ;	

865. Diana's nymphs, all of whom vowed perpetual virginity, and were much celebrated for the exact observation of their vow.

866. Lewkner's Lane some years ago swarmed with notoriously lascivious and profligate strumpets.

But rather than not go before,
Abandon heaven at the door.

And if th' indulgent law allows
A greater freedom to the spouse,
The reason is, because the wife
Runs greater hazards of her life ;
Is trusted with the form and matter
Of all mankind by careful Nature :

Where man brings nothing but the stuff
She frames the wondrous fabric of ;
Who therefore, in a strait, may freely
Demand the clergy of her belly,
And make it save her the same way

It seldom misses to betray ;
Unless both parties wisely enter
Into the liturgy indenture.

And though some fits of small contest
Sometimes fall out among the best,
That is no more than ev'ry lover
Does from his hackney-lady suffer :
That makes no breach of faith and love,

But rather (sometimes) serves t' improve.
For as, in running, ev'ry pace
Is but between two legs a race,
In which both do their uttermost
To get before, and win the post,
Yet when they're at their race's ends,

They're still as kind and constant friends,

And, to relieve their weariness,
By turns give one another ease ;
So all those false alarms of strife
Between the husband and the wife,
And little quarrels, often prove

To be but new recruits of love ;
When those wh' are always kind or coy,
In time must either tire or cloy.

Nor are their loudest clamours more
Than as they're relish'd sweet or sour ;
Like music, that proves bad or good,
According as 'tis understood.

877. Demanding the clergy of her belly, which, for the reason aforesaid is pleaded in excuse by those who take the liberty to oblige themselves and friends.

In all amours, a lover burns
 With frowns as well as smiles by turns ;
 And hearts have been as oft with sullen 915
 As charming looks surpris'd and stolen.
 Then why should more bewitching clamour
 Some lovers not as much enamour ?
 For discords make the sweetest airs,
 And curses are a kind of prayers ; 920
 Too slight alloys for all those grand
 Felicities by marriage gain'd.
 For nothing else has pow'r to settle
 Th' interests of love perpetual ;
 An act and deed, that makes one heart 925
 Become another's counterpart,
 And passes fines on faith and love,
 Enroll'd and register'd above,
 To seal the slippery knots of vows,
 Which nothing else but death can loose. 930
 And what security's too strong,
 To guard the gentle heart from wrang,
 That to its friend is glad to pass
 Itself away, and all it has ;
 And, like an anchorite, gives over 935
 This world for th' heaven of a lover ?

I grant (quoth she) there are some few
 Who take that course, and find it true ;
 But millions whom the same doth sentence
 To heav'n b' another way—repentance. 940
 Love's arrows are but shot at rovers,
 Though all they hit they turn to lovers ;
 And all the weighty consequents
 Depend upon more blind events
 Than gamesters, when they play a set 945
 With greatest cunning at piquet,
 Put out with caution, but take in
 'They know not what, unsight, unseen.
 For what do lovers, when they're fast
 In one another's arms embrac'd, 950
 But strive to plunder, and convey
 Each other, like a prize, away ?
 To change the property of selves,
 As sucking children are by elves ?

And if they use their persons so, 955
 What will they to their fortunes do?
 Their fortunes! the perpetual aims
 Of all their ecstasies and flames.

For when the money's on the book, 960
 And, All my worldly goods—but spoke
 (The formal livery and seisin
 That puts the lover in possession,)
 To that alone the bridegroom's wedded ;
 The bride a flam that's superseded:
 To that their faith is still made good, 965
 And all the oaths to us they vow'd :
 For when we once resign our pow'rs,
 W' have nothing left we can call ours :
 Our money's now become the Miss
 Of all your lives and services ; 970
 And we, forsaken and postpon'd,
 But bawds to what before we own'd ;
 Which, as it made y' at first gallant us,
 So now hires others to supplant us,
 Until 'tis all turn'd out of doors 975
 (As we had been) for new amours :
 For what did ever heiress yet
 By being born to lordships get ?
 When the more lady sh' is of manors,
 She's but expos'd to more trepanners, 980
 Pays for their projects and designs,
 And for her own destruction fines ;
 And does but tempt them with her riches,
 To use her as the dev'l does witches ;
 Who takes it for a special grace 985
 To be their cully for a space,
 That when the time's expir'd, the drazels
 For ever may become his vassals :
 So she, bewitch'd by rooks and spirits,
 Betrays herself and all sh' inherits : 990
 Is bought and sold like stolen goods,
 By pimps, and match-makers, and bawds,
 Until they force her to convey,
 And steal the thief himself away.
 These are the everlasting fruits 995
 Of all your passionate love-suits,

Th' effects of all your amorous fancies
 To portions and inheritances ;
 Your love-sick rapture for fruition
 Of dowry, jointure, and tuition ; 1000
 To which you make address and courtship,
 And with your bodies strive to worship,
 That th' infants' fortunes may partake
 Of love too, for the mother's sake.

For these you play at purposes, 1005
 And love your loves with A's and B's.
 For these at Beste and L'Ombre woo,
 And play for love and money too ;
 Strive who shall be the ablest man
 At right gallanting of a fan ; 1010
 And who the most genteelly bred
 At sucking of a vizard-bead ;
 How best t' accost us in all quarters,
 T' our question-and-command new Garters ;
 And solidly discourse upon 1015
 All sorts of dresses pro and con ;
 For there's no mystery nor trade,
 But in the art of love is made ;
 And when you have more debts to pay
 Than Michaelmas and Lady-Day, 1020
 And no way possible to do 't,
 But love and oaths, and restless suit,
 To us y' apply to pay the scores
 Of all your cully'd past amours ;
 Act o'er your flames and darts again, 1025
 And charge us with your wounds and pain ;
 Which others' influences long since
 Have charm'd your noses with, and shins ;
 For which the surgeon is unpaid,
 And like to be, without our aid. 1030
 Lord ! what an am'rous thing is want !
 How debts and mortgages enchant !
 What graces must that lady have
 That can from executions save !
 What charms that can reverse extent, 1035
 And null decree and exigent !
 What magical attracts and graces,
 That can redeem from scire facias !

From bonds and statutes can discharge,
 And from contempts of court enlarge! 1043
 These are the highest excellencies
 Of all your true or false pretencess;
 And you would damn yourselves, and swear
 As much t' an hostess dowager,
 Grown fat and pursy by retail 1045
 Of pots of beer and bottled ale,
 And find her fitter for your turn,
 For fat is wondrous apt to burn;
 Who at your flames would soon take fire,
 Relent, and melt to your desire, 1050
 And, like a candle in the socket,
 Dissolve her graces int' your pocket.

By this time 'twas grown dark and late,
 When th' heard a knocking at the gate,
 Laid on in haste, with such a powder, 1055
 The blows grew louder still and louder;
 Which Hudibras, as if th' had been,
 Bestow'd as freely on his skin,
 Expounding by his inward light,
 Or rather more prophetic fright, 1060
 To be the wizard, come to search,
 And take him napping in the lurch,
 Turn'd pale as ashes, or a clout,
 But why or wherefore is a doubt;
 For men will tremble, and turn paler, 1065
 With too much or too little valour.
 His heart laid on, as if it try'd
 To force a passage through his side,
 Impatient (as he vow'd) to wait 'em,
 But in a fury to fly at 'em; 1070
 And therefore beat, and laid about,
 To find a cranny to creep out.
 But she, who saw in what a taking
 The Knight was by his furious quaking,
 Undaunted cry'd, Courage, Sir Knight! 1075
 Know, I'm resolv'd to break no rite
 Of hospitality t' a stranger;
 But to secure you out of danger,
 Will here myself stand sentinel,
 To guard this pass 'gainst Sidrophel, 1080

PART III.—CANTO I.

200

Women, you know, do seldom fail
To make the stoutest men turn tail:
And bravely scorn to turn their backs
Upon the desp'ratest attacks.

At this the Knight grew resolute
As Ironside and Hardiknute:
His fortitude began to rally,
And out he cry'd aloud to sally,
But she besought him to convey
His courage rather out o' th' way,
And lodge in ambush on the floor,
Or fortify'd behind a door;
That if the enemy should enter,
He might relieve her in th' adventure.

Meanwhile they knock'd against the door
As fierce as at the gate before,
Which made the renegado Knight
Relapse again t' his former fright.
He thought it desperate to stay
Till th' enemy had ferc'd his way,
But rather post himself, to serve
The lady, for a fresh reserve.
His duty was not to dispute,
But what sh' had order'd execute;
Which he resolv'd in haste t' obey,
And therefore stoutly march'd away;
And all h' encounter'd fell upon,
Though in the dark, and all alone;
Till fear, that braver feats performs
Than ever courage dar'd in arms,
Had drawn him up before a pass,
To stand upon his guard and face;
This he courageously invaded,
And having enter'd, barricado'd,
Inconce'd himself as formidable
As could be underneath a table,
Where he lay down in ambush close,
T' expect th' arrival of his foes.
Few minutes he had lain perdue,
To guard his desp'rate avenue,

1085

1090

1100

1105

1110

1115

1120

1086. Two famous and valiant princes of this country; the one a Saxon, the other a Dane

Before he heared a dreadful shout,
 As loud as putting to the rout,
 With which impatiently alarim'd,
 He fancy'd th' enemy had storm'd,
 And, after ent'ring, Sidrophel 1125
 Was fall'n upon the guards pell-mell :
 He therefore sent out all his senses,
 To bring him in intelligences,
 Which vulgars out of ignorance,
 Mistake for falling in a trance ; 1130
 But those who trade in geomancy,
 Affirm to be the strength of fancy ;
 In which the Lapland Magi deal,
 And things incredible reveal.
 Meanwhile the foe beat up his quarters, 1135
 And storm'd the outworks of his fortress :
 And as another of the same .
 Degree and party, in arms and fame,
 That in the same cause had engag'd,
 And war with equal conduct wag'd, 1140
 By vent'ring only but to thrust
 His head a span beyond his post,
 B' a gen'ral of the cavaliers
 Was dragg'd thro' a window by the ears ;
 So he was serv'd in his redoubt, 1145
 And by the other end pull'd out.
 Soon as they had him at their mercy,
 They put him to the cudgel fiercely,
 As if they'd scorn to trade or barter,
 By giving or by taking quarter : 1150
 They stoutly on his quarters laid,
 Until his scouts came in t' his aid ;
 For when a man is past his sense,
 There's no way to reduce him thence,
 But twinging him by th' ears or nose, 1155
 Or laying on of heavy blows

1131. The Lapland Magi. The Laplanders are an idolatrous people, far north ; and it is very credibly reported by authors and persons that have travelled in their country, that they do perform things incredible by what is vulgarly called magic.

And if that will not do the deed,
To burning with hot irons proceed.
No sooner was he come t' himself,
But on his neck a sturdy ~~elf~~
Clapp'd, in a trice, his cloven hoof,
And thus attack'd him with reproof:

Mortal, thou art betray'd to us
B' our friend, thy Evil Genius,
Who, for thy horrid perjuries,
Thy breach of faith, and turning lies,
The brethren's privilege (against
The wicked) on themselves, the saints,
Has here thy wretched carcass sent
For just revenge and punishment;
Which thou hast now no way to lessen,
But by an open free confession;
For if we catch thee failing once,
'Twill fall the heavier on thy bones.

What made thee venture to betray,
And filch the lady's heart away?
To spirit her to matrimony?—
That which contracts all matches—money,
It was th' enchantment of her riches
That made m' apply t' your crony witches, 1180
That, in return, would pay th' expense,
The wear and tear of conscience;
Which I could have patch'd up, and turn'd,
For th' hundredth part of what I earn'd.

Didst thou not love her, then? Speak true.
No more (quoth he) than I love you.— 1186
How would'st th' have us'd her, and her money?
First turn'd her up to alimony,
And laid hor dowry out in law,
To null her jointure with a flaw, 1190
Whjch I before-hand had agreed
T' have put, on purpose in the deed;
And bar her widow's making over
T' a friend in trust, or private lover.

What made thee pick and choose her out,
T' employ their sorceries about?— 1196
That which makes gamesters play with those
Who have least wit, and most to lose.

1159. An allusion to cauterizing in apoplexies, &c.

1160

1165

1170

1175

1190

1196

But didst thou scourge thy vessel thus,
As thou hast damn'd thyself to us? 1200

I see you take me for an ass:
'Tis true, I thought the trick would pass
Upon a woman well enough,
As 't has been often found by proof;
Whose humours are not to be won, 1205
But when they are impos'd upon:
For love approves of all they do
That stand for candidates, and woo.

Why didst thou forge those shameful lies
Of bears and witches in disguise? 1210

That is no more than authors give
The rabble credit to believe;
A trick of following their leaders,
To entertain their gentle readers:
And we have now no other way 1215
Of passing all we do or say;
Which, when 'tis natural and true,
Will be believ'd b' a very few,
Beside the danger of offence,
The fatal enemy of sense. 1220

Why didst thou choose that cursed sin,
Hypocrisy, to set up in?
Because it is the thriving'st calling,
The only saint'-bell that rings all in;
In which all churches are concern'd, 1225
And is the easiest to be learn'd.
For no degrees, unless they employ 't,
Can ever gain much, or enjoy 't:
A gift that is not only able
To domineer among the ~~robust~~, 1230

But by the laws impower'd to rout,
And awe the greatest that stand out;
Which few hold forth against, for fear
Their hands should slip, and come too near,
For no sin else among the saints 1235

Is taught so tenderly against.

What made thee break thy plighted vows?—
That which makes others break a house,
And hang, and scorn ye all, before
Endure the plague of being poor. 1240

Queth he, I see you have more tricks
 Than all our doating politics,
 That are grown old, and out of fashion,
 Compar'd with your New Reformation;
 That we must come to school to you, 1245
 To learn your more refin'd and new,
 Quoth he, if you will give me leave
 To tell you what I now perceive,
 You'll find yourself an arrant chouse,
 If y' were but at a meeting-house.— 1250
 'Tis true, (quoth he) we ne'er come there,
 Because wi' have let 'em out by th' year.
 Truly, quoth he, you can't imagine
 What wondrous things they will engage in :
 That as your fellow-fiends in hell 1255
 Were angels all before they fell,
 So are you like to be agen,
 Compar'd with th' angels of us men.
 Quoth he, I am resolv'd to be
 Thy scholar in this mystery ; 1260
 And therefore first desire to know
 Some principles on which you go.
 What makes a knave a child of God,
 And one of us?—A livelihood.
 What renders beating out of brains, 1265
 And murder, godliness?—Great gains.
 What's tender conscience?—'Tis a botch,
 That will not bear the gentlest touch ;
 But breaking out, dispatches more
 Than th' epidemical plague-sore. 1270
 What makes y' encroach upon our trade,
 And damn all others?—To be paid.
 What's orthodox, and true believing
 Against a conscience?—A good living.
 What makes rebelling against kings 1275
 A good old cause?—Administ'ring.
 What makes old doctrines plain and clear?—
 About two hundred pounds a year.
 And that which was prov'd true before,
 Prove false again?—Two hundred more. 1280
 What makes the breaking of all oaths
 A holy duty?—Food and clothes.

What laws and freedom, persecution?—
B'ing out of pow'r and contribution. 1281

What makes a church a den of thieves?
A dean and chapter, and white sleeves.

And what would serve if those were gone,
To make it orthodox?—Our own.

What makes morality a crime,
The most notorious of the time; 1290

Morality, which both the saints
And wicked too cry out against?—
'Cause grace and virtue are within
Prohibited degrees of kin;
And therefore no true saint allows 1295

They shall be suffer'd to espouse:
For saints can need no conscience,
That with morality dispense;
As virtue 's impious, when 'tis rooted
In nature only, and not imputed: 1300

But why the wicked should do so,
We neither know, or care to do.

What's liberty of conscience,
In th' natural and genuine sense?
'Tis to restore, with more security, 1305

Rebellion to its ancient purity;
And Christian liberty reduce
To th' elder practice of the Jews.
For a large conscience is all one,
And signifies the same with none. 1310

It is enough (quoth he) for once,
And has repriev'd thy forfeit-bones:
Nick Machiavel had ne'er a trick
(Though he gave his name to our Old Nick)
But was below the least of these, 1315

That pass i' th' world for holiness.

This said, the furies and the light
In th' instant vanish'd out of sight,
And left him in the dark alone,
With stinks of brimstone and his own. 1320

The Queen of Night, whose large command
Rules all the sea, and half the land,

1321. The moon influences the tides, and predominates over all humid bodies; and persons distempered in mind are called lunatics.

And over moist and crazy brains,
In high spring-tides, at midnight reigns,
Was now declining to the west, 1325
Te go to bed, and take her rest ;
Whon Hudibras, whose stubborn blows
Deny'd his bones that soft repose,
Lay still, expecting worse and more,
Stretch'd out at length upon the floor : 1330
And though he shut his eyes as fast
As if he 'd been to sleep his last,
Saw all the shapes that fear or wizards
Do make the devil wear for vizards ;
And pricking up his ears, to hark 1335
If he could hear too in the dark,
Was first invaded with a groan,
And after, in a feeble tone,
These treinbling words : Unhappy wretch !
What hast thou gotten by this fetch, 1340
Of all thy tricks, in this new trade,
Thy holy brotherhood o' th' blade ?
By saunt'ring still on some adventure,
And growing to thy horse a Centaur ?
To stuff thy skin with swelling knobs 1345
Of cruel and hard-wooded drubs ?
For still th' hast had the worst on't yet,
As well in conquest as defeat.
Night is the sabbath of mankind,
To rest the body and the mind, 1350
Which now thou art deny'd to keep,
And cure thy labour'd corpse with sleep.

The Knight, who heard the words, explain'd
As meant to him this reprimand,
Because the character did hit 1355
Point-blank upon his case so fit ;
Believ'd it was some drolling sprite,
That staid upon the guard that night,
And one of those h' had seen, and felt
The drubs he had so freely dealt ; 1360

134. The Centaurs were a people of Thessaly, and supposed to be the first managers of horses ; and the neighbouring inhabitants never having seen any such thing before, fabulously reported them monsters, half men and half horses.

When, after a short pause and groan,
The doleful spirit thus went on :

This 'tis t' engage with dogs and bears
Pell-mell together by the ears, -
And, after painful bangs and knocks, 1365

To lie in limbo in the stocks,
And from the pinnacle of glory
Fall headlong into purgatory.

(Thought he, this devil's full of malice,
That on my late disasters rallies.) 1370

Condemn'd to whipping, but declin'd it,
By being more heroic minded ;

And at a riding handled worse,
With treats more slovenly and coarse :

Engag'd with fiends in stubborn wars, 1375

And hot disputes with conjurers ;
And when th' hadst bravely won the day,

Wast fain to steal thyself away.
(I see, thought he, this shameless elf

Would fain steal me too from myself, 1380

That impudently dares to own
What I have suffer'd for and done.)

And now, but vent'ring to betray,
Hast met with vengeance the same way.

Thought he, how does the devil know 1385
What 'twas that I design'd to do ?

His office of intelligence,
His oracles, are ceas'd long since ;

And he knows nothing of the saints,
But what some treacherous spy acquaints. 1390

That is some pettifogging fiend,
Some under door-keeper's friend's friend,

That undertakes to understand,
And juggles at the second-hand :

And now would pass for Spirit Po, 1395

And all men's dark concerns foreknow.
I think I need not fear him for't ;

These rallying devils do no hurt.
With that he rous'd his drooping heart,

And hastily cry'd out, What art ? 1400

A wretch (quoth he) whom want of grace
Has brought to this unhappy place.

I do believe thee, quoth the Knight ;
 Thus far I'm sure th' art in the right ;
 And know what 'tis that troubles thee, 1405
 Better than thou hast guess'd of me.
 Thou art some paltry, blackguard sprite,
 Condemn'd to drudg'ry in the night ;
 Thou hast no work to do in th' house,
 Nor halfpenny to drop in shoes ; 1410
 Without the raising of which sum
 You dare not be so troublesome
 To pinch the slatterns black and blue,
 For leaving you their work to do.
 This is your bus'ness, good Pug-Robin, 1415
 And your diversion dull dry-bobbing,
 T' entice fanatics in the dirt,
 And wash them clean in ditches for't ;
 Of which conceit you are so proud,
 At ev'ry jest you laugh aloud, 1420
 As now you would have done by me,
 But that I barr'd your raillery.

Sir (quoth the voice,) y' are no such Sophi
 As you would have the world judge of ye.
 If you design to weigh our talents 1425
 I' th' standard of your own false balance,
 Or think it possible to know
 Us ghosts as well as we do you ;
 We, who have been the everlasting
 Companions of your drubs and basting, 1430
 And never left you in contest,
 With male or female, man or beast,
 But prov'd as true t' ye, and entire,
 In all adventures, as your Squire.

Quoth he, That may be said as true 1435
 By th' idlest pug of all your crew :
 For none could have betray'd us worse
 Than those allies of ours and yours.
 But I have sent him for a token
 To your low-country Hogen-Mogen, 1440

1423. Sophi is at present the name of the kings of Persia, not superadded, as Pharaoh was to the kings of Egypt, but the name of the family itself, and religion of Hali, whose descendants by Fatima, Mahomer's daughter, took the name of Sophi.

To whose infernal shores I hope
 He'll swing like skippers in a rope.
 And if y' have been more just to me
 (As I am apt to think) than he,
 I am afraid it is as true, 1445
 What th' ill-affected say of you :
 Y' have spous'd the Covenant and Cause,
 By holding up your cloven paws.
 Sir, (quoth the voice,) 'tis true, I grant,
 We made and took the Covenant; 1450
 But that no more concerns the Cause
 Than other perj'ries do the laws,
 Which, when they're prov'd in open court,
 Wear wooden peccadillos for't :
 And that's the reason Cov'nanters 1455
 Hold up their hands, like rogues at bars.
 I see, quoth Hudibras, from whence
 These scandals of the saints commence,
 That are but natural effects
 Of Satan's malice, and his sects, 1460
 Those spider-saints, that hang by threads,
 Spun out o' th' entrails of their heads.
 Sir, (quoth the voice) that may as true
 And properly be said of you,
 Whose talents may compare with either, 1465
 Or both the other put together :
 For all the Independents do
 Is only what you forc'd 'em to ;
 You, who are not content alone
 With tricks to put the devil down, 1470
 But must have armies rais'd to back
 The gospel work you undertake ;
 As if artillery, and edge-tools,
 Were th' only engines to save souls :
 While he, poor devil, has no pow'r 1475
 By force to run down and devour ;
 Has ne'er a Classis ; cannot sentence
 'To stools, or poundage of repentance ;
 Is ty'd up only to design,
 T' entice, and tempt, and undermine ; 1480

1454. Peccadillos were stiff pieces that went about the neck, and round about the shoulders, to pin the band, worn by persons nice 'n dressing ; but his wooden one 's a pillory.

In which you all his arts outdo,
 And prove yourselves his betters too.
 Hence 'tis possessions do less evil
 Than mere temptations of the devil,
 Which all the horrid'st actions done 1485
 Are charg'd in courts of law upon
 Because, unless they help the elf,
 He can do little of himself;
 And therefore where he's best possess'd,
 Acts most against the interest; 1490
 Surprises none, but those wh' have priests
 To turn him out, and exorcists,
 Supply'd with spiritual provision,
 And magazines of ammunition;
 With crosses, relics, crucifixes, 1495
 Beads, pictures, rosaries, and pixes;
 The tools of working out salvation
 By mere mechanic operation;
 With holy water, like a sluice,
 To overflow all avenues: 1500
 But those wh' are utterly unarm'd
 T' oppose his entrance, if he storm'd,
 He never offers to surprise,
 Although his falsest enemies;
 But is content to be their drudge, 1505
 And on their errands glad to trudge:
 For where are all your forfeitures
 Intrusted in safe hands, but ours?
 Who are but jailers of the holes
 And dungeons where you clap up souls; 1510
 Like under-keepers, turn the keys,
 T' your mittimus anathemas;
 And never boggle to restore
 The meinbers you deliver o'er
 Upon demand, with fairer justice 1515
 Than all your covenanting Trustees;
 Unless, to punish them the worse,
 You put them in the secular pow'rs,
 And pass their souls, as some demise
 The same estate in mortgage twice; 1520

1483 Criminals, in their indictments, are charged
 with not having the fear of God before their eyes, but
 being led by the instigation of the devil.

When to a legal Utlegation
 You turn your excommunication,
 And for a groat unpaid, that's due,
 Distain on soul and body too.

Thought he, 'tis no mean part of civil 1525
 State prudence to cajole the devil ;
 And not to handle him too rough,
 When h' has us in his cloven hoof.

'Tis true, quoth he, that intercourse
 Has pass'd between your friends and ours, 1530
 That as you trust us, in our way,
 To raise your members, and to lay,
 We send you others of our own,
 Denounc'd to hang themselves or drown,
 Or, frightened with our oratory, 1535
 To leap down headlong many a story ;
 Have us'd all means to propagate
 Your mighty interests of state ;
 Laid out our spiritual gifts to further
 Your great designs of rage and murther. 1540
 For if the saints are nam'd from blood,
 We only have made that title good ;
 And if it were but in our power,
 We should not scruple to do more,
 And not be half a soul behind 1545
 Of all dissenters of mankind.

Right, quoth the voice, and as I scorn
 To be ungrateful, in return
 Of all those kind good offices,
 I'll free you out of this distress, 1550
 And set you down in safety, where
 It is no time to tell you here.
 The cock crows, and the morn grows on,
 When 'tis decreed I must be gone ;
 And if I leave you here till day, 1555
 You'll find it hard to get away.

With that the spirit grop'd about,
 To find th' enchanted hero out,

1521. When they return the excommunication into the Chancery, there is issued out a writ against the person.

1524. Excommunication, which deprives men from being members of the visible church, and formally delivers them up to the devil.

PART III.—CANTO I.

221

And try'd with haste to lift him up ;
 But found his forlorn hope, his crup,
 Unserviceable with kicks and blows,
 Receiv'd from harden'd-hearted foes.
 He thought to drag him by the heels,
 Like Gresham carts, with legs for wheels ;
 But fear, that soonest cures those sores 1560
 In danger of relapse to worse,
 Came in t' assist him with its aid,
 And up his sinking vessel weigh'd.
 No sooner was he fit to trudge,
 But both made ready to dislodge ; 1570
 The spirit hors'd him like a sack
 Upon the vehicle his back ;
 And bore him headlong into th' hall,
 With some few rubs against the wall ;
 Where finding out the postern lock'd, 1575
 And th' avenues as strongly block'd,
 H' attack'd the window, storm'd the glass,
 And in a moment gain'd the pass ;
 Thro' which he dragg'd the worsted soldier's
 Fore-quarters out by th' head and shoulders ;
 And cautiously began to scout, 1581
 To find their fellow-cattle out.
 Nor was it half a minute's quest,
 Ere he retriev'd the champion's beast,
 Ty'd to a pale, instead of rack, 1585
 But ne'er a saddle on his back,
 Nor pistols at the saddle-bow,
 Convey'd away the Lord knowshow.
 He thought it was no time to stay,
 And let the night too steal away ; 1590
 But in a trice advanc'd the Knight
 Upon the bare ridge, bolt upright,
 And groping out for Ralpho's jade,
 He found the saddle too was stray'd,
 And in the place a lump of soap,
 On which he speedily leap'd up ;
 And turning to the gate the rein,
 He kick'd and cudgell'd on a main ;
 While Hudibras, with equal haste, 1595
 On both sides laid about as fast, 1600

And spurr'd, as jockies use, to break,
Or padders to secure, a neck ;
Where let us leave 'em for a time,
And to their churches turn our rhyme ;
To hold forth their declining state,
Which now come near an even rate.

1605

CANTO H.

The saints engage in fierce contests
About their carnal interests,
To share their sacrilegious prey,
According to their rates of Grace :
Their various frenzies to reform,
When Cromwell le t them in a storm ;
Till in th' effige of Rumps, the rabble
Burn all their Grandees of the Cabal.

THE learned write, an insect breeze
Is but a mongrel prince of bees,
That falls before a storm on cows,
And stings the founders of his house ;
From whose corrupted flesh that breed
Of vermin did at first proceed :
So, ere the storm of war broke out,
Religion spawn'd a various rout
Of petulant capricious sects,
The maggots of corrupted texts,
That first run all religion down,
And after ev'ry swarm its own :
For as the Persian Magi once
Upon their mothers got their sons,
That were incapable t' enjoy
That empire any other way,

5

10

15

1 An insect breeze. Breezes often bring along with them great quantities of insects, which some are of opinion are generated from viscous exhalations in the air; but our author makes them proceed from a cow's dung, and afterwards become a plague to that whence it received its original.

13. The Magi were priests and philosophers among the Persians, intrusted with the government both civil and ecclesiastic, much addicted to the observation of the stars. Zoroaster is reported to be their first author. They had this custom among them, to preserve and continue their families by incestuous copulation with their own mothers. Some are of opinion that the three wise men that came out of the East to worship our Saviour were some of those.

So Presbyter begot the other
 Upon the Good Old Cause, his mother,
 Then bore them, like the devil's dam,
 Whose son and husband are the same ; 20
 And yet no nat'r'nal tie of blood,
 Nor int'rest for the common good,
 Could, when their profits interfer'd,
 Get quarter for each other's beard :
 For when they thriv'd, they never fadg'd, 25
 But only by the ears engag'd ;
 Like dogs that snarl about a bone,
 And play together when they've none ;
 As by their truest characters,
 Their constant actions, plainly appear. 30
 Rebellion now began, for lack
 Of zeal and plunder, to grow slack ;
 The Cause and Covenant to lessen,
 And Providence to b' out of season :
 For now there was no more to purchase 35
 O' th' king's revenue and the churches,
 But all divided, shar'd, and gone,
 That us'd to urge the brethren on ;
 Which forc'd the stubborn'st for the Cause,
 To cross the cudgels to the laws, 40
 That what by breaking them th' had gain'd,
 By their support might be maintain'd ;
 Like thieves, that in a hemp-plot lie,
 Secur'd against the hue-and-cry ;
 For Presbyter and Independent 45
 Were now turn'd plaintiff and defendant ;
 Laid out their apostolic functions
 On carnal orders and injunctions ;
 And all their precious gifts and graces
 On outlawries and scire facias ; 50
 At Michael's term had many a trial,
 Worse than the dragon and St. Michael,
 Where thousands fell, in shape of fees,
 Into the bottomless abyss.
 For when, like brethren, and like friends, 55
 They came to share their dividends,

51. St. Michael, an archangel, mentioned in St. Jude's Epistle, verse 9.

And ev'ry partner to possess
 His church and state joint-purchases,
 In which the ablest saint, and best,
 Was nam'd in trust by all the rest
 To pay their money, and, instead
 Of ev'ry brother, pass the deed,
 He straight converted all his gifts
 To pious frauds and holy shifts,
 And settled all the other shares
 Upon his outward man and 's heirs ;
 Held all they claim'd as forfeit lands
 Deliver'd up into his hands,
 And pass'd upon his conscience
 By pre-entail of Providence ;
 Impeach'd the rest for reprobates,
 That had no titles to estates,
 But by their spiritual attaints
 Degraded from the right of saints.
 This b'ing reveal'd, they now begun
 With law and conscience to fall on,
 And laid about as hot and brain-sick
 As th' utter barrister of Swanswick ;
 Engag'd with money-bags as bold
 As men with sand-bags did of old ;
 That brought the lawyers in more fees
 Than all unsanctify'd trustees ;
 Till he who had no more to show
 I' th' case receiv'd the overthrow ;
 Or, both sides having had the worst,
 They parted as they met at first.
 Poor Presbyter was now reduc'd,
 Secluded, and cashier'd, and chous'd !
 Turn'd out, and excommunicate
 From all affairs of church and state ;
 Reform'd t' a reformado saint,
 And glad to turn itinerant,
 To stroll and teach from town to town,
 And those he had taught up teach down,

77. William Prynne, of Lincoln's Inn, Esq. born at Swanswick, who styled himself Utter Barrister, a very warm person, and voluminous writer ; and after the Restoration, keeper of the records in the Tower.

PART III.—CANTO II.

105

And make those uses serve agen 95
 Against the new-enlighten'd men,
 As fit as when at first they were
 Reveal'd against the Cavalier;
 Damn Anabaptist and fanatic,
 As pat as popish and prelatic; 100
 And with as little variation,
 To serve for any sect i' th' nation.
 The Good Old Cause, which some believe
 To be the devil that tempted Eve
 With knowledge, and does still invite 105
 The world to mischief with new Light,
 Had store of money in her purse
 When he took her for bett'r or worse;
 But now was grown deform'd and peor,
 And fit to be turn'd out of door. 110

The Independents (whose first station
 Was in the rear of reformation,
 A mongrel kind of church dragoons,
 That serv'd fer horse and foot at once,
 And in the saddle of one steed 115
 The Saracen and Christian rid,
 Were free of ev'ry spiritual order,
 To preach, and fight, and pray, and murder)
 No sooner get the start to lurch
 Both disciplines of war, and church, 120
 And providence enough to run
 The chief commanders of 'em down,
 But carry'd on the war against
 The common enemy o' th' saints,
 And in a while prevail'd so far, 125
 To win of them the game of war,
 And be at liberty once more
 T' attack themselves, as th' had before.

For now there was no foe in arms,
 T' unite their factions with alarms, 130
 But all reduc'd and overcome,
 Except their worst, themselves at home,
 Wh' had compass'd all they pray'd, and swore,
 And fought, and preach'd, and plunder'd for; 135
 Subdu'd the nation, church, and state,
 And all things but their laws and hate.

But when they came to treat and transact,
And share the spoil of all th' had ransackt,
To botch up what th' had torn and rent,
Religion and the government, 149
They met no sooner, but prepar'd
To pull down all the war had spar'd ;
Agreed in nothing but t' abolish,
Subvert, extirpate, and demolish :
For knaves and fools b'ing near of kin 145
As Dutch Boors are t' a Sooterkin,
Both parties join'd to do their best
To damn the public interest,
And herded only in consults,
To put by one another's bolts ; 150
T' out eant the Babylonian labourers,
At all their dialects of jabberers,
And tug at both ends of the saw,
To tear down government and law.
For as two cheats that play one game, 155
Are both defeated of their aim,
So those who play a game of state,
And only cavil in debate,
Although there's nothing lost or won,
The public bus'ness is undone ; 160
Which still the longer 'tis in doing,
Becomes the surer way to ruin.
This when the royalists perceiv'd
(Who to their faith as firmly cleav'd,
And own'd the right they had paid down 165
So dearly for, the church and crown,)
Th' united constanter, and sided
The more, the more their foes divided :
For though out-number'd, overthrown,
And by the fate of war run down, 170
Their duty never was defeated,
Nor from their oaths and faith retreated ;

146. It is reported of the Dutch women, that making
so great a use of stoves, and often putting them under
their petticoats, they engender a kind of ugly monster,
which is called a Sooterkin.

151. At the building of the Tower of Babel, when
God made the confusion of languages.

For loyalty is still the same,
Whether it win or lose the game ;
True as the dial to the sun,
Although it be not shin'd upon. 175

But when these brethren in evil,
Their adversaries, and the devil,
Began once more to shew them play,
And hopes, at least, to have a day, 180

They rally'd in parades of woods,
And unfrequented solitudes ;
Conven'd at midnight in outhouses,
T' appoint new-rising rendezvous, 185

And, with a pertinacy unmatch'd,
For new recruits of danger watch'd.
No sooner was one blow diverted,
But up another party started ; 190

And, as if nature too, in haste
To furnish out supplies as fast,
Before her time, had turn'd destruction
T' a new and numerous production, 195

No sooner those were overcome,
But up rose others in their room,
That, like the Christian faith, increast
The more, the more they were supprest : 200

Whom neither chains nor transportation,
Proscription, sale, or confiscation,
Nor all the desperate events
Of former try'd experiments, 205

Nor wounds could terrify, nor mangling,
To leave off loyalty and dangling ;
Nor death (with all his bones) a'ight
From vent'ring to maintain the right, 210

From staking life and fortune down
'Gainst all together, for the crown ;
But kept the title of their cause
From forfeiture, like claims in laws :

And prov'd no prosp'rous usurpation
Can ever settle in the nation ;
Until, in spite of force and treason,
They put their loyalty in possession ;

And, by their constancy and faith,
Destroy'd the mighty men of Gath.

Toss'd in a furious hurricane,
 Did Oliver give up his reign ;
 And was believ'd, as well by saints
 As mortal men and miscreants,
 To founder in the Stygian ferry,
 Until he was retriev'd by Sterry ;
 Who, in a false erroneous dream,
 Mistook the New Jerusalem
 Profanely for th' apocryphal
 False Heaven at the end o' th' hall ;
 Whither it was decreed by fate
 His precious reliques to translate.
 So Romulus was seen before
 B' as orthodox a senator,
 From whose divine illumination
 He stole the Pagan revelation.

Next him his son and heir apparent
 Succeeded, though a lame vicegerent ;
 Who first laid by the Parliament,
 The only crutch on which he leant ;

215. At Oliver's death was a most furious tempest,
 such as had not been known in the meinity of man, or
 hardly ever recorded to have been in this nation.

This Sterry reported something ridiculously fabulous
 concerning Oliver, not unlike what Proculus did of
 Romulus.

224. After the Restoration, Oliver's body was dug up,
 and his head set at the farther end of Westminster-hall,
 near which place there is a house of entertainment,
 which is commonly known by the name of Heaven.

227. A Roman senator, whose name was Proculus, and
 much beloved by Romulus, made oath before the senate,
 that this prince appeared to him after his death, and
 predicted the future grandeur of that city, promising to
 be protector of it ; and expressly charged him that he
 should be adored under the name of Quirinus ; and he
 had his temple on Mount Quirinale.

231. Oliver's eldest son Richard was, by him before
 his death, declared his successor ; and, by order of privy-
 council, proclaimed Lord Protector, and received the
 compliments of congratulation and condolence, at the
 same time, from the lord mayer and court of aldermen :
 and addresses were presented to him from all parts of
 the nation, promising to stand by him with their lives
 and fortunes. He summoned a parliament to meet at
 Westminster, which recognised him Lord Protector :
 yet, notwithstanding, Fleetwood, Desborough, and their
 partisans, managed affairs so, that he was obliged to
 resign

PART III.—CANTO II.

229

And then sunk underneath the state, 235
 That rode him above horsemen's weight.

And now the saints began their reign,
 For which th' had yearn'd so long in vain,
 And felt such bowel-hankerings,
 To see an empire all of kings, 240

Deliver'd from the Egyptian awe
 Of justice, government, and law,
 And free t' erect what spiritual cantons
 Should be reveal'd, or gospel Hans-Towns,
 To edify upon the ruins 245

Of John of Leyden's old out-goings ;
 Who for a weather-cock hung up,
 Upon the mother church's top :
 Was made a type, by Providence,
 Of all their revelations since ; 250

And now fulfill'd by his successors,
 Who equally mistook their measures :
 For when they came to shape the model,
 Not one could fit another's noddle ;
 But found their light and gifts more wide 255

From fadging than th' unsanctify'd ;
 While ev'ry individual brother
 Strove hand to fist against another ;

And still the maddest, and most crackt,
 Were found the busiest to transact : 260

For though most hands dispatch apace,
 And make light work (the proverb says,)
 Yet many diff'rent intellects
 Are found t' have contrary effects ;

945. John of Leyden, whose name was Buckbold, was a butcher of the same place, but a crafty, eloquent, and seditious fellow, and one of those called Anabaptists. He went and set up at Munster, where, with Knipper-dolling, and others of the same faction, they spread their abominable errors, and ran about the streets in enthusiastic raptures, crying, 'Repent, and be baptized ;' pronouncing dismal woes against all those that would not embrace their tenets. About the year 1533, they broke out into an open insurrection, and seized the palace and magazines, and grew so formidable, that it was very dangerous for those who were not of their persuasion to dwell in Munster ; but at length he and his associates being subdued and taken, he was executed at Munster, and had his flesh pulled off by two executioners, with red-hot pincers for the space of an hour, and then run through with a sword.

And many heads t' obstruct intrigues,
As slowest insects have most legs.

Some were for setting up a king ;
But all the rest for no such thing,
Unless King Jesus. Others tamper'd
For Fleetwood, Desborough, and Lambert ; 270
Some for the Rump, and some, more crafty,
For Agitators, and the safety ;
Some for the gospel, and massacres
Of spiritual affidavit-makers,
That swore to any human regence 275
Oaths of supremacy and allegiance ;
Yea, though the ablest swearing saint
That vouch'd the bulls o' the Covenant :
Others for pulling down th' high places
Of synods and provincial classes, 280
That us'd to make such hostile inroads
Upon the saints, like bloody Nimrods :
Some for fulfilling prophecies,
And th' extirpation of th' excise ;
And some against th' Egyptian bondage 285
Of holy-days, and paying poundage :
Some for the cutting down of groves,
And rectifying bakers' loaves ;
And some for finding out expedients
Against the slav'ry of obedience : 290
Some were for gospel ministers,
And some for red-coat seculars,
As men most fit t' hold forth the word,
And wield the one and th' other sword :
Some were for carrying on the work 295
Against the Pope, and some the Turk :
Some for engaging to suppress
The Camisado of surplices,
That gifts and dispensations hinder'd,
And turn'd to th' outward man the inward ; 300
More proper for the cloudy night
Of popery than gospel light :
Others were for abolishing
That tool of matrimony, a ring,
With which th' unsanctify'd bridegroom 305
Is marry'd only to a thumb

(As wise as ringing of a pig,
 That us'd to break up ground, and dig;) 310
 The bride to nothing but her will,
 That nulls the after-marriage still:
 Some were for th' utter extirpation
 Of linsey-woolsey in the nation;
 And some against all idolizing
 The cross in shop-books, or baptizing;
 Others to make all things recant 315
 The Christian or surname of saint,
 And force all churches, streets, and towns,
 The holy title to renounce:
 Some 'gainst a third estate of souls,
 And bringing down the price of coals: 320
 Some for abolishing black-pudding,
 And eating nothing with the blood in;
 To abrogate them roots and branches;
 While others were for eating haunches
 Of warriors, and, now and then, 325
 The flesh of kings and mighty men;
 And some for breaking of their bones
 'With rods of ir'n, by secret ones;
 For thrashing mountains, and with spells
 For hallowing carriers' packs and bells: 330
 Things that the legend never heard of,
 But made the wicked sore afeard of.

The quacks of government (who sate
 At th' unregarded helm of state,
 And understood this wild confusion 335
 Of fatal madness and delusion,
 Must, sooner than a prodigy,
 Portend destruction to be nigh)
 Consider'd timely how't withdraw,
 And save their wind-pipes from the law; 340
 For one renounter at the bar
 Was worse than all th' had 'scap'd in war;
 And therefore met in consultation,
 To cant and quack upon the nation;
 Not for the sickly patient's sake; 345
 Nor what to give but what to take;
 To feel the pulses of their fees,
 More wise than fumbling arteries:

HUDIBRAS.

Prolong the snuff of life in pain,
And from the grave recover—Gain. 359

'Mong these there was a politician
With more heads than a beast in vision,
And more intrigues in ev'ry one
Than all the whores of Babylon;
So politic, as if one eye 355
Upon the other were a spy,
That, to trepan the one to think
The other blind, both strove to blink;
And in his dark pragmatic way,
As busy as a child at play. 360

H' had seen three governments run down,
And had a hand in ev'ry one;
Was for 'em and against 'em all,
But barb'rous when they came to fall:
For, by trepanning th' old to ruin, 365
He made his int'rest with the new one;
Play'd true and faithful, though against
His conscience, and was still advanc'd:
For by the witchcraft of rebellion
Transform'd t' a feeble state-camelion, 370
By giving aim from side to side,
He never fail'd to save his tide,
But got the start of ev'ry state,
And at a change ne'er came too late;
Could turn his word, and oath, and faith, 375
As many ways as in a lathe;
By turning, wriggle, like a screw,
Int' highest trust, and out, for new:
For when h' had happily incur'd,
Instead of hemp, to be preferr'd, 380
And pass'd upon a government,
He play'd his trick, and out he went;
But being out, and out of hopes
To mount his ladder (more) of ropes,
Would strive to raise himself upon 385
The public ruin, and his own;
So little did he understand
The desp'rate feats he took in hand.

351. This was the famous E. of S. who was endued with a particular faculty of undermining and subverting all sorts of government.

For when h' had got himself a name
 For fraud and tricks, he spoil'd his game ; 390
 Had forc'd his neck into a noose,
 To show his play at fast and loose ;
 And when he chanc'd t' escape, mistook,
 For art and subtlety, his luck.
 So right his judgment was cut fit, 395
 And made a tally to his wit,
 And both together most profound
 At deeds of darkness under-ground ;
 As th' earth is easiest undermin'd
 By vermin impotent and blind. 400

By all these arts, and many more
 H' had practis'd long and much before,
 Our state artificer foresaw
 Which way the world began to draw :
 For as old sinners have all points 405
 O' th' compass in their bones and joints,
 Can by their pangs and aches find
 All turns and changes of the wind,
 And better than by Napier's bones
 Feel in their own the age of moons ; 410
 So guilty sinners in a state
 Can by their crimes prognosticate,
 And in their consciences feel pain
 Some days before a show'r of rain :
 He therefore wisely cast about, 415
 All ways he could, t' ensure his throat ;
 And hither came, t' observe and smoke
 What courses other riskers took ;
 And to the utmost do his best
 To save himself, and hang the rest. 420

To match this saint, there was another
 As busy and perverse a brother,
 A haberdasher of small wares
 In politics and state affairs :

409. The famous Lord Napier, of Scotland, the first inventor of logarithms, contrived also a set of square pieces, with numbers on them, made generally of ivory (which perform arithmetical and geometrical calculations,) and are commonly called Napier's bones.

421. The great Colonel John Lilbourn, whose trial is so remarkable, and well known at this time

More Jew than Rabbi Achitophel, 425
 And better gifted to rebel :
 For when h' had taught his tribe to 'spouse
 The Cause, aloft, upon one house,
 He scorn'd to set his own in order,
 But try'd another, and went farther ; 430
 So suddenly addicted still
 To 's only principle, his will,
 That whatsoe'er it chanc'd to prove,
 Nor force of argument could move,
 Nor law, nor cavalcade of Ho'born, 435
 Could render half a grain less stubborn ;
 For he at any time would hang
 For th' opportunity t' harangue ;
 And rather on a gibbet dangle,
 Than miss his dear delight, to wrangle ; 440
 In which his parts were so accomplisht,
 That, right or wrong, he ne'er was nonplust ;
 But still his tongue ran on, the less
 Of weight it bore, with greater ease,
 And with its everlasting clack 445
 Set all men's ears upon the rack.
 No sooner could a hint appear,
 But up he started to picqueer,
 And made the stoutest yield to mercy,
 When he engaged in controversy : 450
 Not by the force of carnal reason,
 But indefatigable teasing ;
 With vollies of eternal babble,
 And clamour, more unanswerable :
 For though his topics frail and weak, 455
 Could ne'er amount above a freak,
 He still maintain'd 'em, like his faults,
 Against the desp'ratest assaults ;
 And back'd their feeble want of sense
 With greater heat and confidence ; 460
 As bones of Hectors, when they differ,
 The more they're cudgell'd, grow the stiffer.
 Yet when his profit moderated,
 The fury of his heat abated ;
 For nothing but his interest 465
 Could lay his devil of contest.

It was his choice, or chance, or curse,
 T' espouse the cause for better or worse,
 And with his worldly goods and wit,
 And soul and body worshipp'd it : 470
 But when he found the sullen traps
 Possess'd with the devil, worms, and claps,
 The Trojan mare in foal, with Greeks,
 Not half so full of jadish tricks,
 Though squeamish in her outward woman, 475
 As loose and rampant as Doll Common,
 He still resolv'd to mend the matter,
 T' adhere and cleave the obstinater ;
 And still the skittisher and looser
 Her freaks appear'd to sit the closer : 480
 For fools are stubborn in their way,
 As coins are harden'd by th' allay ;
 And obstinacy's ne'er so stiff
 As when 'tis in a wrong belief.
 These two, with others, being met, 485
 And close in consultation set,
 After a discontented pause,
 And not without sufficient cause,
 The orator we nam'd of late,
 Less troubled with the pangs of state 490
 Than with his own impatience,
 To give himself first audience,
 After he had a while look'd wise,
 At last broke silence, and the ice.
 Quoth he, There's nothing makes me doubt
 Our last outgoings brought about, 495
 More than to see the characters
 Of real jealousies and fears
 Not feign'd, as once, but sadly horrid,
 Scor'd upon ev'ry member's forehead ; 500

473. After the Grecians had spent ten years in the siege of Troy, without the least prospect of success, they bethought of a stratagem, and made a wooden horse capable of containing a considerable number of armed men : this they filled with the choicest of their army, and then pretended to raise the siege ; upon which the credulous Trojans made a breach in the walls of the city to bring in this fatal plunder ; but when it was brought in, the inclosed hero's soon appeared, and surprising the city, the rest entered in at the breach.

Who, 'cause the clouds are drawn together,
 And threaten sudden change of weather,
 Feel pangs and aches of state-turns,
 And revolutions in their corns ;
 And, since our workings-out are cross'd, 505
 Throw up the cause before 'tis lost.
 Was it to run away we meant,
 When, taking of the Covenant,
 The lamest cripples of the brothers
 Took oaths to run before all others, 510
 But in their own sense only swore
 To strive to run away before ;
 And now would prove that words and oath
 Engage us to renounce them both ?
 'Tis true, the cause is in the lurch, 515
 Between a right and mongrel-church :
 The Presbyter and Independent,
 That stickle which shall make an end on't ;
 As 'twas made out to us the last
 Expedient—(I mean Marg'ret's Fast,) 520
 When Providence had been suborn'd
 What answer was to be return'd :
 Else why should tumults fright us now,
 We have so many times gone through,
 And understand as well to tame, 525
 As when they serve our turns t' inflame ?
 Have prov'd how inconsiderable
 Are all engagements of the rabble,
 Whose frenzies must be reconcil'd,
 With drums and rattles, like a child ; 530
 But never prov'd so prosperous,
 As when they were led on by us :
 For all our scourging of religion
 Began with tumult and sedition :
 When hurricanes of fierce commotion 535
 Became strong motives to devotion
 As carnal seamen in a storm,
 Turn pious converts, and reform ;)
 When rusty weapons, with chalk'd edges,
 Maintain'd our feeble privileges ; 540

520. That parliament used to have public fasts kept in St. Margaret's Church, Westminster, as is done to this present time.

And brown-bills levy'd in the city,
 Made bills to pass the grand committee;
 When zeal, with aged clubs and gleaves,
 Gave chase to rochets and white sleeves,
 And made the church, and state, and laws, 545
 Submit t' old iron and the cause.
 And as we thriv'd by tumults then,
 So might we better now agen,
 If we knew how, as then we did,
 To use them rightly in our need : 550
 Tumults, by which the mutinous
 Betray themselves instead of us.
 The hollow-hearted, disaffected,
 And close malignant, are detected,
 Who lay their lives and fortunes down 555
 For pledges to secure our own ;
 And freely sacrifice their ears
 T' appease our jealousies and fears :
 And yet for all these providences
 W' are offer'd, if we had our senses, 560
 We idly sit like stupid blockheads,
 Our hands committed to our pockets ;
 And nothing but our tongues at large,
 To get the wretches a discharge :
 Like men condemn'd to thunder-bolts, 565
 Who, ere the blow, become mere dolts ;
 Or fools besotted with their crimes,
 That know not how to shift betimes,
 And neither have the hearts to stay,
 Nor wit enough to run away ; 570
 Who, if we could resolve on either,
 Might stand or fall at least together ;
 No mean or trivial solaces
 To partners in extreme distress ;
 Who used to lessen their despairs, 575
 By parting them int' equal shares ;
 As if the more they were to bear,
 They felt the weight the easier ;
 And ev'ry one the gentler hung,
 The more he took his turn among. 580
 But 'tis not come to that, as yet,
 If we had courage left, or wit ;

Who, when our fate can be no worse,
Are fitted for the bravest course ;
Have time to rally, and prepare 585
Our last and best defence, despair :
Despair, by which the gallant'st feats
Have been achiev'd in greatest straits,
And horrid'st danger safely wav'd,
By being courageously outbrav'd ;
As wounds by wider wounds are heal'd, 590
And poisons by themselves expell'd ;
And so they might be now agen,
If we were, what we should be, men ;
And not so dully desperate, 595
To side against ourselves with fate ;
As criminals, condeinn'd to suffer,
Are blinded first, and then turn'd over.
This comes of breaking covenants, 600
And setting up exaunts of saints,
That fine, like aldermen, for grace,
To be excus'd the efficace :
For spiritual men are too transcendent,
That mount their banks for Independent, 605
To hang like Mahomet i' th' air,
Or St. Ignatius at his prayer,
By pure geometry, and hate .
Dependence upon church or state ;
Disdain the pedantry o' th' letter ;
And since obedience is better 610
(The Scripture says) than sacrifice,
Presume the less on't will suffice ;
And scorn to have the moderat'st stints
Prescrib'd their peremptory hints,
Or any opinion, true or false, 615
Declar'd as such, in doctrinals ;

605. It is reported of Mahomet, the great impostor, that having built a mosque, the roof whereof was of loadstone, and ordering his corpse, when he was dead, to be put into an iron coffin, and brought into that place, the loadstone soon attracted it near the top, where it still hangs in the air.

No less fabulous is what the legends says of Ignatius Loyola, that his zeal and devotion transported him so, that at his prayers he has been seen to be raised from the ground for some considerable time together.

But left at large to make their best on,
 Without b'ing call'd t' account or question:—
 Interpret all the spleen reveals,
 As Whittington explain'd the bells; 620
 And bid themselves turn back agen
 Lord May's of New Jerusalem;
 But look so big and over-grown,
 They scorn their edifiers t' own,
 Who taught them all their sprinkling lessons,
 Their tones, and sanctified expressions; 626
 Bestow'd their gifts upon a saint,
 Like charity on those that want;
 And learn'd th' apocryphal bigots
 T' inspire themselves with short-hand notes;
 For which they scorn and hate them worse
 Than dogs and cats do sow-gelders.
 For who first bred them up to pray,
 And teach the House of Commons' way?
 Where had they all their gifted phrases, 635
 But from our Calamys and Cases?
 Without whose sprinkling and sowing,
 Who e'er had heard of Nye or Owen?
 Their dispensations had been stifled,
 But for our Adoniram Byfield; 640
 And had they not begun tho war,
 Th' had ne'er been sainted, as they are:
 For saints in peace degenerate,
 And dwindle down to reprobate;
 Their zeal corrupts like standing water, 645
 In th' intervals of war and slaughter;
 Abates the sharpness of its edge,
 Without the power of sacrilege.
 And though they've tricks to cast their sins
 As easy as serpents do their skins, 650
 That in a while grow out agen,
 In peace they turn mere carnal men,
 And, from the most refin'd of saints,
 As naturally grow miscreants,
 As barnacles turn Soland geese 655
 In th' Islands of the Orcades.

650. Naturalists report, that snakes, serpents, &c.
 cast their skins every year.

655. It is said that in the Islands of the Orcades, in

Their dispensation's but a ticket,
 For their conforming to the wicked :
 With whom the greatest difference
 Lies more in words, and show, than sense. 659
 For as the Pope, that keeps the gate
 Of heaven, wears three crowns of state,
 So he that keeps the gate of hell,
 Proud Cerberus, wears three heads as well :
 And if the world has any troth, 663
 Some have been canoniz'd in both.
 But that which does them greatest harm,
 Their spiritual gizzards are too warm,
 Which puts the overheated sots
 In fevers still, like other goats. 670
 For though the whore bends hereticks
 With flames of fire, like crooked sticks,
 Our schismatics so vastly differ,
 Th' hotter th' are, they grow the stiffer ;
 Still setting off their spiritual goods 675
 With fierce and pertinacious feuds.
 For zeal's a dreadful termagant,
 That teaches saints to tear and rant,
 And Independents to profess
 The doctrines of dependences ; 680
 Turns meek, and secret, sneaking ones
 To raw-heads fierce and bloody bones :
 And, not content with endless quarrels
 Against the wicked and their morals,
 The Gibellines, for want of Gueiphs, 685
 Divert their rage upon themselves.
 For now the war is not between
 The brethren and the men of sin,
 But saint and saint, to spill the blood
 Of one another's brotherhood : 690
 Where neither side can lay pretence
 To liberty of conscience,

Scotland, there are trees which bear these barnacles,
 which dropping off into the water, receive life, and be-
 come those birds called Soland geese.

663 The poets feign the dog Cerberus, that is the
 porter of hell to have three heads.

665. Two great factions in Italy, distinguished by
 those names, which miserably distracted and wasted it
 about the year 1130.

Or zealous suff'ring for the cause,
To gain one groat's worth of applause ;
For though endur'd with resolution,
'Twill ne'er amount to persecution. 69

Shall precious saints and secret ones,
Break one another's outward bones,
And eat the flesh of brethren,
Instead of kings and mighty men ? 700

When fiends agree among themselves,
Shall they be found the greatest elves ?
When Bel's at union with the Dragon,
And Baal-Peer friends with Dagon ;

When savage bears agree with bears,
Shall secret ones lug saints by th' ears,
And not atone their fatal wrath,
When common danger threatens both ? 705

Shall mastiffs, by the collar pull'd,
Engag'd with bulls, let go their hold, 710
And saints, whose necks are pawn'd at stake,
No notice of the danger take ?

But though no pow'r of heav'n or hell
Can pacify fanatic zeal,
Who would not guess there might be hopes, 715
The fear of gallowses and ropes,
Before their eyes, might reconcile
Their animosities a while ;
At least until they'd a clear stage,
And equal freedom to engage, 720
Without the danger of surprise
By both our common enemies ?

This none but we alone could doubt,
Who understand their working-out,
And know them, both in soul and conscience,
Giv'n up t' as reprobate a nonsense 725
As spiritual outlaws, whom the pow'r
Of miracle can ne'er restore :

We, whom at first they set up under,
In revelation only of plunder, 730
Who since have had so many trials
Of their encroaching self-denials,
That rook'd upon us with design
To put-reform, and undermine.

Took all our interest and commands 735
 Perfidiously out of our hands ;
 Involv'd us in the guilt of blood
 Without the motive gain's allow'd,
 And made us serve as ministerial,
 Like younger sons of Father Belial ; 740
 And yet, for all th' inhuman wrong
 Th' had done us and the cause so long,
 We never fail'd to carry on
 The work still as we had begun ;
 But true and faithfully obey'd, 745
 And neither preach'd them hurt, nor pray'd ;
 Nor troubled them to crop our ears,
 Nor hang us, like the cavaliers ;
 Nor put them to the charge of gaols,
 To find us pill'ries and carts' tails, 750
 Or hangmen's wages, which the state
 Was forc'd (before them) to be at ;
 That cut, like tallies, to the stumps,
 Our ears for keeping true accouncts,
 And burnt our vessels, like a new 755
 Seal'd peck, or bushel, for b'ing true ;
 But hand in hand, like faithful brothers,
 Held for the cause against all others,
 Disdaining equally to yield
 One syllable of what we held. 760
 And though we differ'd now and then
 'Bout outward things, and outward men,
 Our inward men and constant frame
 Of spirit, still were near the same ;
 And, till they first began to cant 765
 And sprinkle down the Covenant,
 We ne'er had call in any place,
 Nor dream'd of teaching down free grace,
 But join'd our gifts perpetually
 Against the common enemy, 770
 Although 'twas ours and their opinion,
 Each other's church was but a Rimmon ;
 And yet, for all this gospel-union,
 And outward show of church-communion,
 They'll ne'er admit us to our shares 775
 Of ruling church or state affairs.

Nor give us leave t' absolve, or sentence
 T' our own conditions of repentance ;
 But shar'd our dividend o' th' crown
 We had so painfully preach'd down ; 780
 And forc'd us, though against the grain,
 T' have calls to teach it up again :
 For 'twas but justice to restore
 The wrongs we had receiv'd before ;
 And when 'twas held forth in our way 785
 W' had been ungrateful not to pay ;
 Who, for the right w' have done nation,
 Have earn'd our temporal salvation ;
 And put our vessels in a way
 Once more to come again in play. 790
 For if the turning of us out
 Has brought this providence about,
 And that our only suffering .
 Is able to bring in the king,
 What would our actions not have done, 795
 Had we been suffer'd to go on ?
 And therefore may pretend t' a share,
 At least, in carrying on th' affair.
 But whether that be so, or not,
 W' have done enough to have it thought ; 800
 And that's as good as if w' had done t',
 And easier pass'd upon account :
 For if it be but half deny'd,
 'Tis half as good as justify'd.
 The world is nat'rally averse 805
 To all the truth it sees or hears ;
 But swallows nonsense, and a lie,
 With greediness and gluttony ;
 And though it have the pique, and long,
 'Tis still for something in the wrong ; 810
 As women long, when they're with child,
 For things extravagant and wild ;
 For meats ridiculous and fulsome,
 But seldom any thing that's wholesome ;
 And, like the world, men's jobbernoles 815
 Turn round upon their ears, the poles,
 And what they're confidently told,
 By no sense else can be controll'd.

And this, perhaps, may prove the means
Once more to hedge in Providence. 820

For as relapses make diseases
More desp'rate than their first accessess,
If we but get again in pow'r,
Our work is easier than before,
And we more ready and expert 825
I' th' mystery to do our part:
We, who did rather undertake
The first war to create than make,
And when of nothing 'twas begun,
Rais'd funds as strange to carry 't on; 830
Trepann'd the state, and fac'd it down
With plots and projects of our own;
And if we did such feats at first,
What can we now we're better vers'd?
Who have a freer latitude, 835
Than sinners give themselves, allow'd;
And therefore likeliest to bring in,
On fairest terms, our discipline;
To which it was reveal'd long since
We were ordain'd by Providence; 840
When three saints' ears our predecessors,
The cause's primitive confessors,
B'ing crucify'd, the nation stood
In just so many years of blood;
That, multiply'd by six, exprest 845
The perfect number of the beast,
And prov'd that we must be the men
To bring this work about agen;
And those who laid the first foundation,
Complete the thorough Reformation: 850
For who have gifts to carry on
So great a work, but we alone?
What churches have such able pastors,
And precious, powerful, preaching masters?
Possess'd with absolute dominions 855
O'er brethren's purses and opinions?
And trusted with the double keys
Of heaven and their warehouses;

841. Burton, Prynne, and Bostwick, three notorious ringleaders of the factions, just at the beginning of the late horrid rebellion.

Who, when the cause is in distress,
Can furnish out what sums they please, 860
That brooding lie in bankers' hands,
To be dispos'd at their commands;
And daily increase and multiply,
With doctrine, use, and usury:
Can fetch in parties (as in war 865
All other heads of cattle are)
From th' enemy of all religions,
As well as high and low conditions,
And share them, from blue ribands, down
To all blue aprons in the town; 870
From ladies hurried in calleches,
With cor'nets at their footmen's breeches,
To bawds as fat as Mother Nab,
All guts and belly, like a crab.
Our party's great, and better ty'd. 875
With oaths and trade than any side;
Has one considerable improvement,
To double fortify the Cov'nant;
I mean our Covenant to purchase
Delinquents' titles, and the churches: 880
That pass in sale, from hand to hand,
Among ourselves, for current land.
And rise or fall, like Indian actions,
According to the rate of factions;
Our best reserve for Reformation, 885
When new out-goings give occasion;
That keeps the loins of brethren girt
The Covenant (their creed) t' assert;
And when th' have pack'd a Parliament,
Will once more try th' expedient: 890
Who can already muster friends,
To serve for members, to our ends,
That represent no part o' th' nation,
But Fisher's-Folly congregation;
Are only tools to our intrigues, 895
And sit like geese to hatch our eggs;
Who, by their precedents of wit,
T' out-fast, out-loiter, and out-sit,

894. Fisher's-Folly was where Devonshire-Square now stands, and was a great place of consultation in those days.

Can order matters underhand,
To put all bus'ness to a stand ; 900
Lay public bills aside for private,
And make 'em one another drive out ;
Divert the great and necessary,
With trifles to contest and vary ;
And make the nation represent, 905
And serve for us in Parliament ;
Cut out more work than can be done
In Plato's year, but finish none,
Unless it be the Bulls of Lenthal,
That always pass'd for fundamental ; 910
Can set up grandee 'gainst grandee,
To squander time away, and bandy :
Make Lords and Commoners lay sieges
To one another's privileges,
And, rather than compound the quarrel, 915
Engage, to th' inevitable peril
Of both their ruins, th' only scope
And consolation of our hope ;
Who though we do not play the game,
Assist as much by giving aim ; 920
Can introduce our ancient arts,
For heads of factions t' act their parts ;
Know what a leading voice ia worth,
A seconding, a third, or fourth ;
How much a casting voice comes to, 925
That turns up trump of ay, or no ;
And, by adjusting all at th' end,
Share ev'ry-one his dividend :
An art that so much study cost,
And now's in danger to be lost, 930
Unless our ancient virtuosos,
That found it out, get into th' Houses.
These are the courses that we took
To carry things by hook or crook ;
And practis'd down from forty-four, 935
Until they turn'd us out of door :
Besides the herds of Bontefeus
We set on work without the House.

907. Plato's year, or the grand revolution of the entire machine of the world, was accounted 4000 years.

PART III.—CANTO II.

247

When ev'ry knight and citizen
Kept legislative journeymen,
To bring them in intelligence
From all points, of the rabble's sense,
And fill the lobbies of both Houses
With politic important buzzes ;
Set up committees of cabals,
To pack designs without the walls ;
Examine, and draw up all news,
And fit it to our present use :
Agree upon the plet o' th' farce,
And ev'ry one his part rehearse ;
Make Q's of answers, to waylay
What t' other party's like to say ;
What repartees and smart reflections,
Shall be return'd to all objections ;
And who shall break the master-jest,
And what, and how, upon the rest :
Help pamphlets out, with safe editions,
Of proper slanders and seditions,
And treason for a token send,
By letter to a country friend ;
Disperse lampoons, the only wit
That men, like burglary, commit ;
Wit falser than a padd'r's face,
That all its owner does betrays ;
Who therefore dares not trust it when
He's in his calling to be seen ;
Disperse the dung on barren earth,
To bring new weeds of discord forth ;
Be sure to keep up congregations,
In spite of laws and proclamations ;
For charlatans can do no good
Until they're mounted in a crowd ;
And when they're punish'd, all the hurt
Is but to fare the better for 't ;
As long as confessors are sure
Of double pay for all th' endure,
And what they earn in persecution,
Are paid t' a groat in contribution ;
Whence some tub-holders-forth have made
In powd'ring-tubs their richest trade ;

948

945

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And, while they kept their shops in prison,
Have found their prices strangely risen :
Disdain to own the least regret
For all the Christian blood w' have let ;
'Twill save our credit, and maintain 985
Our title to do so again ;
That needs not cost one dram of sense,
But pertinacious impudence.
Our constancy t' our principles,
In time will wear out all things else ; 990
Like marble statues rabb'd in pieces
With gallantry of pilgrims' kisses ;
While those who turn and wind their oaths
Have swell'd and sunk, like other froths ;
Prevail'd a while, but 'twas not long 995
Before from world to world they swung,
As they had turn'd from side to side ;
And as the changlings liv'd, they dy'd.

This said, th' impatient states-monger
Could now contain himself no longer ;
Who had not spar'd to shew his piques
Against th' haranguer's politics,
With smart remarks of leering faces,
And annotations of grimaces : 1000
After h' had administer'd a dose
Of snuff mundungus to his nose,
And powder'd th' inside of his skull,
Instead of th' outward jobbernol,
He shook it with a scornful look
On th' adversary, and thus he speke : 1005

In dressing a calf's head, although
The tongue and brains together go,
Both keep so great a distance here,
'Tis strange if ever they come near ;
For who did ever play his gambols 1010
With such insufferable rambles,
To make the bringing in the king,
And keeping of him out, one thing ?
Which none could do but those that swore
T' as point-blank nonsense heretofore : 1015
That to defend was to invade ;
And to assassinate, to aid.

Unless, because you drove him out
(And that was never made a doubt,) 1025
No pow'r is able to restore,
And bring him in, but on your score :
A spiritual doctrine, that conduces
Most properly to all your uses.
'Tis true, a scorpion's oil is said
To cure the wounds the vermin made ; 1030
And weapons, drest with salves, restore
And heal the hurts they gave before :
But whether Presbyterians have
So much good nature as the salve,
Or virtue in them as the vermin, 1035
Those who have try'd them can determine.
Indeed, 'tis pity you should miss
Th' arrears of all your services,
And for th' eternal obligation
Y' have laid upon th' ungrateful nation, 1040
Be us'd so unconscionably hard,
As not to find a just reward
For letting rapine loose, and murther,
To rage just so far, but no further ;
And setting all the land on fire, 1045
To burn 't to a scantling, but no higher :
For vent'ring to assassinate,
And cut the throats of church and state,
And not be allow'd the fittest men
To take the charge of both agen : 1050
Especially, that have the grace
Of self-denying, gifted face ;
Who, when your projects have miscarry'd,
Can lay them, with undaunted forehead,
On those who painfully trepann'd, 1055
And sprinkl'd in at second-hand ;
As we have been, to share the guilt
Of Christian blood, devoutly spilt ;
For so our ignorance was flamm'd
To damn ourselves t' avoid being damn'd ; 1060
Till finding your old foe, the hangman,
Was like to lurch you at back-gammon,
And win your necks upon the set,
As well as ours, who did but bet.

(For he had drawn your ears before, 1065
 And nick'd them on the self-same score,)
 We threw the box and dice away,
 Before y' had lost us at foul play ;
 And brought you down to reek, and lie,
 And fancy only, on the by ; 1070
 Redeem'd your forfeit jobbernoles
 From perching upon lofty poles ;
 And rescu'd all your outward traitors
 From hanging up like alligators ;
 For which ingeniously y' have shew'd 1075
 Your Presbyterian gratitude ;
 Would freely have paid us home in kind,
 And not have been one rope behind.
 Those were your motives to divide,
 And scruple on the other side ; 1080
 To turn your zealous frauds, and force,
 To fits of conscience and remorse ;
 To be convinc'd they were in vain,
 And face about for new again :
 For truth no more unveil'd your eyes, 1085
 Than maggots are convinc'd to flies ;
 And therefore all your lights and calls
 're but apocryphal and false,
 'to charge us with the consequences
 Of all our native insolences, 1090
 That to your own imperious wills
 Laid law and gospel neck and heels ;
 Corrupted the Old Testament,
 To serve the New for precedent ;
 To amend its errors, and defects, 1095
 With murther, and rebellion-texts ;
 Of which there is not any one
 In all the book to sow upon :
 And therefore (from your tribe) the Jews
 Held Christian doctrine forth, and use ; 1100
 As Mahomet (your chief) began
 To mix them in the Alcoran ;
 Denounc'd and pray'd, with fierce devotion,
 And bended elbows on the cushion ;
 Stole from the beggars all your tones, 1105
 And gifted mortifying groans :

Had lights where better eyes were blind,
 As pigs are said to see the wind ;
 Fill'd Bedlam with predestination,
 And Knightsbridge with illumination ; 1110
 Made children, with your tones to run for 't,
 As bad as Bloody-bones, or Lunsford ;
 While women, great with child, miscarry'd,
 For being to malignants marry'd :
 Transform'd all wives to Dallilahs, 1115
 Whose husbands were not for the cause ;
 And turn'd the men to ten-horn'd cattle,
 Because they came not out to battle ;
 Made tailors 'prentices turn heroes,
 For fear of being transform'd to Meroz ; 1120
 And rather forfeit their indentures,
 Than not espouse the saints' adventures :
 Could transubstantiate, metamorphose,
 And charm whole herds of beasts, like Orpheus ;
 Enchant the king's and church's lands 1125
 T' obey and follow your commands ;
 And settle on a new freehold,
 As Marcly-Hill had done of old ;
 Could turn the Covenant, and translate
 The gospel into spoons and plate ; 1130
 Exound upon all merchants' cashes,
 And open th' intricatest places ?
 Could catechise a money-box,
 And prove all pouches orthodox ;
 Until the cause became a Damon, 1135
 And Pythias the wicked Mammon :
 And yet, in spite of all your charms,
 To conjure legion up in arms,
 And raise more devils in the rout
 Than e'er y' were able to cast out, 1140
 Y' have been reduc'd, and by those fools
 Bred up (you say) in your own schools ;
 Who, though but gifted at your feet,
 Have made it plain, they have more wit ;
 By whom y' have been so oft trepann'd, 1145
 And held forth out of all command,
 Out-gifted, out-impul'd, out-done,
 And out-reveal'd at carryings-on ;

Of all your dispensations worm'd;
 Out-providenc'd, and out-reform'd. 1150
 Ejected out of church and state,
 And all things, but the people's hate
 And spirited out of th' enjoyments
 Of precious, edifying employments,
 By those who lodg'd their gifts and graces, 1155
 Like better bowlers, in your places:
 All which you bore with resolution,
 Charg'd on th' accompt of persecution;
 And though most righteously opprest,
 Against your wills, still acquiesc'd; 1160
 And never humm'd and hah'd sedition,
 Nor snuffed treason, nor misprision:
 That is, because you never durst;
 For had you preach'd and pray'd your worst,
 Alas! you were no longer able 1165
 To raise your posse of the rabble:
 One single red-coat sentinel
 Out-charm'd the magic of the spell;
 And, with his squirt-fire, could disperse
 Whole troops with chapter rais'd and verse.
 We knew too well these tricks of yours, 1171
 To leave it ever in your powers;
 Or trust or safeties, or undoings,
 To your disposing of out-goings;
 Or to your ordering providence, 1175
 One farthing's worth of consequence.
 For had you pow'r to undermine,
 Or wit to carry a design,
 Or correspondence to trepan,
 Inveigle, or betray one man, 1180
 There's nothing else that intervenes,
 And bars your zeal to use the means;
 And therefore, wondrous like, no doubt,
 To bring in kings, or keep them out:
 Brave undertakers to restore, 1185
 That could not keep yourselves in pow'r;
 T' advance the int'rests of the crown,
 That wanted wit to keep your own!
 'Tis true, you have (for I'd be loth
 To wrong ye) done your parts in both, 1190

To keep him out, and bring him in,
As grace is introduc'd by sin ;
For 'twas your zealous want of sense,
And sanctify'd impertinence,
Your carrying business in a huddle, ' 1195
That forc'd our rulers to new-model ;
Oblig'd the state to tack about,
And turn you, root and branch, all out :
To reformado, one and all,
T' your great croysado-general : 1200
Your greedy slav'ring to devour,
Before 'twas in your clutches, pow'r,
That sprung the game you were to set,
Before y' had time to draw the net ;
Your spite to see the church's lands 1205
Divided into other hands,
And all your sacrilegious ventures
Laid out in tickets and debentures ;
Your envy to be sprinkled down,
By under-churches in the town ; 1210
And no course us'd to stop their mouths,
Nor th' Independents' spreading growths .
All which consider'd, 'tis more true
None bring him in so much as you ;
Who have prevail'd beyond their plots, 1215
Their midnight juntos, and seal'd knots ;
That thrive more by your zealous piques,
Than all their own rash politics.
And you this way may claim a share
In carrying (as you brag) th' affair ; 1220
Else frogs and toads, that croak'd the Jews
From Pharaoh and his brick-kilns loose,
And flies and mange, that set them free
From task-masters and slavery,
Were likelier to do thefeat, 1225
In any indiff'rent man's conceit :
For who e'er heard of restoration
Until your thorough reformation ?
That is, the king's and church's lands
Were sequester'd int' other hands : 1230

1200. General Fairfax, who was soon laid aside after
he had done some of their drudgery for them.

For only then, and not before,
 Your eyes were open'd to restore ;
 And when the work was carrying on,
 Who cross'd it, but yourselves alone ?
 As by a world of hints appears, 1233
 All plain and extant as your ears.

But first, o' th' first : The Isle of Wight
 Will rise up, if you should deny 't ;
 Where Henderson, and th' other masses,
 Were sent to cap texts, and put cases ; 1240
 To pass for deep and learned scholars,
 Although but paltry Ob and Sollers :
 As if th' unseasonable fools
 Had been a coursing in the schools ;
 Until th' had prov'd the devil author 1245
 O' th' Covenant, and the Cause his daughter .
 For when they charg'd him with the guilt
 Of all the blood that had been spilt,
 They did not mean he wrought th' effusion,
 In person, like Sir Pride, or Hughson, 1250
 But only those who first begun
 The quarrel were by him set on ;
 And who could those be but the saints,
 Those reformation termagants ?

But ere this pass'd, the wise debate 1255
 Spent so much time, it grew too late ;
 For Oliver had gotten ground,
 T' inclose him with his warriors round ;
 Had brought his Providence about,
 And turn'd th' untimely sophists out. 1260

Nor had the Uxbridge bus'ness less
 Of nonsense in 't, or sottishness,
 When from a scoundrel holderforth,
 The scum as well as son o' th' earth,
 Your mighty senators took law 1265
 At his command, were forc'd t' withdraw.
 And sacrifice the peace o' th' nation
 To doctrine, use, and application.

1241. Two ridiculous scribblers, that were often per-
 tering the world with nonsense.

1250. The one a brewer, the other a shoemaker, and
 both colonels in the rebels' army.

So when the Scots, your constant cronies,
Th' espousers of your cause and moneys, 1270
Who had so often, in your aid,
So many ways been soundly paid,
Came in at last for better ends,
To prove themselves your trusty friends,
You basely left them, and the church 1275
They train'd you up to, in the lurch,
And suffer'd your own tribe of Christians
To fall before, as true Philistines.
This shews what utensils y' have been,
To bring the king's concernments in; 1280
Which is so far from being true,
That none but he can bring in you;
And if he take you into trust,
Will find you most exactly just,
Such as will punctually repay 1285
With double interest, and betray.

Not that I think those pantomimes,
Who vary action with the times,
Are less ingenious in their art,
Than those who dully act one part; 1290
Or those who turn from side to side,
More guilty than the wind and tide.
All countries are a wise man's home,
And so are governments to some,
Who change them for the same intrigues 1295
That statesmen use in breaking leagues:
While others, in old faiths and troths,
Look odd as out-of-fashion'd clothes;
And nastier in an old opinion,
Than those who never shift their linen. 1300

For true and faithful's sure to lose,
Which way soever the game goes;
And whether parties lose or win,
Is always nick'd, or else hedg'd in:
While pow'r usurp'd, like stol'n delight, 1305
Is more bewitching than the right;
And when the times begin to alter,
None rise so high as from the halter.

And so may we, if w' have but sense
To use the necessary means;

And not your usual stratagems
 On one another, lights and dreams :
 To stand on terans as positive,
 As if we did not take, but give :
 Set up the Covenant on crutches, 1315
 'Gainst those who have us in their clutches,
 And dream of pulling churches down,
 Before w' are sure to prop our own :
 Your constant method of proceeding,
 Without the carnal means of heeding ; 1320
 Who 'twixt your inward sense and outward,
 Are worse, than if y' had none, accoutred.
 I grant, all courses are in vain,
 Unless we can get in again ;
 The only way that's left us now ; 1325
 But all the difficulty's how.
 'Tis true, w' have money, th' only pow'r
 That all mankind falls down before ;
 Money, that, like the swords of kings,
 Is the last reason of all things ; 1330
 And therefore need not doubt our play
 Has all advantages that way ;
 As long as men have faith to sell,
 And meet with those that can pay well ;
 Whose half-starv'd pride, and avarice, 1335
 One church and state will not suffice
 T' expose to sale, beside the wages
 Of storing plagues to after-ages.
 Nor is our money less our own,
 Than 'twas before we laid it down, 1340
 For 'twill return, and turn t' account,
 If we are brought in play upon 't ;
 Or but, by casting knaves, get in,
 What pow'r can hinder us to win ?
 We know the arts we us'd before, 1345
 In peace and war, and something mote ;
 And by th' unfortunate events,
 Can mend our next experiments :
 For when w' are taken into trust,
 How easy are the wisest choust, 1350
 Who see but th' outsides of our feats,
 And not their secret springs and weights ;

And while they're busy at their ease,
Can carry what designs we please?
How easy is 't to serve for agents,
To prosecute our old engagements?
To keep the good old cause on foot,
And present pow'r from taking root;
Inflame them both with false alarms
Of plots and parties taking arms; 1300
To keep the nation's wounds too wide
From healing up of side to side;
Profess the passionat'st concerns
For both their interests by turns;
The only way to improve our own,
By dealing faithfully with none 1365
(As bowls run true, by being made
On purposc false, and to be sway'd:)
For if we should be true to either,
Twould turn us out of beth together;
And therefore have no other means
To stand upon our own defence,
But keeping up our ancient party
In vigour, confident and hearty;
To reconcile our late dissenters, 1375
Our brethrcn, though by other venters:
Unite them and their different maggots,
As long and short sticks are in fagots,
And make them join again as close
As when they first began t' espouse;
Erect them into separate 1380
New Jewish tribes, in church and state;
To join in marriage and commerce,
And only among themselves converse;
And all that are not of their mind,
Make enemies to all mankind:
Take all religions in, and stickle 1385
From conclave down to conventicle;
Agreeing still, or disagreeing,
According to the light in being.
Sometimes for liberty of consciencoe,
And spiritual mis-rule, in one sense;
But in another quite contrary,
As dispensations chance to vary; 1395

And stand for, as the times will bear it, 1395
 All contradictions of the spirit ;
 Protect their emissaries empower'd
 To preach sedition and the word ;
 And when they're hamper'd by the laws,
 Release the lab'lers for the cause 1400
 And turn the persecution back
 On those that made the first attack ;
 To keep them equally in awe,
 From breaking or maintaining law ;
 And when they have their fits too soon, 1405
 Before the full-tides of the moon,
 Put off their zeal t' a fitter season
 For sowing faction in and treason :
 And keep them hooded, and their churches,
 Like hawks from baiting on their perches, 1410
 That, when the blessed time shall come
 Of quitting Babylon and Rome,
 They may be ready to restore
 Their own fifth monarchy once more.
 Meanwhile be better arm'd to fence 1415
 Against revolts of Providence,
 By watching narrowly, and snapping
 All blind sides of it, as they happen :
 For if success should make us saints,
 Our ruin turn'd us miscreants : 1420
 A scandal that would fall too hard
 Upon a few, and unprepar'd.
 These are the courses we must run,
 Spite of our hearts, or be undone ;
 And not to stand on terms and freaks, 1425
 Before we have secur'd our necks :
 But do our work, as out of sight,
 As stars by day, and suns by night ;
 All license of the people own,
 In opposition to the crown ; 1430
 And for the crown as fiercely side,
 The head and body to divide ;
 The end of all we first design'd,
 And all that yet remains behind :
 Be sure to spare no public rapine, 1435
 On all emergencies that happen ;

For 'tis as easy to supplant
 Authority as men in want ;
 As some of us, in trusts, have made
 The one hand with the other trade ; 1440
 Gain'd vastly by their joint endeavour,
 The right a thief, the left receiver ;
 And what the one, by tricks, forestall'd,
 The other, by as sly, retail'd.
 For gain has wonderful effects 1445
 To improve the factory of sects ;
 The rule of faith in all professions,
 And great Diana of the Ephesians ;
 Whence turning of religion 's made
 The means to turn and wind a trade : 1450
 And though some change it for the worse
 They put themselves into a course ;
 And draw in store of customers,
 To thrive the better in commerce :
 For all religions flock together, 1455
 Like tame and wild fowl of a feather ;
 To nab the itches of their sects,
 As jades do one another's necks.
 Hence 'tis, hypocrisy as well
 Will serve t' improve a church as zeal : 1460
 As persecution or promotion
 Do equally advance devotion.
 Let business, like ill watchies, go
 Sometimes too fast, sometimes too slow ;
 For things in order are put out 1465
 So easy, ease itself will do't ;
 But when the feat's design'd and meant,
 What miracle can bar th' event ?
 For 'tis more easy to betray, 1470
 Than ruin any other way.
 All possible occasions start
 The weightiest matters to divert ;
 Obstruct, perplex, distract, entangle,
 And lay perpetual trains to wrangle.
 But in affairs of less import, 1475
 That neither do us good nor hurt,
 And they receive as little by,
 Out-fawn as much, and out-comply ;

And seem as scrupulously just,
To bait our hooks for greater trust
But still be careful to cry down
All public actions, though our own
The least miscarriage aggravate,
And charge it all upon the state :
Express the horrid st detestation, 1480
And pity the distracted nation ;
Tell stories scandalous and false,
I' th' proper language of cabals,
Where all a subtle statesman says,
Is half in words, and half in face, 1485
(As Spaniards talk in dialogues
Of heads and shoulders, nods and shrugs :)
In trust it under solemn vows
Of mum, and silence, and the rose,
To be retail'd again in whispers, 1490
For th' easy credulous to disperse.
Thus far the statesman—when a shout,
Heard at a distance, put him out ;
And straight another, all aghast,
Rush'd in with equal fear and haste : 1495
Who star'd about, as pale as death,
And, for a while, as out of breath ;
Till having gather'd up his wits,
He thus began his tale by fits.
That beastly rabble—that came down 1505
From all the garrets—in the town,
And stalls, and shop-boards—in vast swarms,
With new-chalk'd bills—and rusty arms,
To cry the cause—up, heretofore,
And bawl the bishops—out of door, 1510
Are now drawn up—in greater shoals,
To roast—and broil us on the coals,
And all the grandees—of our members
Are carbonading—on the embers ;
Knights, citizens, and burgesses— 1515
Held forth by rumps—of pigs and geese,
That serve for characters—and badges
To represent their personages :

1505. This is an accurate description of the mob's burning rumps upon the admission of the secluded members, in contempt of the Rump Parliament.

Each bonfire is a funeral pile,
In which they roast, and scorch, and broil,
And ev'ry representative 1521
Have vow'd to roast and broil alive.
And 'tis a miracle we are not
Already sacrific'd incarnate :
For while we wrangle here, and jar 1525
W' are grilly'd all at Temple-Bar :
Some on the sign-post of an ale-house,
Hang in effigie, on the gallows ;
Made up of rags, to personate
Respective officers of state ; 1530
That henceforth they may stand reputed,
Proscrib'd in law, and executed ;
And while the work is carrying on,
Be ready-listed under Dun,
That worthy patriot, once the bellows, 1535
And tinder-box, of all his fellows ;
The activ'st member of the five,
As well as the most primitive ;
Who, for his faithful service then,
Is chosen for a fifth agen 1540
(For since the state has made a quint
Of generals, he's listed in't.)
This worthy, as the world will say,
Is paid in specie, his own way ;
For, moulded to the life in clouts, 1545
Th' have pick'd from dunghills hereabouts,
He's mounted on a hazle bavin,
A cropp'd malignant baker gave 'em ;
And to the largest bonfire riding,
They've roasted Cook already and Pride in :
On whom, in equipage and state, 1551
His scarecrow fellow-members wait,
And march in order, two and two,
As at thanksgivings th' us'd to do ;
Each in a tatter'd talisman, 1555
Like vermin in effigie slain.

1534. The hangman's name at that time was Dun.

1550. Cook acted as solicitor-general against King Charles the First at his trial, and afterwards received his just reward for the same. Pride, a colonel in the Parliament's army

But (what's more dreadful than the rest)
 Those rumps are but the tail o' th' beast,
 Set up by Popish engineers,
 As by the crackers plainly appears ; 1560
 For none but Jesuits have a mission
 To preach the faith with ammunition,
 And propagate the church with powder :
 Their founder was a blown-up soldier.
 These spiritual pioneers o' th' whore's, 1565
 That have the charge of all her stores,
 Since first they fail'd in their designs,
 To take in heaven by springing mines,
 And with unanswerable barrels
 Of gunpowder dispute their quarrels,
 Now take a course more practicable,
 By laying trains to fire the rabble,
 And blow us up in th' open streets,
 Disguis'd in rumps, like Sambenites ;
 More like to ruin, and confound, 1570
 Than all the doctrines under ground.
 Nor have they chosen rumps amiss
 For symbols of state mysteries ;
 Though some suppose 'twas but to shew
 How much they scorn'd the saints, the few ;
 Who, 'cause they're wasted to the stumps, 1575
 Are represented best by rumps.
 But Jesuits have deeper reaches
 In all their politic far-fetches,
 And from the Coptic priest, Kircherus, 1585
 Found out this mystic way to jeer us.
 For, as th' Egyptians us'd by bees
 T' express their antique Ptolemies,

1584. Ignatius Loyola, the founder of the society of the Jesuits, was a gentleman of Biscay, in Spain, and bred a soldier ; was at Pampelune when it was besieged by the French in the year 1521 ; and was so very lame in both feet, by the damage he sustained there, that he was forced to keep his bed.

1585. Athanasius Kircher, a Jesuit, hath wrote largely on the Egyptian mystical learning.

1587. The Egyptians represented their kings (many of whose names were Ptolemy) under the hieroglyphic of a bee, dispensing honey to the good and virtuous, and having a sting for the wicked and dissolute.

And by their stings, the swords they wore,
Held forth authority and power; 1590

Because these subtle animals
Bear all their int'rests in their tails,
And when they're once impair'd in that,
Are banish'd their well-order'd state;
They thought all governments were best 1595
By hieroglyphic runaps exprest.

For, as in bodies natural,
The rump's the fundament of all,
So, in a commonwealth, or realm,
The government is call'd the helm; 1600
With which, like vessels under sail,
They're turn'd and winded by the tail;
The tail, which birds and fishes steer
Their courses with through sea and air;
To whom the rudder of the rump is 1605
The same thing with the stern and compass.
This shews how perfectly the rump
And commonwealth in nature jump
For as a fly, that gees to bed,
Rests with his tail above his head, 1610
So in this mongrel state of ours,
The rabble are the supreme powers;
That hors'd us on their backs, to shew us
A jadish trick at last, and throw us.

The learned rabbins of the Jews 1615
Write there's a bone, which they call luez,
I th' rump of man, of such a virtue,
No force in nature can do hurt to:
And therefore at the last great day,
All th' other members shall, they say, 1620
Spring out of this, as from a seed
All sorts of vegetals proceed;
From whence the learned sons of art
Os sacrum justly style that part:
Then what can better represent 1625
Than this rump bone, the Parliament,
That, after several rude ejections,
And as prodigious resurrections,
With new reverisons of nine lives,
Starts up, and like a cat revives? 1630

But now, alas ! they're all expir'd
 And th' House, as well as members, fir'd;
 Consum'd in kennels by the rout,
 With which they other fires put out :
 Condemn'd t' ungoverning distress, 1635
 And paltry private wretchedness ;
 Worse than the devil, to privation,
 Beyond all hopes of restoration ;
 And parted, like the body and soul,
 From all dominien and control. 1640
 We, who could lately with a look
 Enact, establish, or revoke ;
 Whose arbitrary nods gave law,
 And frowns kept multitudes in awe ;
 Before the bluster of whose huff, 1645
 All hats, as in a storm, flew off ;
 Ador'd and bow'd to by the great,
 Down to the footman and valet ;
 Had more bent knees than chapel-mats,
 And prayers than the crowns of nats ; 1650
 Shall now be scorn'd as wretchedly,
 For ruin's just as low as high ;
 Which might be suffer'd, were it all
 The horror that attends our fall :
 For some of us have scores more large 1655
 Than heads and quarters can discharge ;
 And others, who, by restless scraping,
 With public frauds, and private rapine,
 Have mighty heaps of wealth amass'd,
 Would gladly lay down all at last ; 1660
 And to be but undone, entail
 Their vessels on perpetual jail ;
 And bless the dev'l to let them farms
 Of forfeit souls on no worse terms.
 This said, a near and louder shout 1665
 Put all th' assembly to the rout,
 Who now began t' out-run their fear,
 As horses do from whom they bear ;
 But crowded on with so much haste,
 Until th' had block'd the passage fast, 1670
 And barrieado'd it with haunches
 Of outward mea, and bulks, and paunches.

That with their shoulders strove to squeeze,
 And rather save a crippl'd piece
 Of all their crush'd and broken members, 1675
 Than have them grilled on the embers;
 Still pressing on with heavy packs
 Of one another on their backs,
 The vanguard could no longer bear
 The charges of the forlorn rear, 1680
 But, borne down headlong by the rout,
 Were trampled sorely under foot:
 Yet nothing prov'd so formidable
 As the horrid cookery of the rabble;
 And fear, that keeps all feeling out, 1685
 As lesser pains are by the gout,
 Reliev'd 'em with a fresh supply
 Of rallied force enough to fly,
 And beat a Tuscan running horse,
 Whose jockey-rider is all spurs. 1690

CANTO III.

The Knight and Squire's prodigious flight
 To quit th' enchanted bow'r by night.
 He plods to turn his amorous suit
 T' a pleb in law, and prosecute:
 Repairs to cozenel, to advise
 'Bout managing the enterprise;
 But first resolves to try by letter,
 And one more fair address, to get her
 Who would believe what strange bugbears
 Mankind creates itself, of fears
 That spring like fern, that insect weed,
 Equivocally, without seed;
 And have no possible foundation,
 But merely in th' imagination;
 And yet can do more dreadful feats
 Than hags, with all their imps and teats;
 Make more bewitch and haunt themselves
 Than all their nurseries of elves 10

6. Alluding to the vulgar opinion, that witches have their imps, or familiars, spirits, that are employed in their diabolical practices, and suck private teats they have about them.

For fear does things so like a witch,
 'Tis hard t'unriddle which is which.
 Sets up communities of senses,
 To chop and change intelligences;
 As Rosicrucian virtuosos
 Can see with ears, and hear with noses;
 And when they neither see nor hear,
 Have more than both supply'd by fear;
 That makes 'em in the dark see visions,
 And hag themselves with apparitions;
 And when their eyes discover least,
 Discern the subtlest objects best:
 Do things not contrary, alone,
 To th' course of nature, but its own;
 The courage of the bravest daunt,
 And turn poltroons as valiant,
 For men as resolute appear
 With too much as too little fear;
 And when they're out of hopes of flying,
 Will run away from death, by dying;
 Or turn again to stand it out,
 And those they fled, like lions, rout.

This Hudibras had prov'd too true,
 Who, by the furies left perdue,
 And haunted with detachments, sent
 From Marshal Legion's regiment,
 Was by a fiend, as counterfeit,
 Reliev'd and rescued with a cheat;
 When nothing but himself, and fear,
 Was both the imp and conjurer;
 As, by the rules o' th' virtuosi,
 It follows in due form of poesie.

Disguis'd in all the masks of night,
 We left our champion on his flight,
 At blindman's buff, to grope his way,
 In equal fear of night and day;

15. The Rosicrucians were a sect that appeared in Germany in the beginning of the 17th age. They are also called the enlightened, immortal, and invisible. They are a very enthusiastical sort of men, and hold many wild and extravagant opinions.

36. He used to preach, as if they might expect legions to drop down from heaven, for the propagation of the good old cause.

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Who took his dark and desp'rate course,
He knew no better than his horse ;
And, by an unknown devil led
(He knew as little whither) fled. 50

He never was in greater need,
Nor less capacity, of speed ;
Disabled, both in man and beast,
To fly and run away his best ;
To keep the enemy, and fear, 55
From equal falling on his rear.

And though with kicks and bangs he ply'd
The farther and the nearer side
(As seamen ride with all their force,
And tug as if they row'd the horse, 60
And when the hackney sails most swift,
Believe they lag, or run adrift.)

So, though he posted e'er so fast,
His fear was greater than his haste :
For fear, though fleeter than the wind, 65
Believes 'tis always left behind.

But when the morn began t' appear,
And shift t' another scene his fear,
He found his new officious shade,
That came so timely to his aid, 70
And forc'd him from the foe t' escape,
Had turn'd itself to Ralpho's shape ;
So like in person, garb, and pitch,
'Twas hard t' interpret which was which.

For Ralpho had no sooner told 75
The Lady all he had t' unfold,
But she convey'd him out of sight,
To entertain th' approaching Knight ;
And, while he gave himself diversion,
T' accommodate his beast and person, 80
And put his beard into a posture
At best advantage to accost her,
She ordered the anti-masquerade
(For his reception) aforesaid :

But when the ceremony was done, 85
The lights put out, and furies gone,
And Hudibras, among the rest,
Convey'd away, as Ralpho guess'd,

The wretched caitiff, all alone
(As he believ'd) began to moan, 90
And tell his story to himself,
The Knight mistook him for an elf;
And did so still, till he began
To scruple at Ralph's outward man;
And thought, because they oft agreed 95
T' appear in one another's stead,-
And act the saint's and devil's part
With undistinguishable art,
They might have done so now, perhaps,
And put on one another's shapes: 100
And therefore, to resolve the doubt,
He star'd upon him, and cry'd out,
What art? My Squire, or that bold sprite
That took his place and shape to-night?
Some busy, independent pug, 105
Retainer to his synagogue?
Alas! quoth he, I'm none of those,
Your bosom friends, as you suppose;
But Ralph himself, your trusty Squire, 109
Wh' has dragg'd your Donship out o' th' mire,
And from the enchantments of a widow,
Wh' had turn'd you int' a beast, have freed you;
And, though a prisoner of war,
Have brought you safe where you now are;
Which you would gratefully repay 115
Your constant Presbyterian way.

That's stranger (quoth the Knight) and
Who gave thee notice of my danger? [stranger;
Quoth he, Th' infernal conjurer
Pursued and took me prisoner; 120
And knowing you were hereabout,
Brought me along to find you out;
Where I in hugger-mugger hid,
Have noted all they said or did:
And though they lay to him the pageant, 125
I did not see him, nor his agent;
Who play'd their sorc'ries out of sight;
T' avoid a fiercer second fight.
But didst thou see no devils then?
Not one (quoth he) but carnal men, 130

A little worse than fiends in hell,
And that she-devil Jezebel,
That laugh'd and tee-he'd with derision,
To see them take your deposition.

What then (quoth Hudibras) was he 135
That play'd the dev'l to examine me?
A rallying weaver in the town,
That did it in a parson's gown,
Whom all the parish take for gifted;
But, for my part, I ne'er believ'd it: 140
In which you told them all your feats,
Your conscientious frauds and cheats;
Deny'd your whipping, and confess'd
The naked truth of all the rest,
More plainly than the rev'rend writer, 145
That to our churches veil'd his mitre;
All which they took in black and white,
And cudgell'd me to under-write.

What made thee, when they all were gone,
And none but thou and I alone, 150
To act the devil, and forbear
To rid me of my hellish fear?

Quoth he, I knew your constant rate
And frame of sp'rit too obstinate 155
To be by me prevail'd upon
With any motives of my own;
And therefore strove to counterfeit
The dev'l awhile to nick your wit;
The dev'l, that is your constant crony,
That only can prevail upon ye; 160
Else we might still have been disputing,
And they with weighty drubs confuting.

The Knight, who now began to find
Th' had left the enemy behind,
And saw no farther harm remain, 165
But feeble weariness and pain,
Perceiv'd, by losing of their way,
Th' had gain'd th' advantage of the day;
And, by declining of the road,
They had, by chance, their rear made good; 170

145. A most reverend prelate, A. B. of Y. who sided
with the disaffected party

He ventur'd to dismiss his fear,
That parting's want to rent and tear,
And give the desperat'st attack
To danger still behind its back : 175

For having paus'd to recollect,
And on his past success reflect,
T' examine and consider why,
And whence, and how, they came to fly, 180

And when no devil had appear'd,
What else, it could be said, he fear'd ;
It put him in so fierce a rage,
He once resolv'd to re-engage ; 185

Toss'd like a foot-ball back again,
With shame and vengeance, and disdain.
Quoth he, It was thy cowardice
That made me from this leaguer rise : 190

And when I'd half reduc'd the place,
To quit it infamously base :
Was better cover'd by the new-
Arriv'd detachment than I knew ; 195

To slight my new acquests, and run
Victoriously from battles won ;
And reck'ning all I gain'd or lost,
To sell them cheaper than they cost ;

To make me put myself to flight,
And conqu'ring run away by night ;
To drag me out, which th' haughty foe
Durst never have presum'd to do ; 200

To mount me in the dark, by force,
Upon the bare ridge of my horse ;
Expos'd in querpo to their rage,
Without my arms and equipage :

Lest, if they ventur'd to pursue,
I might th' unequal fight renew ;
And, to preserve thy outward man,
Assum'd my place, and led the van. 205

All this quoth Ralph, I did, 'tis true,
Not to preserve myself, but you ;
You, who were damn'd to baser drubs
Than wretches feel in powd'ring tubs ?
To mount two-wheel'd caroches, worse
Than managing a wooden horse ; 210

Dragg'd out through straiter holes by th' ears,
 Eras'd or coup'd for perjurers;
 Who, though th' attempt had prov'd in vain.
 Had had no reason to complain: 216
 But since it prosper'd, 'tis unhandsome
 To blame the hand that paid your ransom,
 And rescu'd your obnoxious bones
 From unavoidable battoons. 220
 The enemy was reinforc'd,
 And we disabled, and unhors'd,
 Disarm'd, unqualify'd for fight,
 And no way left but hasty flight,
 Which, though as desp'rare in th' attempt, 225
 Has giv'n you freedom to condemn 't.

But were our bones in fit condition
 To reinforce the expedition,
 'Tis now unseasonable, and vain,
 To think of falling on again. 230
 No martial project to surprise
 Can ever be attempted twice;
 Nor can design serve afterwards,
 As gamesters tear their losing-cards.
 Beside our bangs of man and beast 235
 Are fit for nothing now but rest,
 And for a while will not be able
 To rally and prove serviceable;
 And therefore I, with reason, chose
 This stratagem t' amuse our foes; 240
 To make an honourable retreat,
 And wave a total sure defeat:
 For those that fly may fight again,
 Which he can never do that's slain.
 Hence timely running 's no mean part 245
 Of conduct in the martial art;
 By which some glorious feats achieve,
 As citizens by breaking thrive;
 And cannons conquer armies, while
 They seem to draw off and recoil; 250
 Is held the gallant'st course, and bravest,
 To great exploits, as well as safest;
 That spares th' expense of time and pains,
 And dangerous beating out of brains;

And in the end prevails as certain
As those that never trust to fortune ; 255
But make their fear do execution
Beyond the stoutest resolution ;
As earthquakes kill without a blow,
And, only trembling, overthrow. 260
If th' ancients crown'd their bravest men,
That only sav'd a citizen,
What victory could e'er be won,
If ev'ry one would save but one ?
Or fight endanger'd to be lost, 265
Where all resolve to save the most ?
By this means when a battle's won,
The war's as far from being done ;
For those that save themselves, and fly,
Go halves, at least, i' th' victory ; 270
And sometimes, when the loss is small,
And danger great, they challenge all ;
Print new additions to their feats,
And emendations in Gazettes ;
And when, for furious haste to run, 275
They durst not stay to fire a gun,
Have done 't with bonfires, at home
Made squibs and crackers overcome ;
To set the rabble on a flame,
And keep their governors from blame ; 280
Disperse the news the pulpit tells,
Confirm'd with fire-works and with bells ;
And though reduc'd to that extreme,
They have been forc'd to sing Te Deum ;
Yet, wth religious blasphemy, 285
By flattering Heaven with a lie,
And for their beating giving thanks,
Th' have rais'd recruits, and fill'd their banks ;
For those who run from th' enemy,
Engage them equally to fly ; 290
And when the fight becomes a chase,
Those win the day that win the race ;
And that which would not pass in fights,
Has done thefeat with easy flights ;

261. The Romans highly honoured, and nobly rewarded, those persons that were instrumental in the preservation of the lives of their citizens, either in battle or otherwise.

Recover'd many a desp'rete campaign 293
 With Bourdeaux, Burgundy, and Champaign :
 Restor'd the fainting high and mighty
 With Brandy-wine and aqua-vitæ ;
 And made 'em stoutly overcome
 With Bacrack, Hoccamore, and Mum ; 300
 Whom th' uncontroll'd decrees of fate
 To victory necessitate ;
 With which, although they run or burn,
 They unavoidably return :
 Or else their sultan populaces 305
 Still strangle all their routed Bassas.

Quoth Hudibras, I understand
 What fights thou mean'st at sea and land,
 And who those were that run away,
 And yet gave out th' had won the day ; 310
 Although the rabble sou'd them for 't,
 O'er head and ears, in mud and dirt.
 'Tis true, our modern way of war
 Is grown more politic by far,
 But not so resolute and bold, 315
 Nor ty'd to honour, as the old.
 For now they laugh at giving battle,
 Unless it be to herds of cattle ;
 Or fighting convoys of provision,
 The whole design o' th' expedition ; 320
 And not with downright blows to rout
 The enemy, but eat them out :
 As fighting, in all beasts of prey,
 And eating, are perform'd one way,
 To give defiance to their teeth, 325
 And fight their stubborn guts to death ;
 And those achieve the high'st renown,
 That bring the others stomachs down.
 There's now no fear of wounds, nor maiming ;
 All dangers are reduc'd to famine ; 330
 And feats of arms, to plot, design,
 Surprise, and stratagem, and mine ;

305 The author compares the arbitrary actings of the ungovernable mob to the Sultan or Grand Signor, who very seldom fails to sacrifice any of his chief commanders, called Bassas, if they prove unsuccessful in battle

But have no need nor use of courage,
Unless it be for glory or forage :
For if they fight, 'tis but by chance,
When one side vent'ring to advance,
And come uncivilly too near,
Are charg'd unmercifully i' th' rear ;
And forc'd, with terrible resistance ;
To keep hereafter at a distance ;
To pick out ground t' encamp upon,
Where store of largest rivers run,
That serve, instead of peaceful barriers,
To part th' engagements of their warriors ;
Were both from side to side may skip, 345
And only encounter at bo-peep :
For men are found the stouter-hearted,
The certainer th' are to be parted,
And therefore post themselves in bogs,
As th' ancient mice attack'd the frogs, 350
And made their mortal enemy,
The water-rat, their strict ally.
For 'tis not now, who's stout and bold,
But who bears hunger best, and cold ;
And he's approv'd the most deserving,
Who longest can hold out at starving ;
And he that routs most pigs and cows,
The formidablest man of prowess. 355
So th' emperor Caligula,
That triumph'd o'er the British Sea, 360
Took crabs and oysters prisoners,
And lobsters, 'stead of cuirassiers ;
Engag'd his legions in fierce bustles
With periwinkles, prawns, and muscles ;
And led his troops with furious gallops,
To charge whole regiments of scallops ;
Not like their ancient way of war,
To wait on his triumphal car ;
But, when he went to dine or sup,
More bravely eat his captives up : 365
And left all war, by his example,
Reduc'd to vict'ling of a camp well. 370

350. Homer wrote a poem of the war between the mice and the frogs.

Quoth Ralph, By all that you have said,
 And twice as much that I could add,
 'Tis plain you cannot now do worse 375
 Than take this out-of-fashion'd course,
 To hope, by stratagem to woo her,
 Or waging battle to subdue her :
 Though some have done it in romances
 And bang'd them into amorous fancies ; 380
 As those who won the Amazons,
 By wanton drubbing of their bones ;
 And stout Rinaldo gain'd his bride,
 By courting of her back and side.
 But since those times and feats are over, 385
 They are not for a modern lover,
 When mistresses are too cross-grain'd
 By such addresses to be gain'd ;
 And if they were, would have it out
 With many another kind of bout. 390
 Therefore I hold no course s' infeasible,
 As this of force, to win the Jezebel ;
 To storm her heart, by th' antic charms
 Of ladies errant, force of arms ;
 But rather strive by law to win her, 395
 And try the title you have in her.
 Your case is clear ; you have her word,
 And me to witness the accord ;
 Besides two more of her retinue
 To testify what pass'd between you ; 400
 More probable, and like to hold,
 Than hand, or seal, or breaking gold ;
 For which so many that renounc'd
 Their plighted contracts have been trounc'd ;
 And bills upon record been found, 405
 That forc'd the ladies to compound ;
 And that, unless I miss the matter,
 Is all the bus'ness you look after.
 Besides, encounters at the bar
 Are braver now than those in war, 410
 In which the law does execution
 With less disorder and confusion ;

263. A story in Tasso, an Italian poet, of a hero that gained his mistress by conquering her party.

Has more of honour in 't, some hold,
Not like the new way, but the old,
When those the pen had drawn together, 415
Decided quarrels with a feather,
And winged arrows kill'd as dead,
And more than bullets now of lead.
So all their combats now, as then,
Are manag'd chiefly by the pen ; 420
That does the feat with braver vigours,
In words at length, as well as figures :
Is judge of all the world performs
In voluntary feats of arms ;
And whatsoe'er 's achiev'd in fight, 425
Determines which is wrong or right ;
For whether you prevail, or lose,
All must be try'd there in the close :
And therefore 'tis not wise to shun
What you must trust to ere y' have done. 430

The law, that settles all you do,
And marries where you did but woo ;
That makes the most perfidious lover
A lady, that's as false, recover ;
And if it judge upon your side, 435
Will soon extend her for your bride,
And put her person, goods, or lands,
Or which you like best, int' your hands.

For law 's the wisdom of all ages,
And manag'd by the ablest sages ; 440
Who, though their bus'ness at the bar
Be but a kind of civil war,
In which th' engage with fiercer dudgeons
Than e'er the Grecians did and Trojans,
.They never manage the contest 445
T' impair their public interest,
Or by their controversies lessen
The dignity of their profession :
Not like us brethren who divide
Our commonwealth, the cause, and side ;
And though w' are all as near of kindred
As th' outward man is to the inward,
We agree in nothing but to wrangle
About the slightest fingle-fangle ; 450

While lawyers have more sober sense 455
 Than t' argue at their own expense,
 But make their best advantages
 Of others' quarrels, like the Swiss ;
 And out of foreign controversies,
 By aiding both sides fill their purses ; 460
 But have no int'rest in the cause
 For which th' engage, and wage the laws ;
 Nor farther prospect than their pay,
 Whether they lose or win the day :
 And though they abounded in all ages, 466
 With sundry learned clerks and sages,
 Though all their business be dispute,
 Which way they canvass ev'ry suit,
 Th' have no disputes about their art,
 Nor in polemics controvert ; 470
 While all professions else are found
 With nothing but disputes t' abound ;
 Divines of all sorts, and physicians,
 Philosophers, mathematicians,
 The Galenist and Paracelsian, 475
 Condemn the way each other deals in ;
 Anatomists dissect and mangle,
 To cut themselves out work to wrangle ;
 Astrologers dispute their dreams,
 That in their sleeps they talk of schemes ; 480
 And heralds stickle who got who,
 So many hundred years ago.

But lawyers are too wise a nation
 T' expose their trade to disputation,
 Or make the busy rabble judges 485
 Of all their secret piques and grudges ;
 In which whoever wins the day,
 The whole profession 's sure to pay.
 Beside, no mountebanks, nor cheats,
 Dare undertake to do their feats ; 490
 When in all other sciences
 They swarm, like insects, and increase.

For what bigot durst ever draw,
 By inward light, a deed in law ?
 Or could hold forth, by revelation, 495
 An answer to a declaration ?

For those that meddle with their tools
 Will cut their fingers, if they 're fools :
 And if you follow their advice,
 In bills, and answers, and replies, 500
 They 'll write a love-letter in chancery,
 Shall bring her upon oath to answer ye,
 And soon reduce her to b' your wife,
 Or make her weary of her life.

The Knight, who us'd with tricks and shifts
 To edify by Ralpho's gifts, 506
 But in appearance cry'd him down,
 To make them better seem his own
 (All plagiaries' constant course
 Of sinking, when they took a purse) 510
 Resolv'd to follow his advice,
 But kept it from him by disguise ;
 And, after stubborn contradiction,
 To counterfeit his own conviction,
 And by transition fall upon' 515
 The resolution as his own.

Quoth he, This gambol thou advisest
 Is of all others the unwiseſt ;
 For if I think by law to gain her,
 There 's nothing sillier or vainer. 520
 'Tis but to hazard my pretence,
 Where nothing 's certain but th' expense ;
 To act against myself, and traverse
 My suit and title to her favours ;
 And if she should (which Heav'n forbid) 525
 O'erthrow me, as the fiddler did,
 What after-course have I to take,
 'Gainſt losing all I have at stake ?
 He that with injury is griev'd,
 And goes to law to be reliev'd, 530
 Is sillier than a scottish chouse,
 Who, when a thief has robb'd his house,
 Applies himself to cunning men,
 To help him to his goods agen ;
 When all he can expect to gain 535
 Is but to squander more in vain :
 And yet I have no other way
 But is as difficult to play :

PART III.—CANTO III. 279

For to reduce her by main force
Is now in vain : by fair means, worse ; 549
But worst of all to give her over,
Till she 's as desp'rate to recover :
For bad games are threwn up too soon,
Until th' are never to be won.

But since I have no other course 545
But is as bad t' attempt, or worse,
He that complies against his will,
Is of his own opinion still ;
Which he may adhere to, yet disown,
For reasons to himself best known : 550
But 'tis not to b' avoided now,
For Sidrophel resolves to sue ;
Whom I must answer, or begin
Inevitably first with him ;
For I've receiv'd advertisement, 555
By times enough, of his intent ;
And knowing he that first complains
Th' advantage of the business gains ;
For courts of justice understand
The plaintiff to be eldest-hand ; 560
Who what he pleases may aver,
The other nothing till he swear ;
Is freely admitted to all grace,
And lawful favour, by his place ;
And for his bringing custom in, 565
Has all advantages to win :
I, who resolve to oversee
No lucky opportunity,
Will go to counsel, to advise
Which way t' encounter, or surprise ; 570
And, after long consideration,
Have found out one to fit th' occasion,
Most apt for what I have to do,
As counsellor and justice too.
And truly so, no doubt, he was, 575
A lawyer fit for such a case.

An old dull sot, who told the clock
For many years at Bridewell-dock,

577. Prideaux, a justice of peace, a very pragmatical
busy person in those times, and a mercenary and cruel

At Westminster, and Hick's-Hall,
And Hiccius Doctius play'd in all ; 580
Where in all governments and times,
H' had been both friend and foe to crimes,
And us'd two equal ways of gaining,
By hind'ring justice, or maintaining ;
To many a whore gave privilege, 585
And whipp'd, for want of quarterage ;
Cart-loads of bawds to prison sent,
For b'ing behind a fortnight's rent ;
And many a trusty pimp and crony
To Puddle-dock, for want of money ; 590
Engag'd the constable to seize
All those that would not break the peace,
Nor give him back his own foul words,
Though sometimes commoners or lords,
And kept 'em prisoners of course, 595
For being sober at ill hours ;
That in the morning he might free
Or bind 'em over for his fee :
Made monsters fine, and puppet-plays,
For leave to practise in their ways ; 600
Farm'd out all cheats, and went a share
With th' headborough and scavenger ;
And made the dirt i' th' streets compound
For taking up the public ground ;
The kennel, and the king's highway, 605
For being unmolested, pay ;
Let out the stocks, and whipping-post,
And cage, to those that gave him most ;
Impos'd a tax on bakers' ears,
And for false weights on chandeliers ; 610
Made victuallers and vintners fine
For arbitrary ale and wine ;
But was a kind and constant friend
To all that regularly offend ;
As residential bawds, 615
And brokers that receive stol'n goods ;

magistrate, infamous for the following methodes of getting money among many others.

589. There was a jail for puny offenders.

592. He extorted money from those that kept shows.

That cheat in lawful mysteries,
And pay church duties and his fees ;
But was implacable, and awkward,
To all that interlop'd and hawker'd. 620

To this brave man the Knight repaireth
For counsel in his law-affairs ;
And found him mounted in his pew,
With books and money plac'd for show,
Like nest-eggs, to make clients lay, 625

And for his false opinion pay :
To whom the Knight, with comely grace,
Put off his hat to put his case ;
Which he as proudly entertain'd
As th' other courteously strain'd ; 630

And, to assure him 'twas not that
He look'd for, bid him put on 's hat.

Quoth he, There is one Sidrophel,
Whom I have cudgell'd—Very well.
And now he brags t' have beaten me—
Better and better still, quoth he. 635

And vows to stick me to a wall,
Where'er he meets me—Best of all.
'Tis true, the knave has taken 's oath
That I robb'd him—Well done, in troth.

When h' has confess'd he stole my cloak,
And pick'd my fob, and what he took ;
Which was the cause that made me bang him,
And take my goods again—Marry, hang him. 645

Now whether I should before-hand,
Swear he robb'd me?—I understand.

Or bring my action of conversion
And trover for my goods?—Ah, whoreson !

Or if 'tis better to indite,
And bring him to his trial?—Right. 650

Prevent what he designs to do,
And swear for th' state against him?—True.

Or whether he that is defendant
In this case has the better end on 't ;

Who, putting in a new cross-bill,
May traverse th' action?—Better still. 655

Then there's a lady too—Aye, marry.
That's easily prov'd accessory ;

A widow, who, by solemn vows
Contracted to me, for my spouse, 660
Combin'd with him to break her word,
And has abett'd all—Good Lord !
Suborn'd th' aforesaid Sidrophel
To tamper with the dev'l of hell ;
Who put m' into a horrid fear, 665
Fear of my life—Make that appear.
Made an assault with fiends and men
Upon my body—Good agen.
And kept me in a deadly fright,
And false imprisonment, all night. 670
Meanwhile they robb'd me, and my horse,
And stole my saddle—Worse and worse,
And made me mount upon the bare ridge,
T' avoid a wretcheder miscarriage.
Sir, quoth the lawyer, not to flatter ye, 675
You have as good and fair a battery
As heart can wish, and need not shame
The proudest man alive to claim :
For if th' have us'd you as you say,
Marry, quoth I, God give you joy. 680
I would it were my case, I'd give
More than I'll say, or you 'll believe.
I would so trounce her, and her purse,
I'd make her kneel for better or worse ;
For matrimony and hanging here 685
Both go by destiny so clear,
That you as sure may pick and choose,
As Cross, I win ; and Pile, you lose ;
And, if I durst, I would advance
As much in ready maintenance, 690
As upon any case I 've known ;
But we that practice dare not own :
The law severely contrabands
Our taking bus'ness off men's hands ;
'Tis common barratry, that bears 695
Point-blank an action 'gainst our ears,
And crops them till there is not leather
To stick a pin in left of either ;
For which some do the summer-sault,
And o'er the bar, like tumblers vault. 700

But you may swear, at any rate,
 Things not in nature, for the state;
 For in all courts of justice here,
 A witness is not said to swear,
 But make oath; that is, in plain terms, 705
 To forge whatever he affirms.

I thank you, (quoth the Knight) for that,
 Because 'tis to my purpose pat—
 For Justice, though she 's painted blind,
 Is to the weaker side inclin'd, 710
 Like Charity; else right and wrong
 Could never hold it out so long,
 And, like blind Fortune, with a sleight
 Convey men's interest and right
 From Stiles's pocket into Nokes's, 715
 As easily as Hocus Pocus;
 Play fast and loose; make men obnoxious,
 And clear again, like Hiccius Doctius.
 Then whether you would take her life,
 Or but recover her for your wife, 720
 Or be content with what she has,
 And let all other matters pass,
 The bus'ness to the law 's alone,
 The proof is all it looks upon;
 And you can want no witnesses 725
 To swear to any thing you please,
 That hardly get their mere expenses
 By th' labour of their consciences;
 Or letting out to hire their ears
 To affidavit customers, 730
 At inconsiderable values,
 To serve for jury-men or tallies,
 Although retain'd in th' hardest matters
 Of trustees and administrators.

For that, quoth he, let me alone; 735
 W' have store of such, and all our own;
 Bred up and tutor'd by our teachers,
 The ablest of conscience-stretchers.

That's well, quoth he; but I should guess,
 By weighing all advantages, 740

715. John a Nokes, and John a Stiles, are two fictitious names made use of in stating cases of law on.

Your surest way is first to pitch
 On Bongey for a water-witch ;
 And when y' have hang'd the conjurer,
 Y' have time enough to deal with her.
 In thi' int'rim, spare for no'trepans 745
 To draw her neck into the bans ;
 Ply her with love-letters and billets,
 And bait 'em well, for quirks and quilletts,
 With trains t' inveigle and surprise
 Her heedless answers and replies : 750
 And if she miss the mouse-trap lines,
 They'll serve for other by-designs :
 And make an artist understand
 To copy out her seal, or hand ;
 Or find void places in the paper 755
 To steal in something to entrap her ;
 Till, with her worldly goods and body,
 Spite of her heart, she has endow'd ye :
 Retain all sorts of witnesses,
 That ply i' th' Temple under trees ; 760
 Or walk the round, with knights o' th' posts,
 About the cross-legg'd knights, their hosts ;
 Or wait for customers between
 The pillar-rows in Lincoln's Inn ;
 Where vouchers, forgers, common-bail, 765
 And affidavit men, ne'er fail
 T' expose to sale all sorts of oaths,
 According to their ears and clothes,
 Their only necessary tools,
 Besides the Gospel and their souls : 770
 And when y' are furnish'd with all purveys
 I shall be ready at your service.

I would not give, quoth Hudibras,
 A straw to understand a case,

742. Bongey was a Franciscan, and lived towards the end of the thirteenth century, a doctor of divinity in Oxford, and a particular acquaintance of Friar Bacon's. In that ignorant age, every thing that seemed extraordinary was reputed magic ; and so both Bacon and Bongey went under the imputation of studying the black art. Bongey also, publishing a treatise of Natural Magic, confirmed some well meaning credulous people in this opinion ; but it was altogether groundless ; for Bongey was chosen provincial of his order, being a person of most excellent parts and piety.

Without the admirable skill 775
 To wind and manage it at will ;
 To veer, and tack, and steer a cause
 Against the weather-gage of laws
 And ring the changes upon cases
 As plain as noses upon faces, 780
 As you have well instructed me
 For which you've earn'd (here 'tis) your fee.
 I long to practise your advice,
 And try the subtle artifice ;
 To bait a letter as you bid ; 785
 As not long after thus he did :
 For having pump'd up all his wit,
 And humm'd upon it, thus he writ :—

AN HISTORICAL EPISTLE OF

HUDIBRAS TO HIS LADY.

I WHO was once as great as Cæsar,
 Am now reduc'd to Nebuchadnezzar ;
 And from as fam'd a conqueror
 As ever took degree in war,
 Or did his exercise in battle, 5
 By you turn'd out to grass with cattle :
 For since I am deny'd access
 To all my earthly happiness,
 Am fall'n from the paradise
 Of your good graces, and fair eyes ; 10
 Lost to the world and you, I'm sent
 To everlasting banishment,
 Where all the hopes I had t' have won
 Your heart, b'ing dash'd, will break my own.
 Yet if you were not so severe 15
 To pass your doom before you hear,
 You'd find, upon my just defence,
 How much y' have wrong'd my innocence.
 That once I made a vow to you,
 Which yet is unperform'd, 'tis true : 20

But not because it is unpaid,
 'Tis violated, though delay'd ;
 Or, if it were, it is no fault,
 So heinous as you 'd have it thought ;
 To undergo the loss of ears, 25
 Like vulgar hackney perjurors :
 For there 's a difference in the case,
 Between the noble and the base ;
 Who always are observ'd t' have done 't
 Upon as different an account ; 30
 The one for great and weighty cause,
 To salve in honour ugly flaws ;
 For none are like to do it sooner
 Than those who are nicest of their honour.
 The other for base gain and pay, 35
 Forswear and perjure by the day ;
 And make th' exposing and retailing
 Their souls and consciences a calling.

It is no scandal, nor aspersion,
 Upon a great and noble person, 40
 To say he nat'rally abhorr'd
 Th' old-fashion'd trick to keep his word ;
 Though 'tis perfidiousness and shame
 In meaner men to do the same :
 For to be able to forget, 45
 Is found more useful to the great,
 Than gout, or deafness, or bad eyes,
 To make 'em pass for wondrous wise.
 But though the law on perjurors
 Inflicts the forfeiture of ears, 50
 It is not just that does exempt
 The guilty, and punish th' innocent ;
 To make the ears repair the wrong
 Committed by th' ungovern'd tongue ;
 And when one member is forsworn, 55
 Another to be cropt or torn.
 And if you should, as you design,
 By course of law recover mine,
 You 're like, if you consider right,
 To gain but little honour by 't. 60
 For he that for his lady's sake
 Lays down his life or limbs at stake,

Does not so much deserve her favour,
As he that pawns his soul to have her
This y' have acknowledg'd I have done, 65
Although you now disdain to own;
But sentence what you rather ought
T' esteem good service than a fau't.
Besides, oaths are not bound to bear
That literal sense the words infer, 70
But, by the practice of the age,
Are to be judg'd how far th' engage;
And, where the sense by custom's checkt,
Are found void, and of none effect.
For no man takes or keeps a vow 75
But just as he sees others do;
Nor are th' oblig'd to be so brittle,
As not to yield and bow a little:
For as best-temp'r'd blades are found,
Before they break, to bend quite round, 80
So truest oaths are still most tough,
And though they bow, are breaking proof.
Then wherefore should they not b' allow'd
In love a greater latitude?
For as the law of arms approves 85
All ways to conquest, so should love's;
And not be ty'd to true or false,
But make that justest that prevails:
For how can that which is above
All empire, high and mighty love, 90
Submit its great prerogative
To any other power alive?
Shall love, that to no crown giveth place,
Become the subject of a case?
The fundamental law of nature, 95
Be over-rul'd by those made after?
Commit the censure of its cause
To any but its own great laws;
Love, that's the world's preservative,
That keeps all souls of things alive; 100
Controls the mighty pow'r of fate,
And gives mankind a longer date;
The life of nature, that restores
As fast as time and death devours;

To whose free gift the world does owe,	105
Not only earth, but heaven too;	
For love's the only trade, that's driven,	
The interest of state in heav'n,	
Which nothing but the soul of man	
Is capable to entertain.	110
For what can earth produce, but love,	
To represent the joys above?	
Or who but lovers can converse,	
Like angels, by the eye-discourse?	
Address and compliment by vision;	115
Make love and court by intuition?	
And burn in amorous flames as fierce	
As those celestial ministers?	
Then how can any thing offend,	
In order to so great an end?	120
Or heav'n itself a sin resent,	
That for its own supply was meant?	
That merits, in a kind mistake,	
A pardon for the offence's sake?	
Or if it did not, but the cause	125
Were left to th' injury of laws,	
What tyranny can disapprove	
There should be equity in love?	
For laws that are inanimate,	
And feel no sense of love or hate,	130
That have no passion of their own,	
Nor pity to be wrought upon,	
Are only proper to inflict	
Revenge on criminals as strict:	
But to have power to forgive,	135
Is empire and prerogative;	
And 'tis in crowns a nobler gem	
To grant a pardon than condemn.	
Then since so few do what they ought,	
'Tis great t' indulge a well-meant fau't:	140

113. Metaphysicians are of opinion, that angels and souls departed, being divested of all gross matter, understand each other's sentiments by intuition, and consequently maintain a sort of conversation without the organs of speech.

121. In regard children are capable of being inhabitants of heaven, therefore it should not resent it as a crime to supply store of inhabitants for it.

For why should he who made address,
All humble ways, without success,
And met with nothing, in return,
But insolence, affronts, and scorn,
Not strive by wit to countermine,
And bravely carry his design? 145
He who was us'd so unlike a soldier,
Blown up with philtres of love-powder;
And after letting blood, and purging,
Condemn'd to voluntary scourging;
Alarm'd with many a horrid fright,
150 And claw'd with goblins in the night;
Insulted on, revil'd, and jeer'd,
With rude invasion of his beard;
And when your sex was foully scandal'd, 155
As foully by the rabble handled;
Attack'd by despicable foes,
And drubb'd with mean and vulgar blows;
And, after all, to be debarr'd
So much as standing on his guard; 160
When horses, being spurr'd and prick'd,
Have leave to kick for being kick'd?
Or why should you, whose mother-wits
Are furnish'd with all perquisites,
That with your breeding-teeth begin, 165
And nursing babies, that lie in,
B' allow'd to put all tricks upon
Our cully sex, and we use none?
We, who have nothing but frail vows
Against your stratagems t' oppose; 170
Or oaths more feeble than your own,
By which we are no less put down?
You wound, like Parthians, while you fly,
And kill with a retreating eye;
Retire the more, the mere we press, 175
To draw us into ambuses.
As pirates all false colours wear
T' intrap th' unwary mariner,

173. Parthians are the inhabitants of a province in Persia: they are excellent horsemen, and very exquisit at their bows; and it is reported of them, that they generally slew more on their retreat than they did in the engagement.

So women, to surprise us, spread
The borrow'd flags of white and red; 180
Display 'em thicker on their cheeks
Than their old grandmothers, the Picts;
And raise more devils with their looks,
Than conjurer's less subtle books;
Lay trains of amorous intrigues, 185
In tow'rs, and curls, and periwigs,
With greater art and cunning rear'd,
Than Philip Nye's thanksgiving beard,
Prepost'rously t' entice and gain
Those to adore 'em they disdain; 190
And only draw 'em in to clog
With idle names a catalogue.

A lover is, the more he 's brave,
T' his mistress but the more a slave, 195
And whatsoever she commands,
Becomes a faveur from her hands;
Which he 's oblig'd t' obey, and must,
Whether it be unjust or just.

Then when he is compell'd by her
T' adventures he would else forbear, 200
Who with his honour can withstand,
Since force is greater than command?
And when necessity 's obey'd,
Nothing can be unjust or bad:

And therefore when the mighty pow'rs 205
Of love, our great ally and yours,
Join'd forces not to be withstood
By frail enamour'd flesh and blood,
All I have done, unjust or ill,
Was in obedience to your will; 210
And all the blame that can be due,
Falls to your cruelty, and you.
Nor are those scandals I confess,
Against my will and interest,
More than is daily done of course 215
By all men, when they're under force:
Whence some, upon the rack, confess
What th' hangman and their prompters please

188. One of the assembly of divines, very remarkable
for the singularity of his beard.

But are no sooner out of pain, Than they deny it all again.	290
But when the devil turns confessor, Truth is a crime he takes no pleasure To hear, or pardon, like the founder Of liars, whom they all claim under ; And therefore when I told him none,	295
I think it was the wiser done.	
Nor am I without precedent, The first that on th' adventure went : All mankind ever did of course,	
And daily does the same, or worse.	290
For what romance can shew a lover, That had a lady to recover, And did not steer a nearer course, To fall aboard in his amours ?	
And what at first was held a crime,	295
Has turn'd to honourable in time.	
To what a height did infant Rome, By ravishing of women, come !	
What men upon their spouses seiz'd, And freely marry'd where they pleas'd, They ne'er forswore themselves, nor ly'd, Nor, in the mind they were in, dy'd ;	290
Nor took the pains t' address and sue, Nor play'd the masquerade to woo : Disdain'd to stay for friends' consents, -	295
Nor juggled about settlements ; Did need no licence, nor no priest, Nor friends, nor kindred, to assist ; Nor lawyers, to join land and money	
In th' holy state of matrimony,	290
Before they settled hands and hearts, Till alimony or death them parts :	

237. When Romulus had built Rome, he made it an asylum, or place of refuge, for all malefactors, and others obnoxious to the laws, to retire to, by which means it soon came to be very populous ; but when he began to consider, that, without propagation, it would soon be destitute of inhabitants, he invented several fine shows, and invited the young Sabine women, then neighbours to them ; and when they had them secure, they ravished them ; from whence proceeded so numerous an offspring.

252. *Alimony* is an allowance that the law gives the woman for her separate maintenance upon living from

Nor woold endure to stay until
Th' had got the very bride's good will ; 255
But took a wise and shorter course
To win the ladies, downright force ;
And justly made 'em pris'ners then,
As they have, often since, us men,
With acting plays, and dancing jigs,
The luckiest of all love's intrigues ; 260
And when they had them at their pleasure,
Then talk'd of love and flames at leisure ;
For after matrimony's over,
He that holds out but half a lover,
Deserves for ev'ry minute more 265
Than half a year of love before ;
For which the dames, in contemplation
Of that best way of application
Prov'd nobler wives than e'er were known
By suit or treaty to be won ; 270
And such as all posterity
Could never equal, nor come nigh.
For women first were made for men,
Not men for them.—It follows, then,
That men have right to ev'ry one, 275
And they no freedom of their own :
And therefore men have pow'r to choose,
But they no charter to refuse.
Hence 'tis apparent that, what course
Soe'er we take to your amours, 280
Though by the indirectest way,
'Tis no injustice, nor foul play ;
And that you ought to take that course,
As we take you, for better or worse ;
And gratefully submit to those 285
Who you, before another, chose.
For why should ev'ry savage beast
Exceed his great lord's interest ?
Have freer pow'r than he in grace,
And nature, o'er the creature has ? 290
Because the laws he since has made
Have cut off all the pow'r he had ;

her husband. That and death are reckoned the only
separations in a married state.

Retrench'd the absolute dominion
That nature gave him over women; 293
When all his pow'r will not extend
One law of nature to suspend;
And but to offer to repeal
The smallest clause, is to rebel.
This, if men rightly understood
Their privilege, they would make good; 300
And not, like sots, permit their wives
T' encroach on their prerogatives;
For which sin they deserve to be
Kept as they are, in slavery:
And this some precious gifted teachers, 305
Unrev'rently reputed leachers,
And disobey'd in making love,
Have vow'd to all the world to prove,
And make ye suffer, as you ought,
For that uncharitable fau't. 310
But I forget myself, and rove
Beyond th' instructions of my love.
 Forgive me (Fair) and only blame
Th' extravagancy of my flame,
Since 'tis too much at once to shew 315
Excess of love and temper too.
All I have said that 's bad and true,
Was never meant to aim at you,
Who have so sov'reign a control
O'er that poor slave of yours, my soul, 320
That, rather than to forfeit you,
Has ventur'd loss of heaven too;
Both with an equal pow'r possest,
To render all that serve you blest;
But none like him, who's destin'd either 325
To have or lose you both together;
And if you 'll but this fault release
(For so it must be, since you please)
I 'll pay down all that vow, and more,
Which you commanded, and I swore, 330
And expiate upon my skin
Th' arrears in full of all my sin:-
For 'tis but just that I should pay
Th' accruing penance for delay;

Which shall be done, until it move
Your equal pity and your love. 335

The Knight perusing this Epistle,
Believ'd h' had brought her to his whistle,
And read it like a jocund lover,
With great applause, t' himself, twice over ; 340
Subscrib'd his name, but at a fit
And humble distance, to his wit,
And dated it with wondrous art,
Giv'n from the bottom of his heart ;
Then seal'd it with his coat of love,
A smoking fagot—and above,
Upon a scroll—I burn, and weep ;
And near it—For her Ladyship,
Of all her sex most excellent,
These to her gentle hands present : 350
Then gave it to his faithful Squire,
With lessons how t' observe and eye her.

She first consider'd which was better,
To send it back, or burn the letter :
But guessing that it might import,
Though nothing else, at least her sport,
She open'd it, and read it out,
With many a smile and leering flout ;
Resolv'd to answer it in kind,
And thus perform'd what she design'd. 360

THE LADY'S ANSWER.

10

THE KNIGHT.

THAT you 're a beast, and turn'd to grass,
Is no strange news, nor ever was,
At least to me, who once, you know,
Did from the pound replevin you,
When both your sword and spurs were won 5
In combat by an Amazon :

That sword, that did (like Fate) determine
 Th' inevitable death of vermin,
 And never dealt its furious blows;
 But cut the throats of pigs and cows, 10
 By Trulla was, in single fight,
 Disarm'd and wrested from its Knight;
 Your heels degraded of your spurs,
 And in the stocks close prisoners;
 Where still they'd lain, in base restraint, 15
 If I, in pity of your complaint,
 Had not, on honourable conditiens,
 Releas'd 'em from the werst of prisons;
 And what return that favour met
 You cannot (though you would) forget; 20
 When, being free, you strove t' evade
 The oaths you had in prison made;
 Forswore yourself, and first deny'd it,
 But after own'd and justify'd it;
 And when y' had falsely broke one vow, 25
 Absolv'd yourself by breaking two:
 For while you sneakingly submit,
 And beg for pardon at our feet,
 Discourag'd by your guilty fears,
 To hope for quarter for your ears, 30
 And doubting 'twas in vain to sue.
 You claim us boldly as your due;
 Declare that treachery and force,
 To deal with us, is th' only course;
 We have no title nor pretence 35
 To body, soul, or conscience;
 But ought to fall to that man's share
 That claims us for his proper ware.
 These are the motives which, t' induce
 Or fright us into love, you use; 40
 A pretty new way of gallanting,
 Between soliciting and ranting;
 Like sturdy beggars, that entreat
 For charity at once, and threat!
 But since you undertake to prove 45
 Your own propriety in love,
 As if we were but lawful prize
 In war between two enemies,

296 THE LADY'S ANSWER

Or forfeitures, which ev'ry lover,
That would but sue for, might recover, 50
It is not hard to understand
The myst'ry of this bold demand,
That cannot at our persons aim,
But something capable of claim.

"Tis not those paltry counterfeit
French stones, which in our eyes you set,
But our right diamonds, that inspire
And set your am'rous hearts on fire :
Nor can those false St. Martin's beads,
Which on our lips you lay for reds, 60
And make us wear, like Indian dames,
Add fuel to your scorching flames,
But those true rubies of the rock,
Which in our cabinets we lock.

"Tis not those orient pearls, our teeth,
That you are so transported with ; 65
But those we wear about our necks,
Produce those amorous effects.

Nor is 't those threads of gold, our hair,
The periwigs you make us wear ;
But those bright guineas in our chests,
That light the wild-fire in your breasts.
These love-tricks I 've been vers'd in so,
That all their sly intrigues I know, 70
And can unriddle, by their tones,
Their mystic cabals and jargons ;
Can tell what passions, by their sounds,
Fine for the beauties of my grounds ;
What raptures fond and amorous
O' th' charms and graces of my house ; 75
What ecstasy and scorching flame
Burns for my money in my name ;
What from th' unnatural desire
To beasts and cattle takes its fire ;
What tender sigh, and trickling tear, 80
Longs for a thousand pounds a year ;
And languishing transports are fond
Of statute, mortgage, bill, and bond.

These are th' attracts which most men fall
Enamour'd, at first sight, withal : 85
90

To these th' address with serenades,
And court with balls and masquerades ;
And yet, for all the yearning pain
Y' have suffer'd for their loves in vain,
I fear they 'll prove so nice and coy
To have, and t' hold, and to enjoy,
That all your oaths and labour lost,
They'll ne'er turn ladies of the post.
This is not meant to disapprove
Your judgment in your choice of love ; 95
Which is so wise the greatest part
Of mankind study 't as an art ;
For love should, like a deodand,
Still fall to th' owner of the land ;
And where there 's substance for its ground, 105
Cannot but be more firm and sound
Than that which has the slightest basis
Of airy virtue, wit, and graces ;
Which is of such thin subtlety,
It steals and creeps in at the eye,
And, as it can't endure to stay, 110
Steals out again as nice a way.

But love, that its extraction owns
From solid gold and precious stones,
Must, like its shining parents, prove
As solid, and as glorious love.
Hence 'tis you have no way t' express
Our charms and graces but by these :
For what are lips, and eyes, and teeth,
Which beauty invades and conquers with, 120
But rubies, pearls, and diamonds,
With which a philter love commands ?

This is the way all parents prove,
In managing their children's love,
That force 'em t' intermarry and wed, 125
As if th' were burying of the dead ;
Cast earth to earth, as in the grave,
To join in wedlock all they have,
And, when the settlement 's in force,
Take all the rest for better or worse :
For money has a power above 130
The stars and fate to manage love,

Whose arrows, learned poets hold,
That never miss, are tipp'd with gold.
And though some say the parents' claims 135
To make love in their children's names,
Who many times at once provide
The nurse, the husband, and the bride,
Feel darts and charms, attracts and flames,
And woo and contract in their names, 140
And, as they christon, use to marry 'em,
And, like their gossips, answer for 'em;
Is not to give in matrimony,
But sell and prostitute for money;
'Tis better than their own betrothing, 145
Who often do 't for worse than nothing;
And when th' are at their own dispose,
With greater disadvantage choose.
All this is right; but for the course
You take to do 't, by fraud or force, 150
'Tis so ridiculous, as soon
As told, 'tis never to be done,
No more than setters can betray,
That tell what tricks they are to play.
Marriage, at best, is but a vow, 155
Which all men either break or bow:
Then what will those forbear to do,
Who perjure when they do but woo?
Such as before-hand swear and lie,
For earnest to their treachery, 160
And, rather than a crime confess,
With greater strive to make it less?
Like thieves, who, after sentence past,
Maintain their innocence to the last;
And when their crimes were made appear 165
As plain as witnesses can swear,
Yet, when the wretches come to die,
Will take upon their death a lie.

133. The poets feign Cupid to have two sorts of arrows; the one tipped with gold, and the other with lead. The golden always inspire and inflame love in the persons he wounds with them; but, on the contrary, the leaden create the utmost aversion and hatred. With the first of these he shot Apollo, and with the other Daphne, according to Ovid.

Nor are the virtues you confess'd
 T' your ghostly father, as you guess'd,
 So slight as to be justify'd
 By being as shamefully deny'd;
 As if you thought your word would pass
 Point-blank, on both sides of a case;
 Or credit were not to be lost
 B' a brave Knight-Errant of the Post,
 That eats perfidiously his word,
 And swears his ears through a two-inch board;
 Can own the same thing, and disown,
 And perjure booty, pro and con;
 Can make the Gospel serve his turn,
 And help him out, to be forsown;
 When 'tis laid hands upon, and kist,
 To be betray'd and sold, like Christ:
 These are the virtues in whose name
 A right to all the world you claim,
 And boldly challenge a dominion,
 In grace and nature, o'er all women;
 Of whom no less will satisfy
 Than all the sex your tyranny.
 Although you 'll find it a hard province,
 With all your crafty frauds and covins,
 To govern such a num'rous crew,
 Who, one by one, now govern you;
 For if you all were Solomons,
 And wise and great as he was once,
 You 'll find they 're able to subdue
 (As they did him) and baffle you.

And if you are impos'd upon,
 'Tis by your own temptation done,
 That with your ignorance invite,
 And teach us how to use the slight;
 For when we find y' are still more taken
 With false attracts of our own making,
 Swear that's a rose, and that a stone,
 Like sots, to us that laid it on,
 And what we did but slightly prime,
 Most ignorantly daub in rhyme,
 You force us, in our own defences,
 To copy beams and influences;

To lay perfections on the graces,
And draw attracts upon our faces,
And, in compliance to your wit,
Your own false jewels counterfeit : 213
For by the practice of those arts
We gain a greater share of hearts ;
And those deserve in reason most,
That greatest pains and study cost :
For great perfections are, like heaven,
Too rich a present to be given. 220
Nor are these master-strokes of beauty
To be perform'd without hard duty,
Which, when they 're nobly done and well,
The simple natural excel.
How fair and sweet the planted rose 223
Beyond the wild in hedges grows !
For without art the noblest seeds
Of flow'r's degen'rate into weeds.
How dull and rugged, ere 'tis ground 230
And polish'd looks a diamond !
Though Paradise were e'er so fair,
It was not kept sc without care.
The whole world, without art and dress,
Would be but one great wilderness ;
And mankind but a savage herd, 235
For all that nature has conferr'd :
This does but rough-hew, and design ;
Leaves art to polish and refine.
Though women first were made for men,
Yet men were made for them agen ; 240
For when (outwitted by his wife)
Man first turn'd tenant but for life,
If women had not interven'd,
How soon had mankind had an end !
And that it is in being yet, 245
To us alone you are in debt.
And where 's your liberty of choice,
And our unnatural no voice ?
Since all the privilege you boast,
And falsely usurp'd, or vainly lost, 250
Is now our right ; to whose creation
You owe your happy restoration ;

And if we had not weighty cause
 To not appear, in making laws,
 We could, in spite of all your tricks, 255
 And shallow, formal politics,
 Force you our managements t' obey,
 As we to yours (in show) give way.
 Hence 'tis that, while you vainly strive
 T' advance your high prerogative, 260
 You basely, after all your braves,
 Submit, and own yourselves our slaves ;
 And 'cause we do not make it known,
 Nor publicly our int'rest own,
 Like sots, suppose we have no shares 265
 In ord'ring you and your affairs,
 When all your empire and command
 You have from us at second hand ;
 As if a pilot, that appears
 To sit still only while he steers, 270
 And does not make a noise and stir,
 Like ev'ry common mariner,
 Knew nothing of the card, nor star,
 And did not guide the man-of-war ;
 Nor we, because we don't appear 275
 In councils, do not govern there ;
 While, like the mighty Prester John,
 Whose person none dares look upon,
 But is preserv'd in close disguise,
 From being made cheap to vulgar eyes, 280
 W' enjoy as large a pow'r unseen,
 To govern him, as he does men ;
 And in the right of our Pope Joan,
 Make emp'rors at our feet fall down :
 Or Joan de Pucel's braver name, 285
 Our right to arms and conduct claim ;

377. Prester John, an absolute prince, emperor of Abyssinia or Ethiopia. One of them is reported to have had seventy kings for his vassals, and so superb and arrogant, that none durst look upon him without his permission.

285. Joan of Arc, called also the Pucelle, or Maid of Orleans. She was born at the town of Damremi, on the Meuse, daughter of James de Arc, and Isabella Romee ; and was bred up a shepherdess in the country. At the age of eighteen or twenty she pretended to an express commission from God to go to the relief of Orleans, then besieged by the English, and defended by John Compte de

Who, though a spinster, yet was able
To serve France for a Grand Constable.

We make and execute all laws,
Can judge the judges and the cause ; 298

Prescribe all rules of right and wrong
To th' long robe, and the longer tongue,
'Gainst which the world has no defence,
But our more pow'ful eloquence.

We manage things of greatest weight 295
In all the world's affairs of state ;

Are ministers of war and peace,
That sway all nations how we please.

We rule all churches and their flocks,
Heretical and orthodox ; 300

And are the heavenly vehicles
O' th' spirits in all conventicles.

By us is all commerce and trade
Improv'd, and manag'd, and decay'd ;

For nothing can go off so well,
Nor bears that price, as what we sell.

We rule in ev'ry public meeting,
And make men do what we judge fitting ;

Are magistrates in all great towns,
Where men do nothing but wear gowns. 310

We make the man-of-war strike sail,
And to our beaver conduct veil,

And, when h' has chas'd his enemies,
Submit to us upon his knees.

Dennis, and almost reduced to the last extremity. She went to the coronation of Charles the Seventh, when he was almost ruined. She knew that prince in the midst of his nobles, though meanly habited. The doctors of divinity, and members of parliament openly declared that there was something supernatural in her conduct. She sent for a sword, which lay in the tomb of a knight, which was behind the great altar of the church of St. Katharine de Fybois, upon the blade of which the cross and flower-de-luces were engraven, which put the king in a very great surprise, in regard none besides himself knew of it. Upon this he sent her with the command of some troops, with which she relieved Orleans, and drove the English from it, defeated Talbot at the battle of Pattai, and recovered Champagne. At last she was unfortunately taken prisoner in a sally at Champagne in 1430, and tried for a witch or sorceress, condemned, and burnt in Rouen market-place in May, 1430.

TO THE KNIGHT.

303

Is there an officer of state
Untimely rais'd, or magistrate,
That's haughty and imperious?
He's but a journeyman to us,
That, as he gives us cause to do 't,
Can keep him in, or turn him out. 320

We are your guardians, that increase
Or waste your fortunes how we please;
And as you humour us can deal
In all your matters, ill or well.

"Tis we that can dispoe, alone,
Whether your heirs shall be your own,
To whose integrity you must,
In spite of all your caution, trust;
And, 'less you fly beyond the seas,
Can fit you with what heirs we please; 330
And force you t' own 'em, though begotten
By French valets, or Irish footmen.

Nor can the rigorousest course
Prevail, unless to make us worse;
Who still, the harsher we are us'd,
Are farther off from b'ing reduc'd,
And scorn t' abate, for any ills,
The least punctilio of our wills.

Force does but whet our wits t' apply
Arts, born with us for remedy;
Which all your politics, as yet,
Have ne'er been able to defeat;
For when y' have try'd all sorts of ways,
What fools d' we make of you in plays!

While all the favours we afford,
Are but to girt you with the sword,
To fight our battles in our steads,
And have your brains beat out o' your heads;
Encounter, in despite of nature,
And fight at once with fire and water, 350
With pirates, rocks, and storms, and seas,
Our pride and vanity t' appease;
Kill one another, and cut throats,
For our good graces, and best thoughts;
To do your exercis for honour, 355
And have your brains beat out the sooner;

Or crack'd, as learnedly, upon
 Things that are never to be known ;
 And still appear the more industrious,
 The more your projects are prepost'rous ; 369
 To square the circle of the arts,
 And run stark mad to shew your parts ;
 Expound the oracle of laws,
 And turn them which way we see cause ;
 Be our solicitors and agents,
 And stand for us in all engagements. 365

And these are all the mighty pow'rs
 You vainly boast to cry down ours,
 And what in real value's wanting,
 Supply with vapouring and ranting ; 370
 Because yourselves are terrify'd,
 And stoop to one another's pride,
 Believe we have as little wit
 To be out-hector'd, and submit :
 By your example, lose that right
 In treaties which we gain'd in fight ; 375
 And, terrify'd into an awe,
 Pass on ourselves a Salique law ;
 Or, as some nations use, give place,
 And truckle to your mighty race ;
 Let men usurp th' unjust dominion,
 As if they were the better women. 380

378. The Salique law is a law in France, whereby it is enacted that no female shall inherit that crown.

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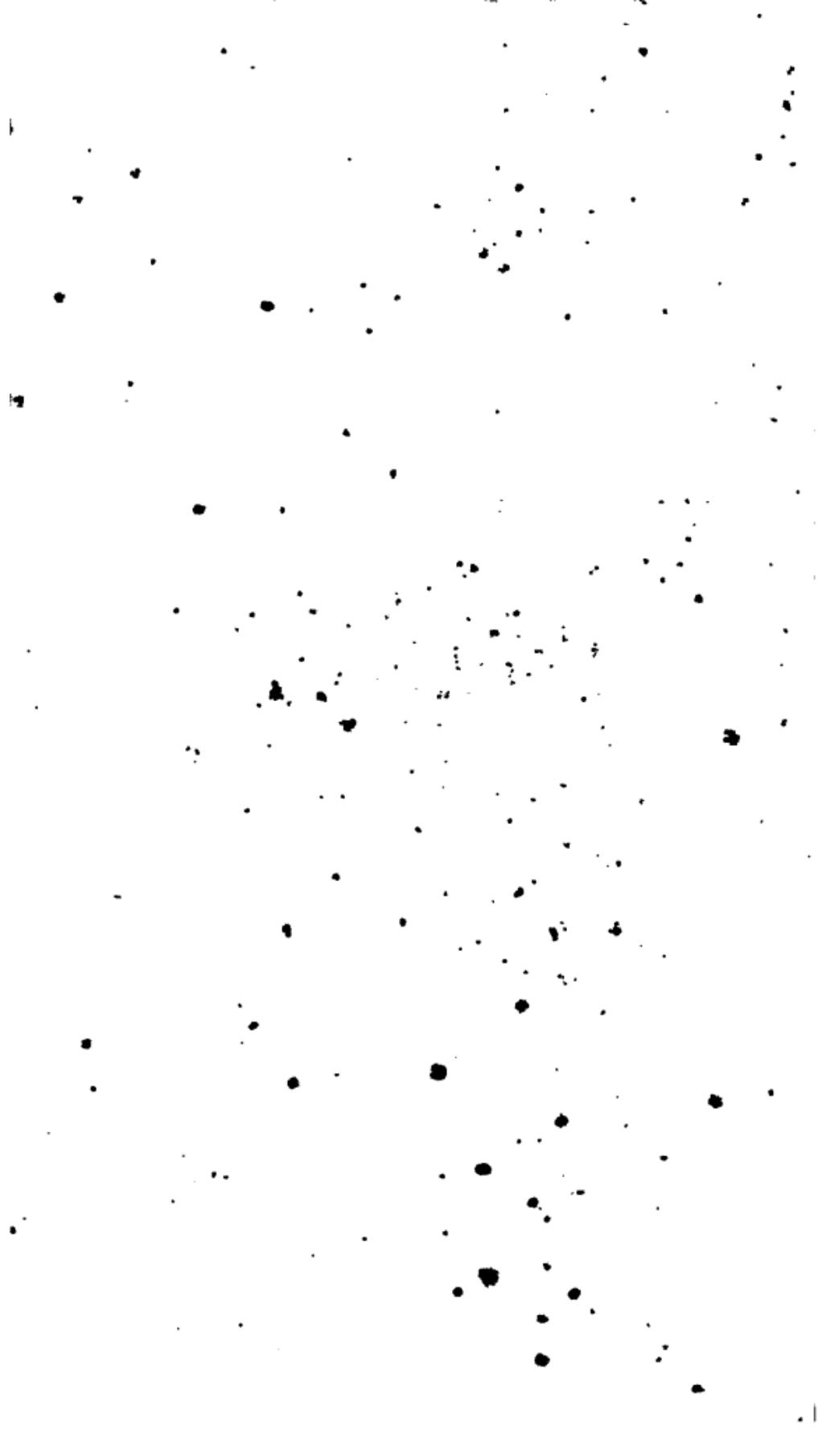
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